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MUSIC, MELODIOUS AND ODISIOUS

By CARL ENGEL

I would rather be a man of disinterested taste and liberal feeling, to see and acknowledge truth and beauty wherever I found it, than a man of greater and more original genius, to hate, envy and deny all excellence but my own—but that poor scanty pittance of it (compared with the whole) which I had myself produced!

HAZLITT—"On Criticism."

IN some deep furrow of my brain—where unavowed suspicions slumber open-eyed, until the ripening rays of disillusionment awake them into blind convictions—I harbor the belief that to a multitude of people music has always meant, and will continually mean, but one thing out of two: something melodious or odious. Here is the tonic of your critical scale, and here its higher octave. That listless ears must ever be confounding them, is but the natural result of similarity. Nor am I thinking only of her who defined music as "the breath of God made audible," or of him who pronounced it "the costliest of rackets." As a matter of fact, it would require little dialectic to prove that the most odious and the most melodious music are the same. This much admitted, we might as well confess ourselves deaf, and remain dumb to boot. But that would be cowardice, or a temper so closely resembling it as to rob discretion of its share in valor. It would stunt the noble courage which makes us enter the tilt-yard of criticism, where we face, not possible defeat in even combat, but the inevitable discomfiture of becoming offensive to our acquaintances and absurd to posterity. We are ever assaulting impregnable windmills, or fighting invulnerable phantoms, for the simple reason that the pedal point in all critical debate on music is that droning diapason, melodious—odious; and never can a reasonable majority of ears be expected to agree: which is the higher, which the lower sound?

Of course, we know this octave spans an infinitude of other ratios; at least, the assumption that it does is the cherished plumb and compass for all intrepid mariners who venture upon the laneless waters of musical arbitrament. But it is nothing unusual to see the sun rising where we expected it to set, because the two polar points of our musical axis, those of melodiousness and odiousness, are so very nearly undistinguishable that each individual sails by a private azimuth of taste. Hence the occasional collisions between opinionated pilots and the general failure to get anywhere. The musical landlubber, being equally "at sea," is by his very uncertainty made all the more determined to proclaim his stand on *terra firma*, while he is merely crowing lustily into the world his elevation on a slippery and unfirm mixen. The net result of this condition is the variously edifying legacy of musical dicta to which each successive generation falls heir and adds its portion for the enlightenment and the amusement of all the following.

Would it were always as enlightening as it is amusing. Unfortunately, contemporaneous musical criticism is not kept or read long enough after it was written to prove as instructive as it might be. Only the salient blunders are preserved by tradition for the titter of those who are just as prone to guess the wrong way as were their ancestors. One of the distressing effects directly attributable to this calamity, is the fact that so many wary critics, preferring to play safe, stoop to be downright "funny." They hope thus to evade the squibs by quipping. And that is greatly to be regretted. For not the most entertaining article, the cleverest reviling, or the most brilliant persiflage, will be as illuminative as is the honest mind of the contemporary reviewer who detected in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony "the obstreperous roarings of modern frenzy," and who suspected the composer of writing "to suit the present (1824) mania!" At a time when Weber's was still "wild and visionary music" and it could be said that "all the songs in 'Der Freischütz,' with the exception of three, are *unvocal*," poor Marschner was accused of yielding "to the prevailing passion of the day—noise!" By people of acumen the melodic invention of "that merry manufacturer," Rossini, was called extremely limited; only a few phrases were granted him to be his own, and those he was "repeating on all occasions, whether they relate to the low intrigues of a barber in Spain or to the mighty acts of a prophet in Egypt." Along came Paolo Scudo, who predicted the early and certain fall of "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" because of Liszt's enthusiasm for this music—"ce qui est de très mauvais augure pour l'avenir

de M. Wagner"—and proclaimed Rossini's "*Moïse*" a work of true genius, asserting that neither Mozart, Gluck nor Weber "*n'égale la fécondité et la variété d'accents qui distinguent le compositeur italien!*" Who shall blame a music critic after that—and the sampling might be indefinitely prolonged—if he choose to be designedly humorous rather than involuntarily so?

Now, the whole trouble lies in the fact that between melodious and odious there seems to be no secure foot-hold. The truth and the paradox of music is that both extremes constantly meet, that they are ever undergoing an imperceptible fusion and transformation. The two terms do not express a difference in kind, but in degree; and the degree depends on the listener, not on the music. Keener than the joy of hearing music is that of remembering it. Man dearly loves a tune that he can whistle. But let him go on whistling the finest tune for any length of time and he will drop it like hot coal. The ear must become accustomed to, and conscious of, a sound before it can derive from it full æsthetic pleasure; and with the moment that a sound, or succession of sounds, has been established and accepted, the ear, grown used and overconscious, immediately begins to tire of it.

Jules Combarieu has defined music as "the art of thinking in tones." He must have been not a little impressed with his own definition, since he placed it as a motto at the head of his book on the laws and evolution of music. While it does not embrace all the elements, all the aspects of music any more than do other attempts at concentrating the essence of so volatile a substance, it may serve, if we take into account not only that thought can traverse the whole long range from baseness, through commonplaceness, to sublimity, but also realize that not all of our thoughts must necessarily rise to the surface of consciousness. Our subconscious mind has had to take the blame for a lot of things that we are either too ignorant to comprehend or too ashamed to acknowledge. The pleasure of listening to music is largely a matter of subconscious spheres, in thought or in emotion. Only when the reasons for this pleasure are wholly understood, when music becomes sufficiently articulate to penetrate our consciousness, does the thought "register," as it were, and we have the proud gratification of "following the composer." To lag behind is no worse than to be ahead of him, which is a not infrequent sensation derived from hearing the work of certain men. For if all the arts in common aspire towards the principle of music, all music aspires towards the state of obviousness. We may as well go farther and say that music

which does not at some time or other reach this state, has not been begot a natural expression of a clear and consequential thought. But what is obvious "before the time" has no claim at all to answer our desire for the mystifying, the exalting tendencies of art, which quench a finer thirst, which fill a higher want, and make of art the noblest form of human satisfaction. Only what has been so conceived that, once become obvious, it resolve greater mystery and unveil deeper truth, may hope to live and to avoid the danger incurred by all things that are too obvious, namely of growing odious. The finest music is perhaps that which persistently evades all efforts of the patient investigator to pluck the petals and pistils apart *in majorem Dei gloriam*, and yet is manifestly a symbol of cosmic serenity and human perturbation. Take the ludicrous attempt to explain Chopin's Mazurka, Op. 17, No. 4, as portraying the altercation between a Jewish innkeeper and a drunken peasant, earning for it "in Poland"—so 'tis writ—the name of "*Zydki*," little Jew! Imagine, a silly pothouse brawl, that vaguest and most concrete bit of Chopin, containing in a few measures the nostalgia of a whole civilization, the subtlest glimpse of personal revealment, exhaling the sweetness of cancer, smilingly kissing the hand of Death, frightful and beautiful like all things tragic and compassioning! God gave the flower perfume, man gave it a Latin name. No, when music is pressed between the leaves of an herbarium, it becomes more ghastly than when organs grind it out in the street, when fiddles scrape it as a seasoning into our food, or when trombone and rattle accompany with it the rites of modern orgiasts.

The most forward, because the most obvious, thing in music is a melodic phrase. Hence it is constantly on the point of becoming odious to someone for whom it has nothing more to resolve, nothing new to unveil. And thus a piece of music will make the wider, the more instant appeal the more obvious it is; and for the same reason it will fall sooner into dislike and oblivion. The so-called "popular" music abounds in pertinent examples. Where are the shows of yesteryear? Greater the pity that such gemlike bibelot as the "Japanese Sandman" must meet the abrupt doom of hackneyed clinquant. But all music, in general, obeys this law. All music that lingers without the threshold, all that has too far overstepped the line of consciousness, is apt to be equally odious to different individuals.

At all times a musical idiom is forming in which some of us read a new melodic message, while to the rest, it remains unintelligible; on the other hand, we are inclined to reject as stale

an increasingly large number of tunes which by many are still held, or just perceived, to contain the magic of melody. "Both are right in what they admire, both are wrong in condemning the others for what they admire." We might announce the perplexing axiom that melody, "the life of music," is its death-germ. Undoubtedly it is the "melodious" type of music which becomes soonest odious, especially if it tries to be too much of a good thing. Which means that melodies should be picked before they are ripe. The Paris version of the "Bacchanale" still throbs with the communicative pulse of passion and flames with scintillating colors, while the "Evening Star" has paled before the splendor of a richer night and the promise of a fiercer dawn. The sands of time are running nowhere faster than in the realm of tone. Some of the best music is apt to "wear out," and, in the act of wearing, it does not gain enhanced attraction as does an old, familiar suit of clothes. What saves and preserves a great many compositions, is the fact that we hear them so seldom.

For my part, I do not require the emboldening authority of Arthur Schopenhauer to own my unswerving attachment to a good tune. But when Mr. Rachmaninoff presents it to the readers of "The Etude" as his opinion that the efforts of the poor, benighted Futurists must fail because of "their hatred for anything faintly resembling melody," I instantly climb upon my little dunghill and crow out, with all the vigor and lung power I command, that a few of Mr. Rachmaninoff's prettiest melodies have to my mind already passed into the stage of odiousness, while a good deal of music that is alleged to be tuneless holds me with potent charms. When all is said and done, the essential thing in criticism is the particular perch from which we view art and from which we do our critical crowing. Let the view be a fairly open one, and let our cock-a-doodle-do be possessed of an ingratiating ring, what more can you demand? We shall not quarrel as to what is melodious and what odious, so long as we realize that both terms may be, and are being, applied to the identical music, and that all we require of the critic is to make it attractive and profitable for us to mount with him his beacon, to listen for a "key" note in his call. He must be "the critic as artist." In that capacity, we may well believe that he is a necessity to art, that he is more creative than the artist himself, because "there is no fine art without selfconsciousness, and selfconsciousness and the critical spirit are one." It matters little, therefore, whether we range ourselves on the side of a waning or on that of a crescent phase of art. There are, indeed, different standards of de-

light, but there is only one pure, strong fire burning with which to search the whole reach of our ken; and we must give a true account of what we see. For, after all, the highest criticism, really, "is the record of one's own soul."

Fate has been often kind to me; its hardest blows have nurtured humbleness and Christian love within my breast. In all concerns with fellow men (and women) I try to be a stoic. Towards music I hold incorrigibly skeptic views. The composers for whose works I care, are comparatively few, but they give much to me. That does not mean that I am snobbishly impatient with the rest. My familiarity with the great mass as well as the great masters of music is far from thorough. Thus have I succeeded in remaining unperturbed by the former, and in retaining my respect for the latter. Never having learned to excel on any instrument, I still can go to a piano or violin recital and find the zest of novelty in pieces which other people, exasperated by over-application, look upon as bugbears. Nor is my enjoyment marred by constraining sympathy with struggles overcome. I flee academic fervor and anything soiled with the sweat of drilling. The best of Cicero and Molière is irretrievably lost to me by school associations.

Encyclopedic knowledge of opus numbers was never given me. My musical horizon is closely bounded. But in that narrow space there are no obstacles to keep me from the sparing stars above. Their light meets me undimmed and warms me with peculiar pleasures. The thing is, not to lose sight of stellar fixedness, while our neighbor sets off, with much ado, his Bengal fires, as short-lived as they are malodorous. Like the moving heavens above, these musical constellations have a very disconcerting way of change. They are subject to frequent shifting—around, perhaps, one or two suns of prime magnitude. New clusters, ever forming, are floating into the field of vision with startling suddenness, only to be eclipsed as suddenly by larger planets. There should be in music, as in astronomy, an open season for shooting stars. Some of them cannot be shot too soon to suit me.

I have not the slightest pretension to think that my case is unparalleled. My experience, surely, is shared by many people, unless they be hidebound: in pigskin, levant or crushed morocco. To all intents it is the same. For the assembling of impressions and beliefs in art, the card index and loose-leaf book are unsurpassed. An occasional rearrangement and weeding-out of cards and leaves is to be recommended. Hence such frank, if otherwise unimportant, avowals as mine have at least the effect

of a wholesome catharsis on the individual who makes them; sometimes they help others in doing a little house-cleaning among dusty notions of their own. And nothing gathers cobwebs more easily than the inherited ideas which, like the priceless and useless china of grandma, are reverentially placed so high on the shelves of our mental cupboard, that the daily feather-duster of doubting does not reach them. Descartes should have been canonized patron saint of critics. Instead of dissipating doubt, most critics cast lavishly of it before the public. Only the very old and very young enjoy the privilege of being recklessly positive or obstinately negative. For that reason their criticisms are the best reading.

There is nothing more boresome, aside from being well-nigh inconceivable, than an unprejudiced art-critic. Take away from any form of expression the personal note, and you have but an empty blast. What is intolerable is the uninformed critic and the dull. There can hardly be any question that we have too much of the wrong kind of criticism, too little of the right. Here is a pertinent remark penned not in 1921 but in 1789:

With respect to all the feuds and contentions lately occasioned by Music in France, they seem to have annihilated the former disposition of the inhabitants to receive delight from such Music as their country afforded. There are at present certainly too many critics, and too few candid hearers in France as well as elsewhere. I have seen French and German *soi-disant connoisseurs* listen to the most exquisite musical performance with the same *sans-froid* (sic!) as an anatomist attends a dissection. It is all analysis, calculation, and parallel; they are to be wise, not pleased.

And the special bone of contention to which these able surgeons apply their saws, is that ossified dilemma: melodious—odious.

The critic as performer of autopsies does not exactly measure up to Wilde's demands. And yet he should use probe and scalpel, but on himself. That is the "record of one's own soul." Is not in literature, in art the autobiographical the most arresting? And next to ourselves what is there to interest us more than our fellow sufferer? Rousseau's Confessions will outlive "Le Contrat Social" for reasons other than those that put the book on the Index. The pages of musical self-revelation in "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger" have other qualities to boast of than the exhibitionist tendencies of a "Sinfonia domestica." Music is becoming less and less autobiographical, nor is it getting better for that reason. By the side of the great confessors in music, Bach and Beethoven, stand Franck with his fervent *de profundis* and the

maudlin *miserere* of Tchaikowsky. We have drifted into an era where music, braggartly self-accusing, more often shouts *peccavi*. But on the whole, ours is reflective music, casting reflections of moods and pictures on the mind. And in this often dazzling play of mirrors the radiation of music has been intensified, while its outline and substance have become diffused. Suggestion has taken the place of statement, and thereby music has learned to say a great many more things than it had ever said before. But again we hear cries of "odious" from those who will not recognize a spade unless you call it by its proper name. Meanwhile the diggers go on with their excavation which becomes the grave of the old and the foundation for the new. Perhaps we are writing music to-day that is too solidly reposing on dead matter. There is nothing deadlier in music than devices. Christopher Simpson, came he to earth again, might find that his opinion of 1667, "concerning our common scale of musick," needed revision. If ten parts in the ultra-modern Schoenberg's compositions are sheer, prophetic genius, forty are helplessness and fifty are *vieux jeu*, that is, obvious before the time!

And yet real art should never age. It links remote epochs of history into one Spring of high endeavor, and makes of alien races kindreds in the search for beauty. Let the artist cater to fashion, and his work will die with the birth of another whim. That is the fate of all things which are only timely, that they recede with time. To create is to build new tombs, to sing is to increase the sum of silence. But to create and sing is, nevertheless, the most precious business we can have here below. It is its own reward, and we must do it in the face of certainty that we can only dream those greater treasures, the intangible, elusive masterpieces of the soul: in painting, a shadowy and fragrant landscape, hushed in the strange light of an unfamiliar hour; in sculpture, a vibrantly respondent hand, held but in passing and forever felt; in literature, a page of opulent imagination, robed in the sober elegance of clean and clinging prose, describing nothing of importance save to the heart that languishes; in music, the echo of a cherished voice, the soft, contented laughter of a mistress known and lost in days when sin was too much innocence. Here is true art; more, here is lasting art. For through it all there moves a thread—all art, all life, aspiring towards the principles of music—a thread of living and expressive melody that will not soon grow obvious or odious.

The skeptic turned sentimentalist—fie! What unseemly attitude to strike, what challenge to the giggling crowd!

ARCHITECTURAL ACOUSTICS

By ARTHUR ELSON

THE velocity of sound in our atmosphere is about 1100 feet a second—more in warm weather, and less in cold. Sound travels via the "Air line;" that is, unless disturbed by reflectors or obstacles, it radiates outward from its source in straight lines, each particle of air being moved, and transmitting its motion to the next particle beyond it. Under these conditions the intensity of sound diminishes in proportion to the square of the distance it has travelled. In this respect it resembles light.

But while light is an imponderable vibration in the ether (if Einstein will let us keep the undulatory theory), sound waves are movements of actual matter. In this respect they have some analogy with ocean waves, and will follow curved surfaces in much the same way that the billows will wash up the slope of a shelving rock.

Sound has also the power of arousing sympathetic vibrations. The many resonators of Helmholtz, which he used to detect overtones, were antedated in principle by the hollow vessels placed here and there in the Greek or Roman theatres, to reinforce the speaker's voice.

All of these properties are employed in modern architecture, which is gradually mastering the rules of acoustics, and is becoming less of a hit-or-miss affair than it has been in previous centuries.

The chief obstacles to the best propagation of sound may be enumerated under five headings—natural diminution, absorption, obstruction, reverberation, and echo.

The first of these is the lessening of sound mentioned above, due to the increasing distance traveled. Thus at twice the distance from the speaker, the sound of his voice would seem only one-fourth as loud. This obstacle is encountered only in very large buildings, in which there is room for many devices that may aid the spread of sound and obviate this advantage.

Absorption takes place when there are large empty places above or behind the speaker. This is a negative rather than a positive action, and merely means that the building is not well

arranged to intensify the sound. A speaker in such a building is under much the same conditions as one who talks outdoors, in which case an ordinary voice is not clearly audible beyond sixty feet. For this reason the best concert-halls, and even churches, have performers' seats, or the pulpit, placed in a little recess, with a ceiling lower than that of the main building, and sloping upward as it extends forward. Theatres have somewhat the same structure, though there is no sloping ceiling over the stage.

A more real absorption of sound takes place when it encounters non-reflecting surfaces. Curtains, draperies, and even the clothing of the audience, are of this type. Every observant reader will know of cases in which the reverberation of a room or hall when empty would sound excessive, while the same structure when filled with furniture, or people, or both, would seem acoustically excellent. Usually there is an excess of such reverberation in public buildings, so that absorption becomes a benefit instead of a defect. For example, churches are very often improved by the use of matting or carpets on the floor. A similar treatment of floor and walls is often used to deaden sound in library reading-rooms. But in large halls, where power of tone is needed, the audience will produce all the necessary deadening, and perhaps too much.

Obstructions should be avoided as much as possible. Columns for the support of balconies are often necessary, but should be made as thin as is consistent with the necessary strength; and many halls dispense with them altogether. But in addition to having the hall consist of one large open space, it is advisable for the auditorium to be so arranged that each seat may command an unobstructed view of the speaker or performer. This is more important for speech than for music, as a sight of the orator's face is often a help to comprehension; but it is advisable for all buildings for public use. The curve thus formed by successive rows of seats is called the isacoustic curve. It is not always necessary to make this curve rise by rows, as it may rise by groups of rows. Thus in Jordan Hall, Boston, the slope is such that the front rows are on a gentle incline, while those at the back are steeper; and the effect is excellent. Many Scotch churches, and a number of concert-halls, make use of this curve, though it has not been generally adopted by theatres. It is shown in the Roman amphitheatre at Nimes. Chladni states that a better effect is obtained by having the stage low and the curve steep than by reversing these conditions, as sound seems to be delivered

best on a level (at least by voices), and is then most effectively diverted upward by the curving tier of seats.

Obstruction to sound occurs when it suddenly enters a narrow space, such as that below balconies. The seats in such cases should be made steeper, so that the sound will be entering the open end of a wedge, instead of traversing a passage with parallel sides; but the overhang of the gallery often prevents this. In such cases the under side of the floor of the gallery should slope down toward the back if possible. Obstruction also occurs when sound leaves a very confined space. Thus a noise made in a tunnel, near its end, will produce an echo from that end, even though it is open to the outer air. This, however, need cause the architect no worry, since the boxed-in stage is never constricted enough to produce such an effect.

Reverberation is an excess of resonance, that prolongs a sound and gives it a confused effect without actually producing an echo. The cause of this defect is sometimes rather hard to locate. It may arise from the proportions of the building, or from the materials used in its construction, or from hollow places outside the walls, floor or ceiling. It may even be due to a partial echo at close range. It is an excess of resonance, which is a good quality when present in proper amount. The best buildings for hearing are those that have a large amount of resonance, without quite reaching the point where reverberation begins. Unduly high halls, with continuous walls, are apt to show excessive reverberation. Large open spaces in the ceiling, such as deep recesses or skylight openings, seem to cause the same defect, and should be cut off from below by some interruption, or should have their sides tapered whenever possible, to avoid rectangular recesses. Dampness of the walls seems to be another cause of reverberation, so that new buildings may seem poor at first, though improving greatly after a few months. This is usually true of plastered walls. It has been possible in certain cases to conceal the walls with drapery until they have become thoroughly dry. The cause of the trouble is not very clear; but since seasoned wood gives better resonance than green wood, it is probable that the wet walls merely cause an echo, while after drying they vibrate in sympathy with the sound that strikes them, causing resonance without echo. Yet excessive resonance, as well as short-range smothered echo, is held to be a cause of reverberation, which would seem to contradict the above suggestion. Reverberation is allowable in buildings of the stock-exchange type, where noise is permissible; but it should be obviated elsewhere. The most successful case

of remedying reverberation by a slight change was at Exeter Hall, England, where a plain ceiling was substituted for one which was coffered, or inlaid with rectangular recesses.

The formation of echos depends upon principles readily understood, and therefore easily avoidable. It is only in large buildings that there is a chance for sound to be reflected directly, and this is usually caused by the wall farthest from the stage or rostrum. In smaller rooms an echo follows too closely on the original sound to be heard separately. It is possible to have echos caused by a ceiling, as in the reading room of the British-Museum. In that place, when it is not well filled, a sound in the middle will produce an echo from the dome, though, of course, this is not a serious defect in a room devoted to silence. In halls for speaking or singing, the ceiling echo, if present, is usually heard by the auditors at the rear.

The lower the ceiling, the less chance there is of its producing an echo. In cases where this defect is caused by a high ceiling, something must be interposed to check the effect. Thus at Coblenz, when a large law court, 46 feet high, was found to show echo, a cloth stretched below the top remedied the defect at once, and proved that the ceiling was the cause. Such a cloth, or velarium, is in use at Albert Hall, London, where it serves not only to prevent echo, but to cut off a large empty space that would deaden the sound by absorption.

In many good halls, the rear wall is made semicircular, or given some other form that is not a plain surface. If the wall is plane, the tendency to echo may be obviated by the use of many openings in it, or draperies over it, or columns before it. In some cases the erection of a balcony at the rear has been sufficient to diminish or destroy an echo. Sometimes more complex echos exist, due to the diagonal reflection of sound around a rectangular hall. In such cases, entrance doors are sometimes put in the corners. Another remedy is to do away with the sharp angles by substituting curved surfaces where walls or ceiling meet. The walls are usually plane, but the ceiling itself may be made in two slopes, or a curve, as well as having rounded sides. Symphony Hall, in Boston, has its ceiling rounded off at the edges.

A noted example of echo was found in one of the Back Bay churches of Boston, when the congregation first tested it. Every word of the preacher was duly repeated, producing an effect not in the least devotional. The owners finally sold the structure at a loss. The new congregation succeeded in overcoming the defect only after many trials, their experiments including the

building of a gallery, with the raising of the floor, and the stringing of many wires. When the same architect afterwards built Trinity Church, he was greeted with the remark: "I hear you have built a church where they can hear the preacher." Yet the architect was a famous exponent of his art, which goes to show that acoustics at that time was even more a *terra incognita* than at present.

Among the famous echoes of nature, it is said that Lake Killarney possesses a harmonic echo, returning an overtone instead of giving the original sound. If true (and some writers mention other instances) this may become another defect to which buildings could be liable, though the present writer has not yet heard of an instance.

Bad proportions may make a hall an acoustic failure, in addition to the defects already mentioned. Usually, however, the defect of unfavorable dimensions is reverberation; but other troubles may be caused. Thus if the height is greater than the breadth, absorption may take place, the sound filling the upper volumes at the expense of the lower. Great height also makes ceiling echoes possible. Undue width with too low a ceiling might cause reverberation, and would be apt to produce certain spots among the audience where the hearing would be confused. The best effect is obtained with the width about one and one half times the height. The length must of course be the largest dimension. A good effect is always produced by having the three dimensions proportional multiples of some given number. This is especially true of the width and height. Thus in Free Trade Hall, at Manchester, England, the height is 52 feet, and the width 78 feet. The length, from the rear to the middle point of the recessed stage, is about 130 feet. This building is one of the best examples of good acoustics.

As an example of what to avoid in architectural acoustics, the Christian Science Temple, in Boston, may easily be awarded highest honors. The main part of its service-hall would be practically square by itself; but the height is too great in proportion, and the dome at the top causes a fairly noticeable echo. The side walls of this square, however, do not exist; for each side is rounded off in a large semicircle, topped by a half-dome. This makes the width much greater than the length. The back wall has a gallery, with supports that may divide the air into the vibrating spaces that produce reverberation; but the semicircular sides of the building cannot fail to cause this defect, since they carry a veritable network of arches and columns, rising in tiers, and extending all around the two curves. The reverberation of

these air spaces is so marked that the hearing is better and clearer a few feet outside of the doors than in the hall itself. The reader does the best that he can, by separating his syllables, and by giving them a long, sing-song effect, so that the reverberation and muffled echo from one syllable are not allowed to interfere much with the next; but the defects are still very noticeable.

Aids to good hearing in halls may be grouped under the two general heads of materials to obtain resonance, and reflectors of various sorts.

The use of sound-reflectors is widespread, and productive of excellent effects. This is necessarily true, since any reflector causing a bad effect is promptly and easily removed. A hard, polished surface is apt to produce a harsh effect, forming a too distinct echo that is not separate from the original sound, but produces an unpleasant effect. It is better to use resonant material rather than a reflecting surface, and slightly rough rather than smooth reflectors. The best material for this, as well as one of the cheapest, is wood.

Theoretically, a reflector shaped like a parabola seemed for many years the best form. The parabola is a curve so shaped that all lines reflected from a given point within it, called the focus, are parallel. Parabolic reflectors for light are used in automobile lamps and engine headlights. For reflecting sound, their most common use has been in churches, which always seem to present problems in architectural acoustics. A prominent example was a church at Attercliff, near Sheffield. When the preacher spoke first in the new building, there was a powerful resonance, but in spite of the resulting loudness, the words sounded unclear and confused. Changing the position of the pulpit proved unavailing, and nothing seemed to cause any improvement until the parabolic reflector was erected. This was hailed as a cure-all, and many other churches followed the example. But while this rendered the minister audible, the reflectors were soon found to have several defects. If the preacher moved about at all while talking, he would not always be in focus. But even in a fixed pulpit, trouble arose from the fact that the speaker could hear slight noises among the people, which were magnified by the reflector. He also heard a distinct and annoying echo of his own voice. Many of the reflectors, so popular at first, were afterwards torn down. At Attercliff, it was found that the original defects were less noticeable, probably because the plaster of the walls had had time to dry. Some churches had gone as

far as to build their walls in a parabolic shape; and they came to regret this procedure.

The parabolic reflector has been used to prevent sound. In the Berks County prison, in our own country, such reflectors have been introduced into the ventilating pipes, to prevent prisoners from communicating with one another. The sound is reflected back to its source in this case. Asbestos lining is often used to make walls sound-proof.

A plane reflector, inclined at an angle of from 20° to 30° , and sloping upward toward the audience, is now the most common form. Such a reflector cuts off some air space, and thus prevents absorption; it reflects sound directly toward the audience; and its material helps the tone by vibrating, as a sounding-board does in a piano.

The sympathetic vibration in any such material, whether in a sounding-board or in the wall, floor, or ceiling, adds to the resonance. This quality is sometimes obtained also by the intensifying power of the air itself. It may be helped by other devices; and where the ancients used resonating jars at various places in their public buildings, a modern authority has suggested the use of tubes of various sizes near the foot-lights of our theatres.

Almost all halls depend upon wooden linings for their resonance. The old ducal theatre at Parma, famous for its acoustics, was an early example. In this theatre a whisper from the stage could be heard anywhere in the auditorium. A more modern example is the hall of the Paris Conservatoire. The hall is stuffy and ill-ventilated, but the management is afraid to make any changes, lest the excellent acoustic qualities be destroyed.

The wooden linings for walls or ceiling, or the floor timbers, or the sounding-board, should all be thoroughly seasoned. The linings, and floor-boards, should be of uniform size, and as long as possible.

Empty spaces under the floor or above the ceiling have often proved excellent in increasing resonance. In European theatres and halls, especially in Italy, it has been customary to construct a hollow chamber below the stage. The value of this is shown by the case of the Teatro del Argentino, at Rome. When it became necessary to make the course of a canal run beneath the stage, the resulting air-space greatly improved the acoustics of the building.

That the ancient Romans were acquainted with the value of wooden construction is shown by a statement of Vitruvius. He advises the omission of the resonators used by the Greeks,

"since all public theatres built of wood have many floors, which are necessarily conductors of sound."

Wood is so cheap and so excellent a material that as yet no real substitutes for it are in use. For fireproof construction, however, thin metal plates have been suggested for use as room panels.

The excessive use of wooden linings may produce too much resonance, especially if the air-space of a hall is of such a form as to aid in the effect. But this is a fault that leans to virtue's side, for excessive resonance is very easily remedied. It must also be remembered that the presence of an audience helps to deaden the tone.

In dealing with air resonance, it might seem at first sight as if this would appear only on certain notes, in which cases the air would vibrate as a whole, or in fractional parts for overtones. That this is true to some extent is proved by the necessity for "voicing" such instruments as organs, or even pianos. The string, or pipe, that synchronizes with the vibration rate of the whole body of air will seem much louder than the others; and its power of tone must be lessened, to obviate this effect. But the example of the violin will show that it is possible for the semi-confined air, which must vibrate with the wood, to be set in motion at any vibration rate. In this way the air of certain buildings may help the speaker, no matter whether he pitches his voice high or low. But if he talks on the pitch of the entire air body, his voice, not "voiced" like the organ pipe mentioned above, will seem to gain greatly in power and resonance.

Good architects claim that the air resonates best when the dimensions of the building bear some simple relation to each other, as already illustrated by the figures given for Free Trade Hall. Under this condition the vibration rates for a certain overtone lengthwise will correspond with the rates of another overtone sidewise, and still another vertically. This reinforcement of overtones will add brilliancy to the speaker's voice, or the musical tone, and make it penetrate better.

Air currents are apt to interfere with the best transmission of sound. The slightest drift of air caused by an outside wind produces no important effect; but the currents due to heating have more influence. Some architects advise admitting the heat at the sides of the hall, and leaving openings between the balcony and the wall, through which the hot air may rise. It is also advisable to admit more than enough hot air from below, and at the same time allow the requisite amount of cold air to come in from above, through the roof.

Aerial resonance may sometimes be excessive; and this is probably the case in Canterbury Cathedral, where a note or chord is prolonged as if moving slowly around the walls of the edifice. While this effect may be beautiful in the slow passages of anthems, it interferes with the distinctness of the preacher's words, even if he talks slowly. For clearness in speaking, it is always advisable to diminish the air space as much as possible. Public halls may therefore be made low; while theatres should have area restricted, to make up for their great height. The extensive balconies are thus an aid to hearing, except to those auditors who are hidden below.

The avoidance of the chief and most noticeable defects that have been enumerated has been considered sufficient by the architects of the past. But the fullest attention to all details is most necessary; for the difference between tolerable halls and good halls is most marked. The good hall necessitates no severe effort on the part of the speaker; while a poor edifice, such as a badly built church, will tax the speaker greatly, so that a preacher's life may be actually shortened by the work forced upon him by bad acoustical conditions.

The phenomenon of whispering galleries is one that always attracts attention. They result from the fact that various sound waves from one point are made to converge to another. This may be caused by direct reflection; but sometimes, as in St. Paul's and in the Capitol at Washington, it is caused by the waves following the wall around, close to the floor, instead of being wholly a reflection from the dome.

The very strong tendency of sound waves to follow curved surfaces is made use of in the Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake City. This edifice is shaped exactly like half an egg, cut lengthwise; and as a result the speaker is clearly audible in every part of the huge structure, which is probably the most successful building in the world, acoustically speaking.

Before any further mention of modern successes is made, it will be decidedly in place to give due praise to the ancient Greek theatres. The stage was backed by a wall, which formed an excellent reflector. The semicircular tiers of seats, up which the sound waves could travel, just as ocean waves wash up a slope, were practically in an isacoustic curve. To the good effect of all this was added the resonance of the *Echeia*, or hollow vessels. Under such favorable circumstances, it is no wonder that the Greek drama flourished. Even when the theatres were built of stone or marble instead of wood, the loss

of resonance was hardly noticed, resonance being at a minimum in open air.

It is a far cry from these amphitheatres to the ducal Theatre at Parma, which flourished in the sixteenth century, and fell into disuse only when the court left the city. Its form was oblong, with the back corners of the walls rounded off. It was 130 feet from the stage front to the rear wall; and the width was 102 feet. Calling the distance to a point near mid-stage 136 feet, the width and length were in the proportion of 3 to 4. Before the stage was an open space, from which the seats arose in a slant. The wooden boards of the walls were placed vertically instead of horizontally.

More directly derived from the Greek theatres are the semi-circular or semi-octagonal lecture rooms so common at our universities. These have their seats arranged on slopes that act like isacoustic curves; the roof is generally low rather than high; and the rise of the seats toward the ceiling makes the sound waves converge, and increases the hearing power in the rear.

The modern theatrical architect is confronted with several problems. The slope of the floor cannot be made as steep as it should be, though the floor could often be given more of an isacoustic structure than it usually has, to avoid "dead" places. The balconies must have their upward slope, though their under sides should be made to slope downward if possible; tiers of boxes often injure the reflecting power of the side walls; ceiling echo must be avoided; and the absorption of the actor's voice, due to the large space on and above the stage, must be minimized. The actors always aid in the last point by keeping their faces toward the audience, and by speaking near the front of the stage. But even though the performers take these precautions, the scene should be "boxed in" as much as possible, even if the boxing is above the range of vision of the audience. In theatres, the relation of length to height, if correct at one spot, will be incorrect at others. It may be best made by taking the distance to the back of the first balcony in some proportion to the height. The seats under the first balcony, as already intimated, should be given more slope than the floor, if possible. The walls may be pear-shaped rather than semicircular, with the stage corresponding to the stem end, and the side walls straight. The ceiling is usually curved, and joins the walls with an obtuse angle if not an actual rounding. Sometimes the ceiling is made parallel to the floor. Walls nearly or wholly parallel, as in the Metropolitan Opera House, and the Parma theatre, will make it

possible to accommodate a larger number of auditors, the pear-shaped form being best for theatres of moderate size, with restricted sites. The Haymarket Theatre, in London, is an excellent example of this form, the back being slightly more than a semicircle, with straight side walls converging toward the stage. The stage itself is shallow, and extends forward into the house—a most excellent practice, in the present writer's opinion. The ceiling is curved down toward the stage, reflecting the sound excellently. The boxes are flat in front, so as to give partial aid in reflecting the sound. There are no columns. The walls in this theatre are lined with long lengths of thin wood. There are hollow spaces below the floor and above the ceiling. Originally the floor was isolated on strong frames; but that seemed to prevent it from resonating, and the floor is now given the customary structure, as an integral part of the building.

In view of all the difficulties in designing theatres, it is not surprising that many writers confine their attention wholly to this class of buildings.

Law courts form a much neglected class of edifices, from an acoustical point of view. In many cases they are little more than large rooms; but even in these, the proper structure would relieve judge and counsel of some effort. If reverberation is the trouble, as is usually the case, a gallery for draperies on the rare wall will often prove sufficient.

Concert-halls should be fairly easy to construct, in view of the rules now adopted by architects, and described in this article. Any hall that is all bad acoustically will probably be found to violate one or more of the principles enumerated. The dimensions (with length to the middle of the stage) should be multiples of some proportional number; the stage should be recessed, with a roof (or sounding board) rising at the proper angle as it extends forward; the ceiling should join the walls in a curve, and the back wall may join the sides in similar fashion; the ceiling (as also the walls) should not have any deep rectangular recesses; and the back wall should be diversified by a gallery, or entrance doors, or both; or it may be draped if necessary. The whole building should be lined with seasoned wood, in long pieces. There should be hollow spaces below the floor, or the stage, at any rate, and above the ceiling. Promenades outside the walls will have the same good effect. If necessary, the seats may be raised in the proper curve as their distance from the stage increases. Large halls should be oblong, but small ones may be built on the amphitheatre plan, with nearly semicircular auditorium and rising

seats. Symphony Hall and Jordan Hall, both in Boston, are excellent illustrations of the two types. Concert-halls on the half-egg principle are also excellent, Steinert Hall, in Boston, being an example.

The mediaeval cathedrals were chiefly intended for great choruses, or grand ceremonials. In these the music could fill all the air space, which was far too lofty for ordinary speaking. Such edifices, like that at Cologne, contained some small chapels for devotional purposes. But if it became necessary for the preacher to talk to a larger congregation in such a building, he generally had to have a sounding-board placed over him, with a group of pillars as backing. In such a case, as in all halls used for lectures, there will be a certain pitch of voice which will obtain the best effect, this pitch being evidently an overtone of the pitch to which the total mass of air corresponds. The enclosed air thus acts like the air in an organ pipe, which will vibrate to one fundamental pitch, or to any of the stronger overtones of that pitch. A speaker may thus gain gain clear and forcible tones with a minimum of effort, even in a large cathedral.

Churches built with a nave and aisles have often shown acoustical excellence. The nave, or long main body of the church, has its aisles marked off by rows of pillars. These divide the air into several small vibrating masses, which are easily set in motion. Sir Christopher Wren designed many excellent buildings of this sort.

Churches that have one large open space, instead of the nave-and-aisle structure, have seemed more apt to show acoustical defects. If the two sides of the roof are too nearly vertical, they form a sort of sound-destroying trench, and fail to give any helpful resonance. If they are smooth, they may cause too definite an echo or reverberation; so that it has become customary to let the roof timbers show. These defects seem to prove that the Gothic style, in spite of its large size, was based on correct principles, the groups of pillars dividing the air in a way to help the sound. The bad effect of steep roofs in the open church structure may be remedied by a rounded off polygonal ceiling placed some distance below the ridge-pole.

The use of iron in modern churches has enabled architects to call for columns without obstructing the view as much as formerly. The modern tendency, however, has been towards an open space, without columns. The architect of churches should be able to avoid the usual troubles, because he generally has a free hand in regard to area of site. Where a theatre is often

built on restricted ground, surrounded by other buildings, a church is usually placed on an extensive lot.

The position of the pulpit and lectern was formerly influenced by acoustical conditions. Many churches were found to be poor for speaking; and sometimes the defects were remedied by moving the pulpit out among the congregation. At present, with a recessed chancel, this is scarcely ever necessary. The chancel is built on much the same principle as the recessed stage in concert-halls.

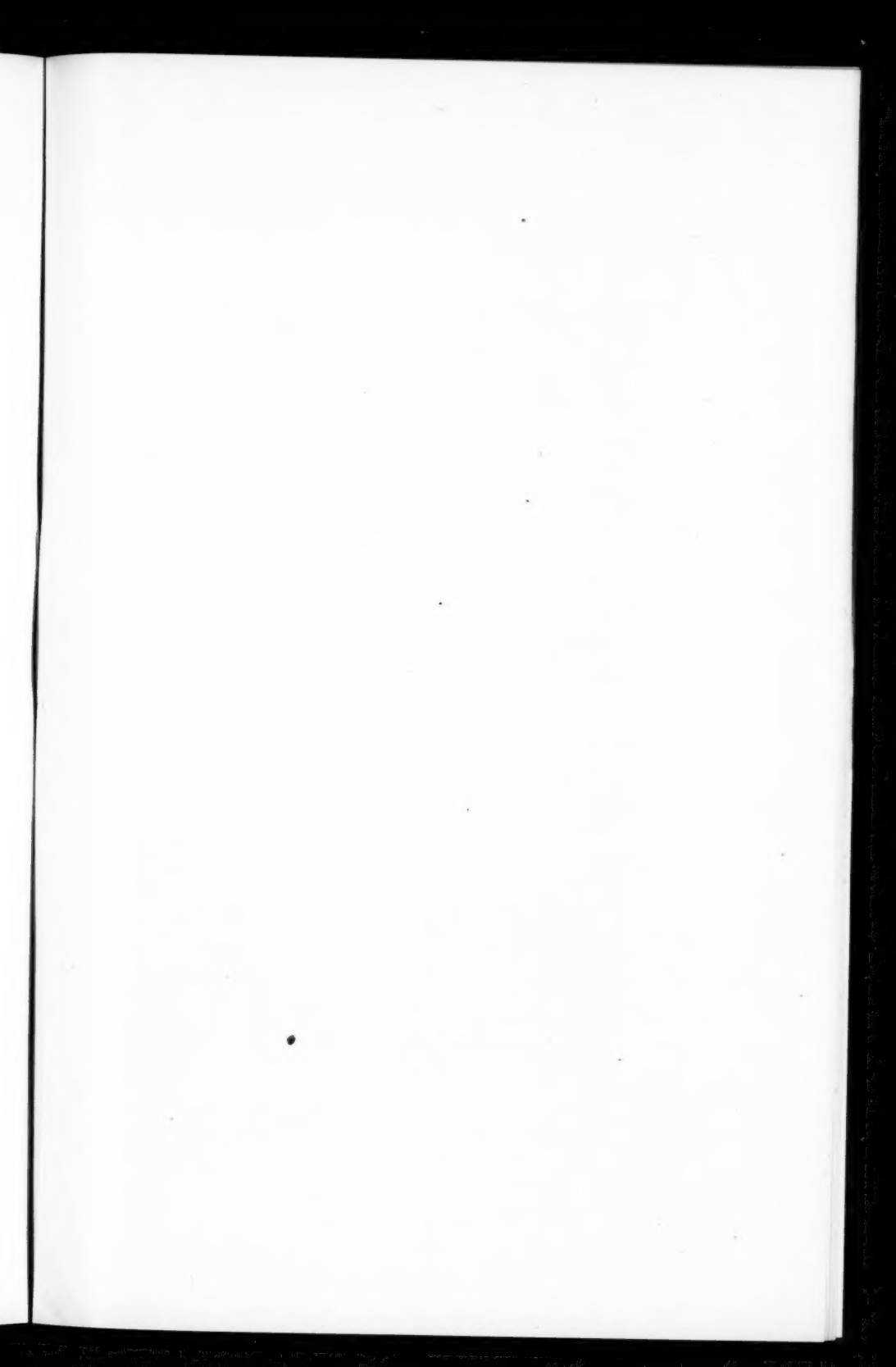
The use of transepts has sometimes introduced defects. If the transept is made too deep, and any acoustical trouble arises, the defect may usually be remedied by galleries, or by anything that will make the transept shallow in proportion to its width.

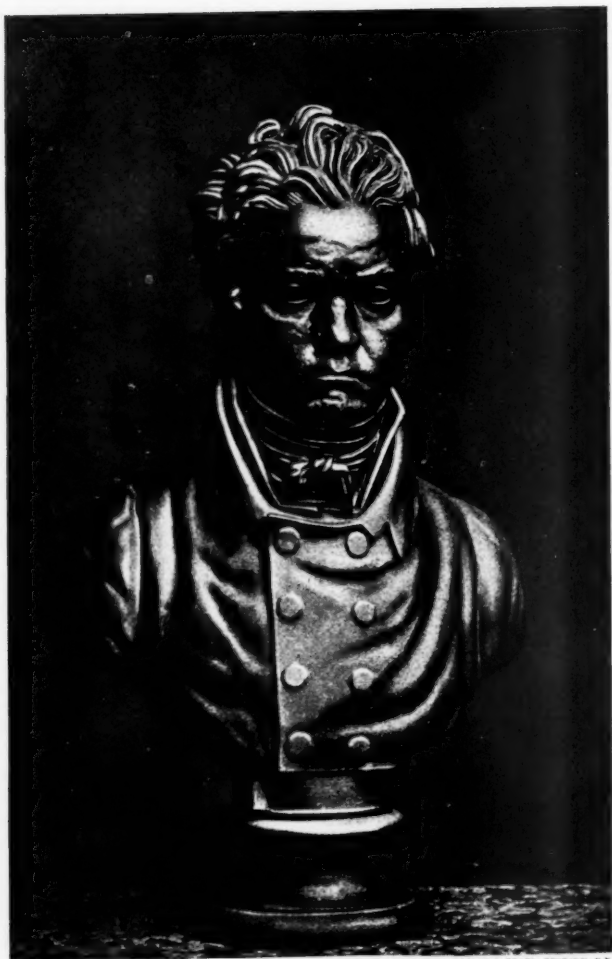
If a gallery is used in the nave, it should be located on the back wall, where it will help to break up any echo effect.

The writer, when in the church of the First Parish in Brookline, has found that this edifice seems to combine many excellences. The chancel is recessed, with the back wall semicircular, and the top low in comparison with the main building. The pulpit and lectern are well in front, each a little to one side of the centre. The transepts, almost as far front as the pulpit itself, are only half as deep as they are wide. The main part of the church has no columns. At the back are three entrances, breaking up the end wall below, and a gallery above, for organ and choir. In this gallery are some of the larger organ pipes, which break the upper surface of the wall. The height to the ridge-pole is scarcely more than the width of the nave. The two sides of the roof slope at an angle of 45° , an excellent angle, which reflects the sound down toward the back of the church, and does so too quickly to cause reverberation. The sides of the roof are lined with wood, extra strips at short intervals breaking up the plane surface. The resonance from this is excellent. At the top of the walls (the base of the roof slopes) two or three tie-rods of iron, provided with turn buckles, neutralize the outer thrust of the roof. The tie-rods are held on each side by beams projecting inward. These beams and tie-rods are evidently sufficient to act as nodes, and let the air-space vibrate in an upper and lower half, instead of as a whole, thus requiring less effort from the speaker. The side walls are plane, with very shallow tapered recesses for the stained glass windows.

Architectural acoustics is not yet thoroughly mastered. If it were, then every modern building would be as perfect as the old Parma theatre. There is still much that is empirical, but

with the rules herein mentioned, and with the ever-present chance to imitate buildings that have shown acoustical excellence, no architect should go wholly wrong.





ADAMS & GRACE COMPANY N.Y.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN
After the Bust by Franz Klein
1812

THE MAN BEETHOVEN : AN ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER

By ALEXANDER W. THAYER

Reprinted by permission of The Beethoven Association from advance sheets of the English version of Thayer's "Life of Ludwig van Beethoven." Translated, Revised and Completed by Henry Edward Krehbiel.)

THE year 1800 is an important era in Beethoven's history. It is the year in which, cutting loose from the pianoforte, he asserted his claims to a position with Mozart and the still living and productive Haydn in the higher forms of chamber and orchestral composition—the quartet and the symphony. It is the year, too, in which the bitter consciousness of an increasing derangement of his organs of hearing was forced upon him and the terrible anticipation of its incurable nature and of its final result in almost total deafness began to harass and distress him. The course of his life was afterwards so modified, on the one hand, by the prosperous issue of these new appeals to the taste and judgment of the public, and, on the other, by the unhappy progress of his malady, each acting and reacting upon a nature singularly exceptional, that for this and other reasons some points in his personal character and habits, and a few general remarks upon and illustrations of another topic or two, must be made before resuming the narrative of events.

A true and exhaustive picture of Beethoven as a man would present an almost ludicrous contrast to that which is generally entertained as correct. As sculptors and painters have each in turn idealized the work of his predecessor, until the composer stands before us like a Homeric god—until those who knew him personally, could they return to earth, would never suspect that the grand form and noble features of the more pretentious portraits are intended to represent the short muscular figure and pock-pitted face of their old friend—so in literature evoked by the composer a similar process has gone on, with a corresponding suppression of whatever is deemed common and trivial, until he is made a being living in his own peculiar realm of gigantic ideas, above and apart from the rest of mankind—a sort of intellectual Thor, dwelling in "darkness and clouds of awful state," and making

in his music mysterious revelations of things unutterable! But it is really some generations too soon for a conscientious investigator of his history to view him as a semi-mythological personage, or to discover that his notes to friends asking for pens, making appointments to dinner at taverns, or complaining of servants, are "cyclopean blocks of granite," which, like the "chops and tomato sauce" of Mr. Pickwick, contain depths unfathomable of profound meaning. The present age must be content to find in Beethoven, with all his greatness, a very human nature, one which, if it showed extraordinary strength, exhibited also extraordinary weaknesses.

It was the great misfortune of Beethoven's youth—his impulses good and bad being by nature exceedingly quick and violent—that he did not grow up under the influence of a wise and strict parental control, which would have given him those habits of self-restraint that, once fixed, are a second and better nature, and through which the passions, curbed and moderated, remain only as sources of noble energy and power. His very early admission into the orchestra of the theatre as cembalist, was more to the advantage of his musical than of his moral development. It was another misfortune that, in those years, when the strict regulations of a school would have compensated in some measure for the unwise, unsteady, often harsh discipline of his father, he was thus thrown into close connection with actors and actresses, who, in those days, were not very distinguished for the propriety of their manners and morals. Before his seventeenth or eighteenth year, when he became known to the Breuning family and Count Waldstein, he could hardly have learned the importance of cultivating those high principles of life and conduct on which in later years he laid so much stress. And, at that period of life, the character even under ordinary circumstances is so far developed, the habits have become so far formed and fixed, and the natural tendencies have acquired so much strength, that it is, as a rule, too late to conquer the power of a perfect self-command. At all events, the consequences of a deficient early moral education followed Beethoven through life and are visible in the frequent contests between his worse and his better nature and in his constant tendency to extremes. To-day, upon some perhaps trivial matter, he bursts into ungovernable wrath; to-morrow, his penitence exceeds the measure of his fault. To-day he is proud, unbending, offensively careless of those claims which society grants to people of high rank; to-morrow his humility is more than adequate to the occasion. The poverty in which he grew up was not without

its effect upon his character. He never learned to estimate money at its real value; though often profuse and generous to a fault, even wasteful, yet at times he would fall into the other extreme. With all his sense of nobility of independence, he early formed the habit of leaning upon others; and this the more, as his malady increased, which certainly was a partial justification; but he thus became prone to follow unwise counsels, or, when his pride was touched, to assert an equally unwise independence. At other times, in the multitude of counsellors he became the victim of utter irresolution, when decision and firmness were indispensable and essential to his welfare. Thus, both by following the impulse of the moment, and by hesitation when a prompt determination was demanded, he took many a false step, which could no longer be retrieved when reflection brought with it bitter regret.

It would be doing great injustice both to Beethoven and to the present writer to understand the preceding remarks as being intended to represent the composer's lapses in these regards, as being more than unpleasant and unfortunate episodes in the general tenor of his life; but as they did occur to his great disadvantage, the fact cannot be silently passed over.

A romantically sentimental admiration of the heroes of ancient classic literature, having its origin in Paris, had become widely the fashion in Beethoven's youth. The democratic theories of the French sentimentalists had received a new impulse from the dignified simplicity of the foreign representatives of the young American Republic, Franklin, Adams, Jay—from the retirement to private life on their plantations and farms of the great military leaders in the contest, Washington, Greene, Schuyler, Knox and others, after the war with England was over; from the pride taken by the French officers, who had served in America, in their insignia of the order of the Cincinnati; and even from the letters and journals of German officers, who, in captivity, had formed friendships with many of the better class of the republican leaders, and seen with their own eyes in what simplicity they lived while guiding the destinies of the new-born nation. Thus through the greater part of Central Europe the idea became current of a pure and sublime humanity, above and beyond the influence of the passions, of which Cincinnatus, Scipio, Cato, Washington, Franklin, were the supposed representatives. Zschokke makes his Heuwen say: "Virtue and the heroes of antiquity had inspired me with enthusiasm for virtue and heroism"; and so, also, Beethoven. He exalted his imagination and fancy by the perusal

of the German poets and translations of the ancient and English classics, especially Homer, Plutarch and Shakespeare; dwelt fondly upon the great characters as models for the conduct of life; but between the sentiment which one feels and the active principle on which he acts, there is often a wide cleft. That Beethoven proved to be no Stoic, that he never succeeded in governing his passions with absolute sway, was not because the spirit was unwilling; the flesh was weak. Adequate firmness of character had not been acquired in early years. But those who have most thoroughly studied his life, know best how pure and lofty were his aspirations, how wide and deep his sympathies with all that is good, how great his heart, how, on the whole, heroic his endurance of his great calamity. They can best feel the man's true greatness, admire the nobility of his nature, and drop the tear of sorrow and regret upon his vagaries and faults. He who is morbidly sensitive, and compelled to keep constant ward and watch over his passions, can best appreciate and sympathize with the man, Beethoven.

Truth and candor compel the confession, that in those days of prosperity he bore his honors with less of meekness than we could wish; that he had lost something of that modesty and ingenuousness eulogized by Junker ten years before, in his *Mergentheim* letter. His "somewhat lofty bearing" had even been reported by the correspondent of the "*Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*." Traces of self-sufficiency and even arrogance—faults almost universal among young and successful geniuses, often in a far higher degree than was true of Beethoven, and with not a tithe of his reason—are unquestionably visible. No one can read without regret his remarks upon certain persons not named, with whom at this very time he was upon terms of apparently intimate friendship. "I value them," he writes, "only by what they do for me. . . . I look upon them only as instruments upon which I play when I feel so disposed." His "somewhat lofty bearing" was matter for jest to the venerable Haydn, who, according to a trustworthy tradition, when Beethoven's visits to him had become few and far between would inquire of other visitors: "How goes it with our Great Mogul?" Nor would the young nobles, whose society he frequented, take offence; but it certainly made him enemies among those whom he "valued according to their service and looked upon as mere instruments"—and no wonder!

Pierson, in his edition of the so-called "*Beethoven's Studien*," has added to Seyfried's personal sketches a few reminiscences

of that Griesinger, who was so long Saxon Minister in Vienna, and to whom we owe the valuable "Biographische Notizen über Joseph Haydn." One of his anecdotes is to the purpose here and may be taken as substantially historical.

When he was still only an attaché, and Beethoven was little known except as a celebrated pianoforte player, both being still young, they happened to meet at the house of Prince Lobkowitz. In conversation with a gentleman present, Beethoven said in substance, that he wished to be relieved from all bargain and sale of his works, and would gladly find some one willing to pay him a certain income for life, for which he should possess the exclusive right of publishing all he wrote; adding, "and I would not be idle in composition. I believe Goethe does this with Cotta, and, if I mistake not, Handel's London publisher held similar terms with him."

"My dear young man," returned the other, "You must not complain; for you are neither a Goethe nor a Handel, and it is not to be expected that you ever will be; for such masters will not be born again." Beethoven bit his lips, gave a most contemptuous glance at the speaker, and said no more. Lobkowitz endeavored to appease him, and in a subsequent conversation said:

"My dear Beethoven, the gentleman did not intend to wound you. It is an established maxim, to which most men adhere, that the present generation cannot possibly produce such mighty spirits as the dead, who have already earned their fame."

"So much the worse, Your Highness," retorted Beethoven; "but with men who will not believe and trust in me because I am as yet unknown to universal fame, I cannot hold intercourse!"

It is easy for this generation, which has the productions of the composer's whole life as the basis of its judgment of his powers, to speak disparagingly of his contemporaries for not being able to discover in his first twelve or fifteen works good reason for classing him with Goethe and Handel; but he who stands upon a mountain cannot justly ridicule him on the plain for the narrow extent of his view. It was as difficult then to conceive the possibility of instrumental music being elevated to heights greater than those reached by Haydn and Mozart, as it is for us to conceive of Beethoven being hereafter surpassed.

In the short personal sketches of Beethoven's friends which have been introduced, the dates of their births have been noted so far as known, that the reader may observe how very large a proportion of them were of the same age as the composer, or still

younger—some indeed but boys—when he came to Vienna. And so it continued. As the years pass by in our narrative and names familiar to us disappear, the new ones which take their places, with rare exceptions, are still of men much younger than himself. The older generation of musical amateurs at Vienna, van Swieten and his class, had accepted the young Bonn organist and patronized him, as a pianist. But when Beethoven began to press his claims as a composer, and, somewhat later, as his deafness increased, to neglect his playing, some of the elder friends had passed away, others had withdrawn from society, and the number was few of those who, like Lichnowsky, could comprehend that departures from the forms and styles of Mozart and Haydn were not necessarily faults. With the greater number, as perfection necessarily admits of no improvement and both quartet and symphony in *form* had been carried to that point by Haydn and Mozart, it was a perfectly logical conclusion that farther progress was impossible. They could not perceive that there was still room for the invention or discovery of new elements of interest, beauty, power; for such perceptions are the offspring of genius. With Beethoven they were instinctive.

One more remark: Towards the decline of life, the masterpieces of literature and art, on which the taste was formed, are apt to become invested in the mind with a sort of nimbus of sanctity; hence, the productions of a young and daring innovator, even when the genius and talent displayed in them are felt and receive just acknowledgement, have the aspect, not only of an extravagant and erring waste of misapplied powers, but of a kind of profane audacity. For these and similar reasons Beethoven's novelties found little favor with the veterans of the concert-room.

The criticism of the day was naturally ruled and stimulated by the same spirit. Beethoven's own confession how it at first wounded him, will come in its order; but after he felt that his victory over it was sure—was in fact gained with a younger generation—he only laughed at the critics; to answer them, except by new works, was beneath him. Seyfried says of him (during the years of the "Eroica," "Fidelio," etc.): "When he came across criticisms in which he was accused of grammatical errors he rubbed his hands in glee and cried out with a loud laugh: 'Yes, yes! they marvel and put their heads together because they do not find it in any school of thoroughbass!'" But for the young of both sexes, Beethoven's music had an extraordinary charm. And this not upon technical grounds, nor solely for its

novelties, always an attractive feature to the young, but because it appealed to the sensibilities, excited emotions and touched the heart as no other purely instrumental compositions had ever done. And so it was that Beethoven also in his quality of composer soon gathered about him a circle of young disciples, enthusiastic admirers. Their homage may well have been grateful to him—as such is to every artist and scholar of genius, who, striking out and steadfastly pursuing a new path, subjects himself to the sharp animadversions of critics who, in all honesty, really can see little or nothing of good in that which is not to be measured and judged by old standards. The voice of praise under such circumstances is doubly pleasing. It is known that, when Beethoven's works began to find a just appreciation from a new generation of critics, who had indeed been schooled by them, he collected and preserved a considerable number of laudatory articles, whose fate cannot now be traced. When, however, the natural and just satisfaction which is afforded by the homage of honest admirers and deservedly eulogistic criticism, degenerates into a love of indiscriminate praise and flattery, it becomes a weakness, a fault. Of this error in Beethoven there are traces easily discernible, and especially in his later years; there are pages of fulsome eulogy addressed to him in the Conversation Books, which would make the reader blush for him, did not the mere fact that such books existed remind him of the bitterness of the composer's lot. The failing was also sometimes his misfortune; for those who were most profuse in their flatteries, and thus gained his ear, were by no means the best of his counsellors. But aside from the attractive force of his genius, Beethoven possessed a personal magnetism, which attached his young worshippers to him and, all things considered, to his solid and lasting benefit in his private affairs. Just at this time, and for some years to come, his brothers usually rendered him the aid he needed; but thenceforth to the close of his life, the names of a constant succession of young men will appear in and vanish from our narrative, who were ever necessary to him and ever ready at his call with their voluntary services.

Beethoven's love of nature was already a marked trait of his character. This was indulged and strengthened by long rambles upon the lofty hills and in the exquisitely beautiful valleys which render the environs of Vienna to the north and west so charming. Hence, when he left the city to spend the hot summer months in the country, with but an exception or two in a long series of years, his residence was selected with a view to the in-

dulgence of this noble passion. Hence, too, his great delight in the once celebrated work of Christian Sturm: "Beobachtungen über die Werke Gottes," which, however absurd much of its natural philosophy (in the old editions) appears now in the light of advanced knowledge, was then by far the best manual of popular scientific truth, and was unsurpassed in fitness to awaken and foster a taste for, and the understanding of, the beauties of nature. Schindler has recorded the master's life-long study and admiration of this book. It was one which cherished his veneration for the Creator and Preserver of the universe, and yet left his contempt for procrustean religious systems and ecclesiastical dogmas its free course. "To him, who, in the love of Nature, holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language," says Bryant. Her language was thoroughly well understood by Beethoven; and when, in sorrow and affliction, his art, his Plutarch, his "Odyssey," proved to be resources too feeble for his comfort, he went to Nature for solace, and rarely failed to find it.

Art has been so often disgraced by the bad morals and shameless lives of its votaries, that it is doubly gratifying to be able to affirm of Beethoven that, like Handel, Bach and Mozart, he did honor to his profession by his personal character and habits. Although irregular, still he was as simple and temperate in eating and drinking as was possible in the state of society in which he lived. That he was no inordinate lover of wine or strong drinks is certain. No allusion is remembered in any of his letters, notes, memoranda, nor in the Conversation Books, which indicates a liking for any game of chance or skill. He does not appear to have known one playing-card from another. Music, books, conversation with men and women of taste and intelligence, dancing, according to Ries (who adds that he could never learn to dance in time—but Beethoven's dancing days were soon over—), and, above all, his long walks, were his amusements and recreations. His whim for riding was of short duration—at all events, the last allusion to any horse owned by him is in the anecdote on a previous page.

One rather delicate point demands a word: and surely, what Franklin in his autobiography could confess of himself, and Lockhart mention without scruple of Walter Scott, his father-in-law, need not be here suppressed. Nor can it well be, since a false assumption on the point has been made the basis already of a considerable quantity of fine writing, and employed to explain certain facts relative to Beethoven's compositions. Spending

his whole life in a state of society in which the vow of celibacy was by no means a vow of chastity; in which the parentage of a cardinal's or archbishop's children was neither a secret nor a disgrace; in which the illegitimate offspring of princes and magnates were proud of their descent and formed upon it well-grounded hopes of advancement and success in life; in which the moderate gratification of the sexual was no more discountenanced than the satisfying of any other natural appetite—it is nonsense to suppose, that, under such circumstances, Beethoven could have puritanic scruples on that point. Those who have had occasion and opportunity to ascertain the facts, know that he had not, and are also aware that he did not always escape the common penalties of transgressing the laws of strict purity. But he had too much dignity of character ever to take part in scenes of low debauchery, or even when still young to descend to the familiar jesting once so common between tavern girls and the guests. Thus, as the elder Simrock related, upon the journey to Mergentheim recorded in the earlier pages of this work, it happened at some place where the company dined, that some of the young men prompted the waiting-girl to play off her charms upon Beethoven. He received her advances and familiarities with repellent coldness; and as she, encouraged by the others, still persevered, he lost his patience, and put an end to her importunities by a smart box on the ear.

The practice, not uncommon in his time, of living with an unmarried woman as a wife, was always abhorrent to him—how much so, a sad story will hereafter illustrate; to a still greater degree an intrigue with the wife of another man. In his later years he so broke off his once familiar intercourse with a distinguished composer and conductor of Vienna, as hardly to return his greetings with common politeness. Schindler affirmed that the only reason for this was that the man in question had taken to his bed and board the wife of another.

The names of two married women might be here given, to whom at a later period Beethoven was warmly attached; names which happily have hitherto escaped the eyes of literary scavengers, and are therefore here suppressed. Certain of his friends used to joke him about these ladies, and it is certain that he rather enjoyed their jests even when the insinuations, that his affection was beyond the limit of the Platonic, were somewhat broad; but careful enquiry has failed to elicit any evidence that even in these cases he proved unfaithful to his principles. A story related by Jahn is also to the point, viz.: that Beethoven only by the urgent

solicitations of the Czerny family was after much refusal persuaded to extemporize in the presence of a certain Madame Hofdemel. She was the widow of a man who had attempted her life and then committed suicide; and the refusal of Beethoven to play before her arose from his having the general belief at the time, that a too great intimacy had existed between her and Mozart. Jahn, it may be observed, has recently had the great satisfaction of being able to prove the innocence of Mozart in this matter and of rescuing his memory from the only dark shadow which rested upon it. This much on this topic it has been deemed necessary to say here, not only for the reason above given, but to put an end to long-prevailing misconceptions and misconstructions of passages in Beethoven's letters and private memoranda and to save farther comment when they shall be introduced hereafter.

CARMEN

NOVEL AND LIBRETTO—A DRAMATURGIC ANALYSIS

By EDGAR ISTELE

THE source of "Carmen," Bizet's masterpiece, justly to be termed the most original of French operas, was a novel of the same name, published in 1847 by Prosper Mérimée. This distinguished author, whom Goethe esteemed very highly, prefaced his famous story with Paladas' most ungallant Greek motto: "Woman as a whole is bitter. She possesses but two redeeming moments: one in bed and the other at death." The contents of the novel would certainly seem to justify this pessimistic verdict—which, however, is not meant to be generalized. A "she-devil," as one might designate her, after the famous drama ("Der Weibsteufel") of the Austrian author Schönherr, here plays her game of destruction with the man, until both man and woman are sent to eternity. Mérimée's novel consists of four chapters; the fourth is really only a scientific study on the race of the gipsies; the first and second chapters also, in which Mérimée recounts his meeting with José and Carmen, are of only incidental interest in their description of the characteristics of both. It is the third chapter, an autobiographical confession of José when he was condemned to death, which became the source and the plot of the opera.

Carmen, a Christian name, very common in Andalusia, signifies "garden" or "country-house," and is still met with in this signification as the name of cities in Mexico and Argentine. The diminutive form "Carmencita," which also occurs in the opera, is more frequently used as a woman's name. Mérimée's story certainly depicts an actual occurrence. The truthful portrayal of Andalusian life with all its sympathetic and repulsive features must have sprung from very close observation, and the characteristic psychology of the people can be fully appreciated only by one who has spent some time in Andalusia, the most Spanish of Spanish districts. Of special significance, however, is a feature not mentioned in the later version of the opera: José

is a Navarraise, therefore not an Andalusian. This explains his proud, self-assertive attitude, intolerant of humiliation. Carmen, on the other hand, is a gipsy, both in the novel and in the opera. Thus, although the scene is laid in Andalusia, only the subordinate figures are natives of that district. At the beginning of the novel, Mérimée describes an archæological excursion which he made through Andalusia, in the autumn of 1830, accompanied by a guide from Cordoba. By a spring in a woody ravine, they came across a man of wild appearance, whom the guide at once recognized as the notorious bandit, José Navarro, for whose capture a reward of two hundred ducats had been offered. For the dramatist the most interesting part of this first chapter is the description of José: "A young man of middle height, apparently robust, with a proud but gloomy look. His complexion, which originally must have been beautiful, had been tanned by the sun to a darker color than his hair." And later: "Blond hair, blue eyes, a large mouth, fine teeth, small hands, a fine shirt, a velvet jacket with silver buttons, white leather leggings and a brown horse." This gives us a fairly clear idea of José as a bandit.

In the second chapter Mérimée describes how he met Carmencita, the gipsy, one night on the banks of the Guadalquivir:

She had in her hair a bunch of jasmine, whose blossoms gave forth a most intoxicating perfume. She was dressed plainly, almost poorly, in black, like most of the grisettes in the evening. She was "young, small, well-built, and she had very large eyes." Mérimée says later: I doubt very much whether Carmen was thoroughbred: at any rate she was very much more beautiful than any other woman of her race that I have ever seen.

Generally, as he explains in the fourth chapter, the gipsies are very ugly. After speaking of the Spanish ideal of beauty, Mérimée remarks:

My gipsy could not lay claim to so many merits. Her skin was very nearly of the color of copper. Her eyes were oblong, but most marvelously slit; her lips, a little too thick, were well formed and showed teeth whiter than almonds gleaming through them. Her black hair, perhaps too thick, had the bluish reflection of the raven's wing and was long and glossy. In order not to tire by a lengthy description, I will summarize by saying, that to every fault she possessed was added a good feature, which perhaps proved more effective by the contrast. It was a wild, strange sort of beauty, a face which at first bewildered, but which one never forgot. Especially the eyes, which had a voluptuous and at the same time a wild expression which I have never since found in any human face. 'Gipsy eye, wolf eye,' says a Spanish proverb, which shows good observation. Such a person was Carmen.

Later Mérimée heard that José Navarro, as he was called, or Don José¹ Lizarabengoa, as he really was, was in prison and soon to be executed. He visited the bandit, who told the poet the story of his life after having begged him, if he ever passed through Navarra, to give a medal which José had always worn around his neck to a "good woman" (José's mother) in Vittoria. "Tell her I am dead, but not how I died," he added, deeply moved; then he began his story.

We have thus far made the acquaintance of the two principal characters, José and Carmen, and gained an important dramatic motive in the mention of José's mother, who, though not appearing in the drama, influences the plot. Two remarks which José incidentally makes to Mérimée seem to contain the quintessence of the third chapter, the real Carmen tragedy, or perhaps better, the tragedy of José.

Monsieur, on devient coquin sans y penser. Une jolie fille vous fait perdre la tête, on se bat pour elle, un malheur arrive, il faut vivre à la montagne, et de contrebandier on devient voleur, avant d'avoir réfléchi. (One becomes a rogue without realizing it. A pretty woman makes you lose your head, you fight for her, have a bit of bad luck, are compelled to live in the mountains, and from a smuggler one becomes a robber without reflecting.)

The antecedent history of the Carmen plot in the novel is exceptionally short. Only a few words are to be found in the introduction telling how José became a soldier. The librettists have cleverly shortened these words and woven them almost literally into the dialogue in the third scene of the first act—José's conversation with the lieutenant. Incidentally noting that Mi-caëla is dressed in Navaraise costume, the lieutenant asks: "Are you a Navaraise?" Whereupon José answers: "And of old Christian family. My name is Don José Lizarabengoa. I was to have become a priest and began my studies, but did not learn anything, for I was too fond of the ball game. One day, after having won, a youth from Alava sought a quarrel with me; I had the better luck (that meant most likely that José either killed his adversary, or wounded him severely) and was forced to leave the country. I became a soldier." Up to this point the antecedent history is the same as in the novel. Mérimée continues: "Within a short time I became a brigadier, and was promised the position of ser-

¹Don, from the Latin Dominus, at that time a title of nobility. José was of ancient Basque descent and (viele cristiano) of ancient Christian origin, with neither Moorish nor Jewish blood in his veins,—what most Spaniards of quality pretend to be when quite the contrary is true.

geant, when, unluckily, I was detailed as guard before the cigarette factory in Sevilla." Here the drama sets in.

This libretto was written by the famous Parisian playwrights, Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy. Each had worked individually until 1860, when they joined forces and achieved great success with their stage works. In addition to the Carmen libretto their texts to the best Offenbach operettas are especially well known; and the original adaptation of the "Fledermaus" was their idea.

I have shown that the two principal characters were taken from Mérimée's novel. On the other hand, the librettists were obliged to invent the character of Micaëla as a substitute for José's mother, who does not appear. This character was necessary for dramatic reasons, in order to create a contrast to Carmen, and, as it were, to personify the voice of the good in José. Nevertheless, one must admit that the figure possesses little individual life and is too obviously brought in only for construction. As for the other principal characters in the opera, the bull-fighter Escamillo (Mérimée's Lucas), the inn-keeper Lillas Pastia, the smugglers Dancairo and Remendado and also the lieutenant (Zuniga), they are all to be found in the novel. The librettists had merely to invent the two unimportant figures of the gipsies and the brigadier. And yet how genuinely theatrical the book of the text has turned out, even though occasional literal expressions are taken from the novel!

Let us single out a few of the principal scenes to show the dramaturgic art of the librettists. Take, for instance, the most important moment of the exposition, Carmen's entry. Observe how dramatic is her introduction. She does not exactly enter alone, nor does she come with the swarm of workers, who precede her like the personal attendants at the state entry of a princess. After all the girls have passed, we hear the soldiers sing: "We do not see Carmencita!" whereupon the workers and young men answer: "There she is! see the Carmencita!" Carmen is thus made conspicuous as a very individual figure, similarly to José, who is not on the stage at the beginning of the opera. At last she appears. The librettists describe exactly the same costume and manner of entry as that described by Mérimée. She has a bunch of acacia in her bodice, and a blossom in the corner of her mouth. Three or four young men enter with her, they follow her, surround her, and speak to her; she flirts and talks with them. José raises his head, looks at Carmen, and then quietly resumes work on the chain. The young men urge Carmen to tell them when she will

love them. Her first words here give us a sharply defined picture of her personality, in contradistinction to the more detailed description in the novel. It is also to be noticed that Carmen does not directly approach José as in the novel; this would not be so effective on the stage. Instead, she is obliged to disclose her character somewhat through her conversation with the young men, and wins time to study more closely the handsome brigadier, whom she has espied at once, and—to entice him. This is expressed in her first very witty and precise answer:

Quand je vous aimerai? Ma fois, je ne sais pas.
Peut-être jamais, peut-être demain;
Mais pas aujourd'hui, c'est certain!

This refusal plainly discloses the fact that Carmen has chosen José for her lover of to-day. And still more clearly is this expressed in the following famous "Habanera"—which reveals Carmen's conception of love. Nietzsche says: "Eros, as conceived by the ancients—playfully alluring, malicious, demoniacal, invincible. A veritable witch is necessary for the performance. I know of nothing to be compared with this song." Another feature of dramaturgic significance in the first act is the scene commonly designated as the "tragical moment." In his famous book: "The Technique of the Drama", which was preëminently inspired by Shakespeare's technique, Gustav Freytag writes as follows about the introduction of this "moment":

If at a certain point of the plot something sad, gloomy, or dreadful suddenly occurs which, though quite contrary to that which precedes it, can immediately be recognized as a result of the causative combination of incidents preceding and which the assumption of the plot renders believable—this new instant is to be considered a "tragic moment." The "tragic moment" must therefore possess the three following distinctive features:

1. It must be important and momentous for the hero.
2. It must burst upon one unexpectedly.
3. It must, by means of a chain of subordinate ideas perceptible to the spectator, stand in a reasonable connection with the foregoing action.

These three conditions are fulfilled here. The "tragic moment" in this case is especially caused by the circumstance that, exactly at the moment when José, owing to his mother's letter and the newly sealed love for Micaëla, fancies himself to be protected from Carmen and the "demon," the incident occurs which forms the first link in the chain of his fate—Carmen's business with the knife. Without this episode, the entire following tragedy would be quite inconceivable. To be sure, the "tragic moment" in the

drama is only one of many effects. It can, as is usually the case, appear only once, but it can also be used more frequently in the same play. In "Carmen," for instance, the second "tragic moment" is to be found in the second act. José here has decided to leave Carmen forever, and to remain true to his soldier's honor, when suddenly he is driven to jealousy by the return of the lieutenant. Here the effect is particularly strong owing to the contrast between José's intention and this sudden occurrence, which is so momentous for him. In Greek dramaturgies the term "peripetie" was used for this kind of "tragic moment."

The events of the second act have been sharply worked out by the librettists from single facts taken from the novel, where their course is blurred by all sorts of accessories. The choice of Lillas Pastia's inn as the scene of these events seems a happy one. In the novel the inn does not play an important part: there it is in the house of an old match-making gipsy in the Candilejo Street that Carmen's love-meetings take place, first with José and later with the lieutenant.

The main line of José's development in the novel is this: From a punished brigadier he is degraded to a common soldier, who, however, retains his soldier's honor; through jealousy, he passes to open rebellion against an officer and even to murder of that officer; then, no other choice remaining, he becomes a smuggler. Let us now briefly examine how the novel proceeds, emphasizing those points which the dramatists could use.

José in prison describes his spiritual condition, the regret for his heedless folly, the contempt he felt for Carmen. And yet he could not cease thinking of her; he became sensually intoxicated when he recalled the extraordinary image of her silk stockings with the numerous holes in them; he compared all the women who passed by the prison to Carmen, found none as beautiful as she, and unintentionally inhaled the scent of the acacia blossom. "If there are such things as witches," he says, "then this girl is one." But Carmen also thought of him. She smuggled a loaf of bread and a gold piece into the prison. The bread concealed a strong English file with which he could have filed through the strongest bars, and with the gold piece he could have bought other clothes and escaped. José, however, looked upon desertion as a crime, and the gold piece seemed to him like pay and angered him. After having served his term, he was degraded and put on guard as a common soldier. Here, in front of the colonel's house, where Carmen had been dancing, he first saw her again. She asked him to meet her that same evening at Lillas Pastia's when he came off

duty. Pastia is described as an "old fish-baker, gipsy, as black as a Moor, at whose place many of the city-folk ate fish, especially since Carmen had been in the habit of going there." Carmen at once took José to walk with her, and he returned to her the gold piece, keeping the file, however, as a souvenir. Not having much money just then, Carmen suggested that they consume the gold piece together; and so they bought oranges, bread, sausage, a bottle of Manzanilla, a great quantity of sweets and candied fruit. Then they went to the gipsy's house, and as soon as they were alone Carmen began to dance as if she were crazy and to sing, saying: "You are my Rom! I your Romi!" (in gipsy language, "Rom" means husband, "Romi," wife), and falling on his neck cried: "I will pay my debt according to the law of the gipsies!" The manner in which she paid her debt is pretty plainly alluded to in the novel: "Ah! Monsieur, that day! . . . that day! . . . when I think of it I forget to-morrow!" cried the bandit, who is telling the writer of his life after he has been condemned to death. Carmen and José spent the entire day together, eating and drinking, and there was not a mad prank she left undone. José wished to see Carmen dance. She had no castanets, so she broke the only plate the old gipsy had and danced as if she had had real ones. "One was never bored with this girl; to that I can swear," said José. When evening came, José, hearing the retreat, said to Carmen: "I must return to the barracks." "To the barracks?" she replied disdainfully, "are you a negro slave that fears the stick? You are a real canary bird¹ inside and out. Go, you are a coward!" And José remained, though he knew it meant arrest for him again.

This turn of affairs in the novel, where José has already enjoyed Carmen's favors and fallen a victim to her charm, is most natural. In the drama it was better to let the conflict between soldier's honor and love (which in the novel had occurred much earlier, during José's arrest) occur here, and to allow José to decide to avoid Carmen forever. Meantime we are told that after the first night Carmen already spoke of parting, though she declared that she was "a little in love" with José. However, she said that wolf and dog could not agree for long. He should be happy that she, the veritable devil, had not wrung his neck; he should burn a candle before the Madonna and forget Carmencita, else he would probably finish by hanging on her account. But ultimately Carmen made use of José's absolute surrender to win him for the smugglers' band. She described, in a most tempting manner, the romantic life they would lead together on horseback in the moun-

¹A nick-name for the yellow dragons.

tains. No officer, no tattoo for him to obey; absolute freedom! He must follow her there if he loved her. Wonderful here, and similar to the parallel seduction scene in the first act, is José's cry, "Carmen!" This cry contains all the nuances of his feelings up to the point where it seems as though he must surrender. But here, where Carmen demands everything, not as in the first act only a small favor—here, where his honor as a soldier is concerned, conscience still is the stronger; he tears himself away and bids Carmen farewell. She tells him she hates him and that parting now means farewell forever. Very well; José has decided to break with her. At this point fate appears: as José is about to open the door, some one on the other side knocks and we hear the voice of the lieutenant calling Carmen. From this moment José is forever at the mercy of the fate which binds him to Carmen, and the incidents urge rapidly forward to the inevitable crisis. The careful manner in which the dramatic entry of the lieutenant is led up to, beginning with the first act, the way in which his untimely arrival occurs exactly on the climax of the last farewell, are admirable, when compared with the chance meeting in the novel. Here one is reminded preëminently of Goethe's exposition in his "Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre" (V, 7):

In a novel, opinions and events should be given precedence: in a drama, characters and deeds. The novel must proceed slowly and the sentiments of the principal figures should, in whatever manner it may be, retard the development of the plot. The drama should move quickly and the character of the principal figure should have the tendency to push on to the end, and only then be retarded. The novel hero should be passive, or at least not active in the highest degree: one requires effect and action for the dramatic hero. . . . Therefore it is agreed that chance might play its part in a novel; that, however, such chance must always be controlled and directed by the sentiments of the characters; but that, on the other hand, a Fate which urges people on without their coöperation, by means of disconnected outward circumstances, toward an unforeseen catastrophe, can occur only in a drama; that chance may call forth pathetic but never tragic situations; that Fate, however, must always be terrible, and that it becomes tragic in the highest degree when it involves alike innocent and guilty deeds that are independent of each other.

The further development of the second act seems to me to be an improvement on the novel. In the opera José does not kill the lieutenant. Instead, the officer is disarmed by the smugglers who come at Carmen's bidding. And this change to rogue's humor adds a welcome touch of color to the picture. Moreover, Carmen's death at the close produces a much more thrilling effect if no one has been killed earlier in the drama. The less frequent a

murder, the more terrible its effects. The piling of corpses, of which Shakespeare was so fond, does not appeal to our modern taste.

The events of the third act have very little connection with the plot of the novel, for it was formed quite independently, although many a feature of the original sketch was used. The novel describes a great number of adventures in the smuggler's life. A few characteristic features, in so far as they are of value for a clearer understanding of the act, shall be mentioned here. Carmen served the smugglers as an efficient spy; goods were continually being smuggled from Gibraltar to the coast, then brought up into the mountains, where they were hidden, and later taken to Ronda (a magnificent lofty crag high up in the mountains). It is probable that the third act takes place near Ronda. José maintained that the life of a smuggler pleased him more than the life of a soldier. When he had money and a sweetheart, seldom he felt remorse. (One should observe how cleverly his remorse is awakened in the third act by the appearance of Micaëla.) José was highly esteemed by these people because he had already killed a man, a deed which was looked upon as an act of heroism. At first Carmen was very much in love with him, but would not admit to her comrades that he was her lover; yes, he even had to swear not to say anything about this. José soon learned the reason for this secrecy. For Carmen was married! (This feature was rightly done away with by the librettists.) Her husband, the one-eyed Garcia, a crafty gipsy, had up to this time been a galley-slave. Carmen, who did not lack a certain feeling of faithfulness, despite her love-affairs with José, had succeeded in freeing her husband by captivating the doctor at the citadel. Soon after, Garcia appeared on the scene, and José maintains that he had never met a more shameful scoundrel and that his soul was blacker than his skin. The following incident illustrates Carmen's treacherous character. She wished to lure a rich Englishman to Ronda, where he should suddenly be attacked, robbed, perhaps even killed. José was to arrange it so that Garcia would be in the foreground, where he would serve as a target for the Englishmen, who were good shots, and would probably kill him. José shuddered at the thought of this devilish plan, which Carmen smilingly proposed to him. He answered that though he hated Garcia, he was his comrade and that some day he would free Carmen from him, not by treachery but in an honorable duel. Soon after this conversation, José really provoked a quarrel with Garcia, which ended in a combat with knives, during which José killed his adversary.

This episode served the librettists as a model for the fight between José and Escamillo in the third act. Carmen, on hearing she was a widow, remarked: "His time had come, and yours will also come." José answered: "Yours also, if you are not a faithful wife!" "For all I care!" she cried. "I have often enough seen in the grounds of the coffee that we are to end together.—Bah! come what may!" This feeling of fatalism, which also inspired Bizet with the touching Carmen theme, has been strongly emphasized by the librettists, especially in the third and fourth acts. Without mentioning further incidents in the smuggler's life, let us single out an utterance of Carmen, which is very characteristic of her as she appears in the third act:

Do you know that since you are my husband (Rom) I love you much less than when you were my lover (Minchorro)?¹ I do not like to be tormented, and still more I hate being commanded. I wish to be free and do what I please. Take care not to drive me to desperation; if you begin to bore me, I shall know where to find an obliging youth, who will treat you as you did the one-eyed one.

This is the material from which the librettists have formed the third act. It is not very abundant, and was utilized to a much less degree than that which was at their disposal for the first and second acts. What the librettists had in view with their third act is clear. They wished to sketch a picture of the smuggler's life and José's new existence, and at the same time to show that Carmen, weary of the jealous tyranny of her lover, looks forward with keen anticipation to a new attachment. José, on the other hand, though feeling remorse over his new mode of life, cannot tear himself away from Carmen. The introduction of Micaëla and Escamillo into this act, even though their appearance is "opera-like" and but weakly motivated, serves only to this end. This third act is, on the whole, not so well founded, in a dramatic sense, as the preceding ones. The Carmen tragedy draws to its close. The love-affair with the bull-fighter becomes the cause of the catastrophe in the novel as well as in the opera. The dramatists introduced the figure of Escamillo quite early in the plot. In the second act he is kept in suspense by Carmen, while in the third it is quite clear that she has grown tired of José and bestowed her affections on him. In the novel the Picador Lucas (the original model for Escamillo) does not appear until much later. Carmen makes his acquaintance during the bull-fight in Granada. When taken to task by José, she tries to persuade him to accept the

¹ Gipsy lingo.

young fellow as one of the band. José forbids her to speak to the Picador, as he neither needs Lucas nor his money. "Take care!" is Carmen's characteristic answer, "if one suspects me of doing a thing, it soon happens!" In the meantime she seems to have forgotten Lucas. Then, however, José, hearing she had gone to the bull-fights in Cordoba, followed her in a fury. He saw her together with Lucas, and immediately grasped the situation. On this day, however, Lucas met with an accident. His horse stumbled and threw him in front of the bull, thereby endangering his life. Carmen vanished without leaving any trace, but appeared again at two in the morning in their joint lurking-place and followed José without resistance on horseback. They arrived at a lonely inn, near a hermitage, in the morning. That which follows, though differing for the greater part from the drama, none the less evinces a certain similarity. The difference between novel and drama can best be studied at this point. Let us merely outline the most essential moments of the novel:

José: Hear me; I will forget everything, and never allude to anything again; but promise to follow me to America and be respectable.

Carmen (defiantly): I do not wish to go to America. I am happy here.

José: Because you are near Lucas. But let me tell you, when he is cured he will not grow old. But why should I lay hands on him? I am tired of killing your lovers; I will kill you.

Carmen (staring at him with a wild look): I have always known you would kill me . . . It is written so.

José: Carmencita, do you no longer love me? (She gave no answer, but sat on a mat with her legs crossed, and drew figures in the sand with her fingers.)

José (bitterly): We will begin a new life, Carmen; we will live somewhere and never be separated. (He then began to count the money he had with him.)

Carmen (smiling): First I and then you. I knew it would be that way (another allusion to Fate).

José: Think it over! My patience and strength are exhausted. Decide, or I shall have to.

Then he left her and went to the hermitage, where he had a mass read for a soul which perhaps might soon appear before its Maker. This pious trait in a bandit and assassin is very characteristic of southern ideas. During the mass, however, he remained outside the chapel, and then returned to the inn. He hoped that Carmen might have escaped—she could have mounted the horse and fled to safety. But she was still there. She did not want him to be able to say that she had been afraid. He found her pouring lead, with a sad expression on her face, and singing an

old gipsy song. She again followed him on horseback, and after awhile the discussion was resumed.

José: My Carmen, you will come with me, will you not?

Carmen: To the grave, yes, but I will not longer live with you. I see that you will kill me, this is written, but you will never force me to yield.

José: I beg you to be sensible. Listen! Let all that is past be forgotten! You know it was for your sake alone that I ruined myself. For you alone I have become a robber and assassin. Carmen, my Carmen! Let me save you and myself with you!

Carmen: José, you demand the impossible. I no longer love you, but you love me and therefore wish to kill me. I could lie to you, but I will not take the trouble. Between us all is over. As my husband you have the right to kill your wife, but Carmen will always remain free. She was born a gipsy and will die one!

José: You love Lucas, then?

Carmen: Yes, I loved him, as I did you, a moment only, perhaps less than you. Now I love no one, and hate myself for having loved you.

José threw himself at her feet, seized her hands and covered them with tears. He reminded her of all the happy hours they had passed together. He would remain a robber for her sake, would promise her everything if she would but love him again. She answered, "To love you again is impossible, and I will not live with you." . . . At this he became furious and drew his knife. He wished she had shown fear and had begged for mercy, but this woman was a demon. "For the last time," he cried, "will you remain with me?" "No! no no!" she cried, and stamping her foot on the ground, drew a ring, which José had given her, from her finger, and threw it into the bushes. At this he stabbed her twice, and with Garcia's knife to boot. She fell at the second thrust without uttering a sound.

I thought (said José) I saw her large black eyes fixed on me again; they became dim and closed. I stood for an hour unnerved before the body; then it occurred to me that I had often heard Carmen say she wished to be buried in the woods. I dug a grave for her with my knife. For a long while I searched for her ring; I found it at last and placed it, together with a small cross, in the grave. Perhaps I did wrong. Then I mounted my horse, rode to Cordoba and gave myself up to the gendarmes. I confessed to having killed Carmen, but refused to tell where her grave was. The hermit was a pious man; he had prayed for her, and had said a mass for her soul! Poor child! The gipsies are to blame; they brought her up that way!

Such is the close of Mérimée's novel, one of the most touching descriptions of the tragic end of a great love. Death and burial in a lonely wood, the hermit's mass. What a picture of poetic

charm! The dramatists, however, had to be relentless. The drama demanded brevity and sharp contrasts, and therefore very few of these poetic features could be utilized. For this reason, the librettists brought the ruined José and the splendidly dressed Carmen together. This created a sharp outward contrast. They let Carmen, by no means in reduced circumstances, but rather as the happy mistress of the brilliant Escamillo, whom she loves in her turn, die at the very moment when her new lover has won a great victory. The tragic feature of the ring (also taken from the novel) which Carmen throws away, is here used as the climax of a short discussion which more and more provokes José. Nietzsche wrote on the margin of his piano score:

Last scene a *dramatic masterpiece*, to study for climax, contrast, logic, etc.—And again, concerning the conclusion of the opera, in the “Case of Wagner”: At last love, love restored to nature! Not the move of a “higher virgin”! No Senta-sentimentality! But love as fate, as fatality, cynical, innocent, cruel,—precisely therein human nature. Love, which in its means signifies war, in its foundation the deadly hatred of the sexes! I know of no other case where the tragic yoke, which is the essence of love, is so sharply expressed, becomes so frightful a formula, as in José’s last cry, with which the work closes:

C’est moi qui l’ai tuée.

Oh! ma Carmen, ma Carmen adorée!

Such an interpretation of love (the only one worthy of a philosopher) is rare; it raises a work of art above thousands of others. For the most part artists are like everyone else, even worse—they misunderstand love.

It is very little known, by most theatre-goers, that the “Carmen” produced on most stages to-day is not in the original form as composed by Bizet. At the first performance of the work at the Théâtre de l’Opéra-Comique,¹ Paris, on March 3d, 1875, it was given as an “opéra comique” in the conventional sense of the word—that is, an opera with spoken dialogue. In this form it has been published in Vol. vii of “Théâtre de Meilhac et Halévy,” in which the intimate relation of the detailed dialogue to the novel may be studied. The completely composed version, with the recitatives, performed on most stages to-day, first sprang into existence after Bizet’s death. The recitatives, musically composed in Bizet’s style, were written by Ernest Guiraud, one of his most intimate friends. Guiraud’s recitatives, the texts of which were presumably shortened and adapted by Meilhac and Halévy, are certainly a little masterpiece. Strange to say, they were

¹As everyone knows, the idea of “opéra comique” is quite inconsistently employed by the French, and is even applied to tragic works, if they happen to contain spoken dialogue.

composed for the first Vienna performance (Oct 23, 1875) which, as is well known, inspired the success of the work all over the world. "Carmen" had been so coldly received in Paris that Bizet's unexpected early death has frequently been attributed to the Parisian failure. According to information received from the Vienna Opera House management, Jauner, then Director in Vienna, used only a part, to be sure, of the recitatives. Apparently they seemed to him too incomplete, while he retained the dialogue for other scenes. To my great surprise I heard the work in this "Jauner" form in Vienna in 1899. At that time I had no idea that the original version included the dialogue, and mistook the form given for a later adaptation. It was not until May 26, 1900, that Gustav Mahler produced the opera in Vienna with the recitatives only. The revival of "Carmen" in Berlin on Dec. 12, 1891, showed that generally speaking no very clear idea prevailed as to how matters stood. The critics thought *Bizet's* recitatives had been "restored," and found the dialogue "*ridiculous.*" Whoever takes pains to study the dialogue will hardly be able to agree with this verdict. On the contrary, the question is, whether it might not be better to return to the original form. To be sure, the completely composed version has the one great advantage, that it allows our opera singers to reach their "effective" numbers more quickly. On the other hand, the plot, as a consequence of this short version, remains in most cases quite unintelligible to those who have not read the novel. It would overstep the bounds of this study were I to compare both versions in detail. Those especially interested in this question may turn to a dissertation entitled "Carmen as a type of musical poetics" (1915), written by a young Berlin philologist, Fritz Hühne. Following my suggestion, Hühne used this theme in taking his Doctor's degree at the University of Greifswald. In this very painstaking study—I regret to say, more scholarly than artistic—Hühne has attempted to show the contrast between both forms in detail, and with characteristic German thoroughness has examined the plot with regard to "idea," "uniformity," and "probability." We can here forget all such philosophico-philological fault-finding, and confine ourselves to an examination of the principal points of the plot in both versions. On the whole, the recitative form in the first act does not produce an unfavorable effect; though occasionally it creates slight improbabilities because of lack of motivation. Take as an example the lieutenant's first question about the cigarette factory. In the dialogue, this is very briefly motivated. He has been only two days with the regiment, and is in Sevilla for the

first time. In the recitative form, on the other hand, the naïf lieutenant, who questions his sergeant about something known all over town, appears positively ridiculous. There are many such passages in "Carmen," but the public has grown so accustomed to absurd opera text-books, that it puts up with anything as long as it hears "beautiful" music.

Guiraud did right to cut out a flirtation episode, in pantomime, which took place between Micaëla's exit and the mounting of the guard, and to replace it with a repetition of the opening chorus. Though set to music by Bizet, this episode checked the dramatic progress and was probably written only in order to give the singer of "Morales" a "grateful" number. It was all the more disturbing, as the public would readily imagine that the episode would have importance in the drama later on. The first law in dramatic art is, never to divert attention from the principal line of action by the insertion of unimportant incidents.

Guiraud's very much shortened adaptation has an unfavorable effect especially in the second act, where the fifth scene between Carmen and José is robbed of many essential features. The original dialogue follows the novel very closely. José has just been at liberty two hours, when Carmen reminds him of the file and the gold piece, with which he could have bought other clothes and escaped sooner. José answers with an allusion to his soldier's honor, and returns Carmen's money. She buys all sorts of good things from Pastia with the gold piece. José tells her that he bore his punishment willingly, because he loved, adored her. She answers that she will pay her debt according to the law of the gipsies. They eat together and Carmen deports herself as if crazy and tells him she has just been dancing for the lieutenant and other officers and that the lieutenant had made her a declaration of love. José is jealous, but she laughs at him, saying that she will dance for him alone. She breaks his plate to use the pieces as castanets, as she cannot find hers at first.

In the *recitative* version we totally miss the really lovable sides of Carmen's character. Such a radical method of blue-penciling robs this scene of very much of its charm. José says he has been in prison two months, but that he bore the punishment willingly because he loves Carmen. Her only answer is that officers were there and that she had been dancing for them. José is jealous, but she pacifies him by saying she will dance for him alone. These proceedings are extremely unnatural, and rob Carmen's character of all sympathetic traits. Her lover comes to her straight from prison, she has not troubled herself about him,

does not even offer him the least refreshment, torments him with jealousy, and then—dances for him. This is apparently nonsense, but nevertheless Carmen is given with this version on most stages, year in year out.

In Mérimée's novel as well as in Meilhac and Halévy's dialogue, Carmen is fickle and wilful, but not of such a bad nature. She is not the "salon-snake" of most of our prima donnas, but a naïve child of the people, who merely follows her primitive instincts. Much of the nonsense about Bizet's Carmen character would never have been written had people taken pains to look at the librettist's original text. While brevity is desirable for the stage, it should never be employed at the expense of all that is characteristic. This scene could easily have been depicted with more detail in the recitative version. Again, owing to Guiraud's brevity, Micaëla's appearance alone in the mountains in the middle of the night becomes quite incomprehensible. The original form called for a guide, who is seen on the rocks shortly before José disappears, and who, after José is gone, calls Micaëla, who approaches cautiously. The guide assures her that he is acquainted with the smugglers' habits. One of them is keeping guard, and therefore it is dangerous to be seen. Micaëla answers she wishes to be seen, as she must speak to one of the smugglers. The guide thinks she is a brave girl, because she had shown no fear when they met the wild steers, which the famous Escamillo was transporting, and now even wishes to go to the gipsies. She answers she is not afraid to be alone, whereupon the guide "naïvely" begs to be dismissed, saying she had paid him well, otherwise he would never have come. He wishes her good luck, but thinks it most extraordinary that she should stroll about here.

In the recitative this entire scene is cut and only a short introduction leads up to Micaëla's aria. I do not consider this to be effective, for her appearance here alone, in the middle of the night, is inclined to produce an "opera-like" effect in the worst sense of the word. Escamillo's sudden entry would also be more effective were it better led up to. In fact, at this point the new adaptation is unquestionably to be condemned. The scenic disposition is also poor. Micaëla's sentimental aria, written only in order to give the singer a "grateful" number, and her appearance in the Finale, savour of make-shift construction.

It is not quite clear to me whether Bizet or Guiraud shortened the duel between Escamillo and José. The librettists have sketched it in detail. Escamillo fights nobly and does not take advantage over José, declaring that he is a bull-fighter and not a

man-killer (rather sentimental for one of his calling). Then José gets the advantage over his adversary as Escamillo slips, and is about to kill him, despite his noble-mindedness, when Carmen saves his life in the nick of time. In the final version the duel takes place quickly in pantomime.

Guiraud inserted a Ballet taken from Bizet's "*Arlésienne*" into the last act, which originally contained only a dialogue between the lieutenant and the gipsies. In this way Frasquita learns many particulars which cause her to warn Carmen. The adaptation here is good, as it does away with the dialogue, which was not absolutely necessary and only interrupted the line of action.

Generally speaking, one can say that despite a lack of motivation which the original Carmen libretto possessed, the book in its present form is one of the most eminent opera-texts to be found. It is a masterpiece, especially in its splendid scenic construction, fine individual characterization, and real contrasts for music.

One of the chief merits of the Carmen subject is that it has no antecedent history. In opera this is generally hazardous, as the public rarely understands the words, and a detailed exposition remains entirely unintelligible. When the curtain rises in "Carmen" we are not obliged to know a thing about any of the characters. All we have to learn is that José has an old mother who has chosen Micaëla for his wife, and that he really loves the little country girl. We see this simple bit of antecedent history before our eyes. That Carmen's past is shrouded in mystery adds to her charm as we follow the development of her relations to the different men in the opera. The action is masterfully divided among four acts in such a manner as to place the climax exactly in the middle, at the close of the second act. The close of each act is in its way the climax of a part of the action. In the first two acts Carmen attracts José; in the last two, up to the catastrophe, she casts him off.

It is astonishing how late the recognition of the "Carmen" libretto came. Comparatively speaking, Bizet's music was appreciated much earlier than the book of the text. Even before the first performance, the director of the Opéra-Comique begged the librettists to let the opera end "happily," because to please the public it should under no circumstances end tragically.

At the first performance other objections began to make themselves manifest: above all, the heroine's character was found fault with. The "*Ménestrel*" of March 7, 1875, says: "The fault with this book is not that it is poorly constructed; on the contrary, it

is full of talent, but none of the characters are interesting." And the "Guide Musical" of March 11th maintains that both the principal characters were "of an antipathetic nature and devoid of interest." In Vienna the libretto was termed "uninteresting," and at the first Berlin performance there were critics who found Carmen's character "repulsive." For a long time, in spite of "Carmen's" growing popularity, one might have heard opinions, especially in "Wagnerian" circles, radically different from that of Nietzsche, who was enthusiastic in his praise and admiration of the opera. He called it an untamed piece of nature. Setting aside the fact that Guiraud decidedly misrepresented Carmen's character at the most critical moments, it was probably the originality and genius of the work which was most painful for the average French and German philistine to bear. For such natures are accustomed to see beautiful wild beasts well guarded in zoölogical gardens, and if they happen to run about free and untamed, the philistines immediately call for the æsthetic police. This elevating spectacle has been the custom for a long time in all European countries. On the other hand, Goethe once declared: "America, you are better off than our old continent." Let us hope that he was right—in this matter as in others.

(Translated by Janet Wylie Istel.)

WHITHER?

By FRANK PATTERSON

MANY musicians have fallen into the habit of preaching rather loudly that the music of France is the greatest in the world and that France is the greatest of musical nations, an opinion of which the present writer has had the opportunity, during a long residence in France, of observing the gradual growth, even before the war, and the sudden excessive development during the past year or two of peace.

Unfortunately this belief is not isolated, not that of a few, but is rather frequent. Of course, the level-headed French artists preach caution, but others appear so convinced of the manifest truth of this belief that they no longer hesitate to proclaim it, forgetting that "self-praise is no praise." Yet there must be a foundation for this belief, there must be an array of facts that can be placed behind the assertion to support it.

And what is this foundation? Debussy!

Debussy, the great innovator of this century, the man who has performed the wonder of creating a school which all the world follows. Debussy, the inventor of a style, a manner. An iconoclast who set up new idols to worship in place of the old, who mapped a new country, who chartered unknown seas.

Is this fact or fancy? Is it indeed true that Debussy has exercised a universal influence over the music of the day? Undoubtedly!

There are few who have not come, directly or indirectly, under his sway. He was not a great composer. He was not a Bach, a Beethoven, a Wagner. But he was a very definite composer, if I may use the term. He possessed a definite individuality, an unswerving unity of style that is a sure indication of a very strong nature.

And he was French spiritualized, just as Verlaine and Mallarmé were French spiritualized. They are called decadent because they have fallen away from the purely impure, the directly, brutally carnal passions of an earlier generation. Tired scions of their race, they realize the failure of love to bring any real, lasting happiness. The dregs of earthly love are bitter to the

taste—therefore, all things are futile and there is no joy but in dreams of imaginary times, of Hellenic Utopias that had never any more veritable existence than the fables of the ancients or the fancies of poetic folk-lore.

Verlaine and Mallarmé with their Fauns and the pessimistic decadence of their love sonnets, Maeterlinck with the mystic rhapsodies of his early days (the days of his greatness), these are the concrete expression of the soul of Debussy. And we have but to study carefully, to follow up step by step, the development of the arts in France during the past century or century and a half, to note the impractical dreams of a Rousseau, the Utopianism of the Neo-Classicists, the only half concealed carnality of the Romanticists, the exaltations of the Latin-Quarter and Montmartre Bohemians, and in all and through all the courtly self-deception of lace ruffles and queens' antichambers—to realize that Debussy was no new thing, as no great thing is ever new, but a simple step in the world's slow evolution. Just as Bach grew out of the Ecclesiastical School, just as Beethoven arose as the apex of the melodists, just as Wagner was a unified expression of all that came before, with Weber, Beethoven and Schubert as his direct forbears, so Debussy was the pinnacle of French art-growth, not only in music, but in poetry and painting as well.

No one can look at the paintings of the great impressionists, with their vague coloring and their vaguer lines, no one can read the poetry of the Romanticists and their successors, poetry which seems to say so much but which really says so little, and is all the more expressive for that very fact—without understanding on the instant Debussy's place in the scheme of things, how he fits right in with the rest, a mere part of the whole.

But it is a strange thing of these developments that they are, indeed, always a part, never a whole. From them begins a new phase of development which seems at first a retrogression, and that for the reason that these new developments gather up lost threads and to weave them into a tapestry which is atavistic in tendency and design.

It would seem that, though we say, perhaps rightly, that the master founds a school, it is fatal to be his too slavish disciple. This is curiously contradictory, but it is undoubtedly true. The imitators of Beethoven failed one and all, so that even their names are now forgotten. And the imitators of Wagner? Within our own memory they sprang up by tens and dozens. Twenty or thirty years ago, every new opera that was given in Germany, and often enough in France and Italy too, was Wagnerian. I saw

in 1896 or '97, a perfect French "Meistersinger" at the Opéra Comique—and even such a man as Verdi, of Wagner's own age, with nearly his whole career behind him, made his "Falstaff" in the master's own image.

Yet those who took what was best in the Wagnerian plan, benefited by it and through them we see how Wagner has benefited the whole of music, or, at least, the whole of opera. Puccini, for instance, uses the Wagnerian method complete, uses it, having made it his own, uses it to his own advantage and to the advantage of the whole world of music-lovers. He uses a few set pieces just as Wagner did, his accompanied recitative is just as truly dramatic as ever Wagner's was; his harmony is vivid and expressive, and he uses a few well-chosen motives to lend unity to the whole.

But, being Italian, he gives melody to the voices (and may not that be a distinct improvement?) and, being Italian, he has written lighter music than the Bayreuth master and has left the gods and goddesses to the dwellers of the Rhineland. It looks like a retrogression but is not, just as the music of Chopin looks like a retrogression when compared with that of Beethoven but is not, for what it lacks in architectural beauty it makes up for in the strength and freedom of the passion of a less formal era.

Yet "Wagnerian" is a term of many meanings. It is used to express all sorts of things, almost everything, in fact, except what it is, what it has proved to be under the successful touch of Puccini, of Humperdinck, of Charpentier and of many others, i.e., an architectural design, just as all form in music is an architectural design.

It is used, generally, not in praise but in blame, not heartily but sneeringly. To call a work "Wagnerian" is enough to damn it in the eyes of many. It is a term of opprobrium, a reproach, an infamy. Because "Wagnerian" has come to mean heavy, turgid, all too serious, unsuited to the gay after-dinner parties and frivolous social functions of the dress circle. It has come to mean dark stages, mimic storms, gods and goddesses or kings and queens whose emotions move us too much or too little by their depth or their height or their remoteness from mundane hopes and ambitions. Like anything but small-talk and scandal, it is out of place at the dinner table. Give us something gay and adulterous like *Tosca* or *Thais*, which leave our deeper emotions untouched and give us a tickling, tingling delight and a subject for subsequent conversation as to the beauty and attractiveness of the mummery, who are not too far removed from us and through whose disguises we easily penetrate.

But "Wagnerian" is also a term of praise. It was intended so when certain foolish well-wishers dubbed Charpentier, on the occasion of the production of his "Louise," the French Wagner. Yet not without some reason. For if we could possibly imagine Wagner being French we might also imagine him penning something like "Louise." Certain it is that Charpentier emulated the principles of the master in this excellent work and, notably, without any slavish imitation. He did, in fact, in his way, just what Puccini and others have done in their ways.

Vincent d'Indy, on the other hand, and many other French composers before and after him, was Wagnerian in the worst sense of the word. He adopted, notably in "Fervaal," the spirit and the letter of the Wagnerian style. It is a feeble copy of "Parsifal" in which the author proves himself to possess as little ability as a dramatist as invention as a composer. This destruction, annihilation by absorption, of the weaker men is one of the most fatal features of Wagnerianism.

And now we come to another feature which is scarcely less tragic: I allude to the one-work composer. He is one of the most notable manifestations of our time; and he exists in the realm of instrumental music, on the concert-stage, as well as in opera.

How is a Mascagni or a Leoncavallo accounted for, with their single excellent works? And how the dozens, the hundreds, of composers who have started their careers with one or two lovely compositions in lighter vein and then fallen into oblivion?

How account for them? Perhaps an examination of the career of Mascagni, by far the most notable of them all, may furnish a clew. Let us look at his work. We find his *Cavalleria* a bald, unrefined dramatic statement, possessed of neither subtlety nor nobility, yet super-excellent of its kind and of the very soil of Italy. And then, it seems, this composer wanted to be what he was not—a noble ambition in a way, and certainly no one can blame him for it. We find him repudiating his old style altogether and trying to be, am I wrong to say, Wagnerian? At least striving to be big, strong, technically complicated, striving, perhaps, to be recognized as a musician by musicians (and forgetting to write melody).

Leoncavallo? Did he not plan a trilogy to be dedicated to the Kaiser Wilhelm or something of the sort? And Verdi? Can we say that he, too, would not have been led astray had he come under the august influence earlier in his career, since he turned his back on the 'song-opera' when he penned "Falstaff?"

And now the French? Is not the same thing taking place in France on a large scale? The history of French music is a record rather of lightness than of depth. With the very early composers—Couperin, Rameau—we have nothing to do, nor are we concerned with the importations—Gluck, Meyerbeer, Rossini. We might also, omit the name of Berlioz. For he was thoroughly un-French. And was he not one of those unsuccessful successors of Beethoven of whom we have spoken above? Nor was his talent sufficient to assure his lasting success—and it is the successful ones who are copied, copied, often enough, just because of their success.

The others? The real French school? Let us pick out a few at random as memory brings them to mind: Boieldieu, Auber, Bizet, Halévy, Adam, Delibes, Gillet, Méhul, Lecocq, Gounod—all of them successful writers of opera and ballet, all light with the scintillating lightness of France. And the instrumentalists? Lalo, Chausson, Chaminade, Sauret,—Vieuxtemps was a Belgian, so was César Franck. Then there was Massenet, Saint-Saëns, Godard, Messager, d'Indy, and, finally, Debussy.¹

And where does Debussy belong? Surely, it must be evident at a glance that he does not belong at all! He stands alone, an isolated figure, who belongs rather to the painters and the poets than to the musicians—a curious development which seems to have taken place in poetry and painting while music drifted along untouched by its influence until Debussy burst forth with the glorious song of its emancipation from the old ideals.

It is true that the style of Fauré is somewhat related to that of Debussy and may have influenced it to some small extent. It is also true that there is a certain similarity between the Debussy manner and that of Dukas and Florent Schmitt, and, in a curiously indirect way, certain works of Stravinsky;² indeed Debussy has been accused of having borrowed his style from the Russians. (As if any great composer could really borrow anything worth while from anywhere!)

It is obvious, of course, that Debussy's modernism kept pace with other modernism. The whole world of music grew modern, as we call it, after Wagner; some naturally, others with affectation and malice aforethought with the evident object of making up in originality for what they lacked in talent. This development

¹There were others of course. I have not tried to "list them all" but only to point out the general tendency.

²It is amusing to note that a passage in the introduction to "*L'Apprenti Sorcier*" (Dukas) is almost identical with a passage in Stravinsky's "*Fireworks*," and that the principal passage of the Dukas piece is strangely like the "*Funeral March of a Marionette*" (Gounod). So much for relationships!

is in line with what has already been mentioned with reference to the immediate succession of all great musical giants and would be discouraging did not history point out the strictly temporary nature of this sort of illness and the world's rapid recovery from it. It consists in the case of the immediate successors of Wagner, and perhaps in other cases as well, of stealing the bone and leaving the meat. All that these modernists could see for awhile was a freedom from all formal rules, an apparent absence of tonality, an unrestrained use of discords or dissonances, enlarged contrapuntal possibilities, and so on and so forth. What they were blind to, was the firm, healthy, full-blooded flesh that covered this skeleton and made it possible for it to live: the splendid melody, the firm rhythm, the unity and sanity of the whole. They seized upon the dry bones and mistook their janglings and cracklings for the sweetest of music.

And so it is to-day in France. They are overcome with modernism, with the spirit of Wagnerism or Debussyism. They tell themselves, they tell each other, they do not hesitate to tell the world, that the music of France is to-day the greatest of all music. "Désormais la musique française a le droit de réclamer, dans le concert des nations, la place qui lui appartient, et qui est, ne craignons plus de la déclarer, la première"—thus Julien Tiersot in "Un demi-siècle de Musique Française." Henri Collet writes in similar vein. Vincent d'Indy storms bitterly against foreign music on the French concert and opera stage. And so also many others.¹

Who are these composers of the day who set French music above that of the rest of the world? Tiersot says "that he has been able to cite almost two hundred names of French composers every one of whom deserves to be applauded for his serious qualities, and of this number a large proportion are of the first rank."

But who are these composers? We need surely not bother our heads about Berlioz, Bizet, Bruneau, Chabrier, Gounod, Massenet, Saint-Saëns and others of the older school whom we know not to be of the highest rank (with the possible exception of Saint-Saëns.)

And of the others, the younger school? We have Aubert, Charpentier, Chausson, Dukas, Fauré, d'Indy, Pierné, Rabaud, Ravel and Schmitt, and again we have none that are of the highest class. For the output of those who are really interesting—Aubert,

¹One writes: "L'école française est à la tête, depuis vingt ans, du mouvement musical" and thus puts a date on it. Another places 1902, first performance of "Pelleas," as the definite beginning of the emancipation.

Charpentier, Dukas, Ravel, Schmitt—is too limited. You cannot make a career and enter for your nation into the musical world-Olympiade with but two works like "Sillages" and the "Habanera" (Aubert) or with one "Louise" (Charpentier) or "L'Apprenti Sorcier" (Dukas) or "Salome" (Schmitt) or the few of Ravel—his "Ondine," his "Mother Goose Tales," his "Heure Espagnole," etc.

Again we are left with just Debussy—and his successors. But who are these successors and whither are they going? Schmitt and Ravel and Aubert we have already mentioned. As to the others, the list is long;—a few may be mentioned: Gabriel Dupont, composer of orchestral pieces and operas, Roger-Ducasse, orchestra and piano works and songs, Raoul Laparra, composer of "La Habanera," Déodat de Séverac, Léon Moreau, who wrote an interesting flute concerto, Albert Roussel, Grovlez, Samazeuilh, Caplet, Rousseau, Paray, Milhaud, Koechlin, Rhené-Baton, Gaubert, Fourdrain, Nougues of "Quo Vadis" fame—these and many others furnish the programs of the concerts of the Société Nationale, the Société Musicale Indépendente, the "Oeuvre Inédit," furnish occasional new works for the large orchestras and for the opera houses of Paris and the smaller cities of France and Belgium.

Of these men too many suffer from the strange disease the symptoms and characteristics of which have already been outlined; the disease of insincerity, of striving to be what one is not, of stretching oneself like a child and saying "I am a giant" and of imagining oneself so in reality. The successful French composers—Massenet, Saint-Saëns, Bizet, Gounod, etc.—were free from this (how can any composer be successful without being free from it?). Even Debussy was nearly (perhaps entirely) free from it. His larger things (with the exception of "Pelléas")—"L'Après-midi d'un Faune," "La Mer"—are his best. And, if he strove seemingly to out-Debussy Debussy in the exaggeration of his adopted style, he was, at least, standing on his own legs and not on somebody else's.

That is not true of the present generation. Whither are they leading? What path do they follow? It is hard to say, but, whatever way it may be, it is certainly not their own, for these vague outpourings, these imitations of greatness, Debussian on the one hand, Wagnerian on the other, could not possibly be natural to anybody. The interesting and deplorable part of it is that many of them evidently have talent and have begun their careers by penning bits of such pure melody that their ability is indisputable. One may well ask what has become of Pierné

since he wrote his charming little "Serenade?" What has become of Louis Aubert since he composed that lovely bit of song entitled "Légende?" What has Paladilhe done since he gave the world "Psyche" and "Mandolinata?" If these and others had been willing to walk in the footsteps of Halévy, Gounod, Bizet, Massenet—but they were not! Paladilhe wrote heavy grand opera and symphonies, Pierné oratorios and symphonic poems, Aubert abstruse, unsingable songs.

The songs of Ravel and Louis Aubert, and, indeed, practically of all of the present generation of French composers, all show the same glaring fault: the accompaniments are lovely, the voice parts nil! That is to say, they are musically attractive but as songs destined to failure. (One of the results of the influence of Wagner. For did anybody ever think of placing the melody—whatever melody there is—entirely in the accompaniment until Wagner pointed the way?) Does Ravel really imagine that the sort of discords he is dealing with at present are likely to add anything to the fame he deservedly won with his "Ondine?"

The influence of Debussy and Wagner, the baneful influence of modernism (which is the natural expression of the few but not of all the world), the desire to be "big," especially bigger than the hated rival, Germany, have pushed out of sight any memory of the true spirit of the French music of the past. Its greatness was its charming spirituality, its lightness, its daintiness, its gaiety, its expressiveness, in other words, of French nature as all the world knows it.

It is true that there is another side of French nature, or rather a more refined, and deeper, variant of this other, which led to Debussy and to the influences, cited above, which were his artistic paternity. But the musicians of the rising generation are not inspired by these influences. They are trying to write chamber music, symphonies, though no French composer (nor Italian, and the French are surely more Latin than Teutonic) has ever eminently succeeded in either of these fields—and their operas are more Wagnerian than either Italian or French. The influence of the successful opera writers of France is wholly absent. "Faust" and "Carmen" are not wholly forgotten but indignantly repudiated (and the works of Puccini are scorned. D'Indy even goes so far as to say that they are "not even well written." In spite of which they regularly draw record audiences at the Opéra Comique). The traditional German claim that France could only write opéra-comique is felt to be the vilest of insults, though the French might well reply that Germany has utterly failed in this line.

But of this the new generation does not think. Massenet, who was the teacher of many of them, is scorned. They must be "great," "big," "symphonic," must cling to Wagner's coat-tails or wear Debussy's old clothes, must be anything but what they are: charming, affable Frenchmen, descendants of Louis XV and Louis XVI, with the gilt and frippery of their furniture, the rococo of their decoration, the spindle-legged delicacy of their chairs and tables, which remind one, somehow, of the fluffiness of toy spaniels—of the "salons" where philosophy was not a subject for turgid thought and furrowed brows but of light and bright conversation—of light loves and gay infidelities, of formal gardens with their statues of mythical beings, of Fauns and Amours, of Psyches, Nymphs and Hamadryads. Why should the French Adonis wish to puff himself out (like Mark Twain's 'Jumping Frog' which could not jump) to imitate the German Hercules?

TWO UNPUBLISHED LISZT LETTERS TO MOSONYI

By BÉLA BARTÓK¹

THE economic distress produced by the War in Central Europe has compelled many formerly well-to-do collectors of literary and musical rarities to throw them on the public market or at least to draw public attention to them for the purpose of finding a purchaser. The two hitherto unpublished letters by Franz Liszt belong to this category and form part, together with two unimportant letters of Richard Wagner, of the collection of Mr. E. Z.

The first of the two Liszt letters—both in German—was undoubtedly and the second very probably written by Liszt to his Hungarian compatriot, Michael Mosonyi (1817–1870). Presumably some of the readers of *THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY* have seen the group-picture with Richard Wagner as the central figure, in which Mosonyi attracts the eye by virtue of his native costume. It is not likely that Mosonyi as a composer, was esteemed in strictly Wagnerian circles as highly as he was by Liszt who in 1857 intended to perform Mosonyi's German opera "Maximilian" in Weimar, evidently the opera alluded to in the letter of April 29, 1857. The project came to naught, because Liszt insisted on some changes, whereupon Mosonyi withdrew the score. On the whole, his operas and other compositions remained even in his day confined to Hungary and to-day Mosonyi is practically forgotten as a composer. At the time of Liszt's letter, Mosonyi apparently still adhered to his more German sounding name, Brand.

This letter is eminently characteristic of Franz Liszt. Publicly he certainly was not in the habit of extolling the merits of his works, nor of smarting under the frequent attacks on his works by the opponents of the "Neu-deutsche Schule" who saw in him a brilliant piano virtuoso but an impotent composer and moreover resented his championship of Richard Wagner. Liszt's proudly modest "Ich kann warten" when a disciple of his expressed his

¹When preparing editorially these prefatory remarks for the printer, I also took the liberty of correcting, in accordance with the indications of the esteemed leader among contemporary Hungarian composers, certain names in Liszt's original text. For instance Rózsavölgyi instead of Liszt's presumably phonetic Rosavölgly.—Ed.



J. Eli R. Paul H. v. Hoell Harnpfort H. Wagnor J. Jensen G. H. P. M. J. H. A. Ritter J. H. F. M. M.

H. v. Hoell

H. Wagnor

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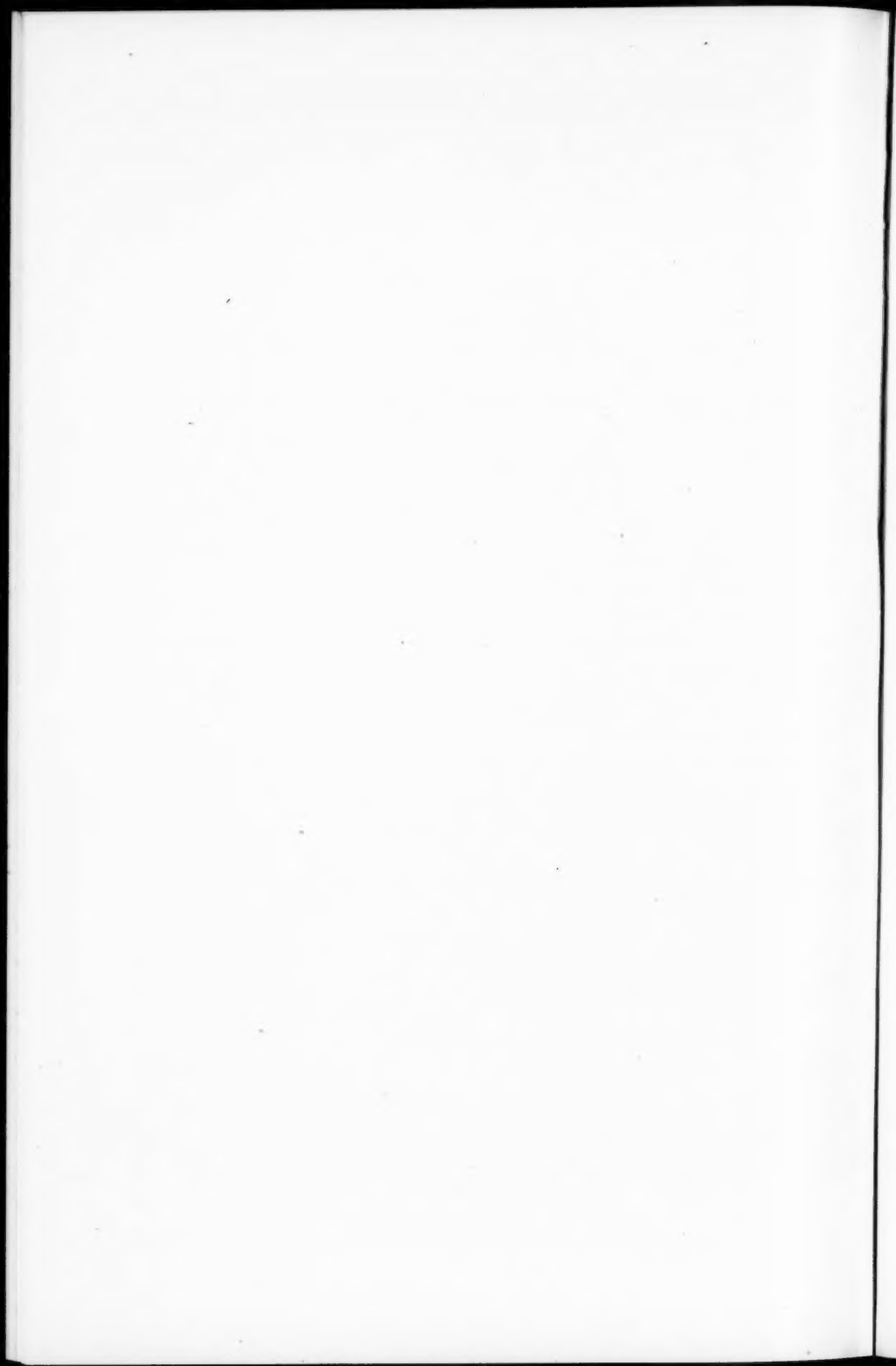
A. Ritter

J. H.

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indignation over the public indifference of the master's symphonic poems has become famous. The letter to Mosonyi, however, reveals that Liszt, without relinquishing his attitude of *grand seigneur*, in the privacy of his correspondence could show quite human signs of impatience, irritation and disgust. And on the other hand, that he took an equally human pride in his own works, in this case the "Graner Fest Messe" so-called, the mass which he composed (1855) for the dedication of the Cathedral at Gran.

If this letter is of some importance for the history of this famous "Missa solemnis," the second letter, probably also written to Mosonyi, gives us a deeper insight into the history of his "Legende der heiligen Elisabeth." Inasmuch as he says that the score was finished "six weeks ago," September, 1862, would be the date of this undated letter.

From this letter it becomes quite evident that and why Liszt considered the "Legende der heiligen Elisabeth" a contribution to "modern Hungarian music" as much as his previous symphonic poem "Hungaria." Cosmopolitan though he was, he never ceased to consider himself at heart "Hungarian."

The remark about his "answer to Vörösmarty" will become clear if the reader remembers that Vörösmarty (1800-1855) was one of Hungary's greatest poets and in 1846 addressed an Ode to Liszt, which in Breitkopf and Härtel's edition of Liszt's complete works, is prefixed to the symphonic poem "Hungaria."

If Liszt in 1862 for the reasons mentioned in his letter could not accept the call to associate himself with the Budapest Conservatory, no such obstacles seem to have prevented him in 1875 to "get in closer touch again with Hungary." In that year he accepted the directorate of the newly founded national "Ungarische Musik Akademie" and since then spent every year about three months in Budapest as the head of the institute.

I

FRANZ LISZT TO MOSONYI

Highly esteemed friend:

It was as a skilled, richly endowed and capable musician and fellow-artist that I first learned to know and appreciate you; and since I have now come to cherish you as a friend, I feel that we are united by ties of affection. Your letter was a source of varied pleasure: first, I was glad to know that you had nearly completed your opera, and that you had finished the work without any contemptible and cowardly concessions, in accordance with your most serious convictions. This is the only road to art: that which leads from the true to the beautiful and elevated, without false hypocrisy or bargaining—Bravo, Brand! I look on you as a

good, honest fellow, an honor to this Ödenburg County of ours! Hold fast to this admirable manner of thinking and acting; since, as you are not lacking in the ability to do things, success is sure to crown your efforts, sooner or later. I shall take uncommon interest in going through your opera with you from A to Z, and I shall hold you to your promise to give me this pleasure at the beginning of September, in Weimar. On September third, fourth and fifth, Carl August's jubilee will be celebrated here, and probably some of my mixed compositions (the "Faust" symphony and others) will be performed. I will send you the program and a special invitation later. So come to the festival, and we will then at once make all arrangements for the performance of your opera by the end of this year. It goes without saying that you are to take up your quarters with me, where you can work quite undisturbed if you are so minded. You will also meet your poet, Pasqué, with whom I am on quite a friendly footing, in Weimar (as stage manager).

Your letter also contains a strikingly correct criticism of the situation which my many-headed, though, in most cases, most brainless opposition creates for me. If we look at the whole matter calmly, things must happen as they do, since it is just in the course of this fermentation that good matter is separated from the dross. As was the case in the kingdom of Denmark, something in our musical system of management has grown "rotten," the only difference being that, unlike Hamlet, we do not want to allow ourselves to be murdered by "fair Rosenkranz" and "gentle Guildenstern," the truth of the matter being that we really have nothing to do with these busy people; and their impotence, their anger and their envy cannot wound us in the least. When we meet again I can tell you a number of similar incidents which will amuse you—regarding Prague as well, where, as everywhere else, there is no lack of gossip and twaddle. As a document of more than consolatory value for me as regards the attacks to which I have been exposed for years, and will still be exposed for years to come, I am sending you by mail, through Rózsavölgyi [the publisher], a few copies of Richard Wagner's letter. Will you be so kind as to pay Rózsavölgyi the small postal charge involved, since it is safer for me to send the package unstamped, and to distribute a few copies in my name to Baron Anguss, Count Ráday, Doppler, Erkel, and Rózsavölgyi himself. The comparison of the swords with the hilts has been expressed in this letter in a masterly way. Zellner has only printed it in part, but the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* in Leipsic published the entire letter in the issue which appeared at Easter.

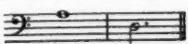
You, esteemed friend, will not be dissatisfied, I hope, with the changes, facilitations and additions which I have carried out in the last revision of my Mass:



becomes still more elevated, and the final fugues in the *Gloria* and the *Credo* have not been cast in the usual Sechter¹ mold! The leading motive of the *Agnus Dei*, too, now stands out more independently in the double-

¹Simon Sechter, 1788-1867, the theorist.—Ed.

basses (in your honor!) and the whole thing closes with the motive of the

Credo,  which produces an impression of entire unity,

psychic as well as musical. At the performance in Pest, of all by far the most successful, (between ourselves the folk at Prague were too insufficient, the chorus too small, and many among those taking part too little acquainted with the work), I felt that there was something missing there at the close; but not until later, when I had a second copy made, did I find something which I could use. I hope that the score will be printed not later than September, and then you can take it along when you leave here. As regards an intended performance of the Mass in Vienna, my information thus far has come only from newspaper reports.

Do not forget to send me those Hungarian [things of yours]¹ as soon as they appear, as well as the choruses which you have composed to greet Their Majesties. I am eagerly looking forward to your latest works.

My tiresome illness, which forces me to keep to my bed for a few days, because I had left it at too early a time, prevents my furnishing a contribution to Rózsavölgyi's album. I will, however, keep the promise I made Rózsavölgyi, later, when during the course of the summer I once more find myself in the mood to write a serviceable piano piece for him. My orchestral composition, which I am minded to lay aside this year for some time to come, since I have already produced sufficient orchestra music during the past four or five years, now takes up my attention so fully and completely that I can find time for no other work.

On May 15th, I am going to Aachen, which will give a number of domestic and foreign papers an opportunity to revile me. Turanyi visited me here, and after what you had written him concerning me, he appears to be very amicably inclined toward me, so that I am able to count with certainty on a most friendly understanding with him as regards the whole music festival.

Winterberger will probably come to Aachen, and I will deliver your greetings to him there, which will be sure to please him. He has established himself for the entire winter in Rotterdam, where he is quite comfortable. He gave a couple of concerts there together with Singer, who was making a Dutch concert tour.

My excellent and admirable Gross sends his best thanks for your kindly remembrance of him, and will be only too glad to trumpet forth your praises loudly when you bring us your opera. The day before yesterday I saw him playing double-bass in an ent'acte, something which he manages to do quite passably.

Once more my heartiest thanks, my esteemed friend, for your kind letter, and till we meet again at the beginning of September—regardless of all "illwishers," who, like pestilential parasitical plants, make a nuisance of themselves everywhere—let our watchword be: Labor and nobility of thought; and our aim—to serve Art faithfully.

Sincerely your devoted friend,

Weimar, April 29, 1857.

F. Liszt.

Send me your exact address when next you write.

¹Words to that effect apparently missing in the original.—Ed.

II

FRANZ LISZT TO MOSONYI (?)

My esteemed friend:

Since I have but this moment written down your name *to be printed*, it seems quite natural for me to write you personally. I am sure that you will hold neither the one nor the other fact against me. I will inform you, first of all, how the incident came about. To the score of the "Legend of Saint Elizabeth," which I finished six weeks ago, I am adding an extended annotation, and am quoting the Plain Song chant of *in festo Santa Elizabeth*:



and that of the Hungarian church song "To Saint Elizabeth," from the seventeenth century:



both of which reached me, thanks to your friendly solicitude and good offices. The Plain Song chant forms the leading motive of the "Legend of St. Elizabeth," and the church song (*Cantico de S. Elizabetha, Hungaria Regis Filis*), appears in connection with the works of charity, immediately before the death of the saint. Matray was obliging enough to write out the entire song for me. It is to be printed exactly in accordance with his autograph handwriting, as a supplement to the score, in which I shall also express my most sincere thanks to the Arch-abbot of Martinsberg, Michael von Rimeli, the Baron von Anguss, the Reverend Father Maurus Czinn (Librarian of the Abbey of Martinsberg), and our admirable Father Guardian of the Franciscans in Pest (whose exact name I beg you will write me when opportunity offers).

As to the work itself, I can only inform you that it is divided into choruses and solos, and contains six numbers complete in themselves, yet interconnected, as follows: 1. The Arrival of Elizabeth in the Wartburg (the Hungarian magnate who accompanies her enters at the very beginning). 2. The Miracle of the Roses. 3. The Knights of the Cross. 4. The Landgravine Sophie—Elizabeth is driven from Wartburg. 5. Elizabeth's Prayer—Chorus of the Poor—Her Death. 6. Solemn Interment of the Saint by Frederick II, the Hohenstauffen. To this must be added the orchestral introduction with the leading motive (E flat, already announced), treated in light and melodic fugal style; as well as a few completed instrumental movements, such as the "March of the Crusade" and an "Interlude" (after No. 5). The time of performance will be, in all, two and a half hours; hence the work will furnish an entire evening concert. Should my wish be realized, this work will, later on, form an integral contribution to a *new Hungarian musical literature*. I think I have already given my answer to Vörösmarty with my symphonic poem, *Hungaria*. Yet there still remain several things for me to say, irrespective as to whether they may be quickly understood and recognized;

some time, when I am no longer on this earth, the rest will find itself. I can calmly await the event while I *go on working*, and meanwhile composedly expiate my virtuoso reputation with the disapproval my compositions have excited.

You know my thoughts in this connection, esteemed friend, and will not take it amiss that I continue to follow my "higher aims" in full career.

In the course of the past few days a special surprise has been my portion. I received a very friendly letter, in the name of the Pest Conservatory, and signed by Baron Pronay, in which I am invited to visit Pest. Unfortunately it is impossible for me to leave Rome this winter, and for the time being I was obliged to excuse myself as best I could to Baron Pronay. Yet omittance is no acquittance; it is mainly a question for which reason, and under which conditions I am to go there. My personal position would have to be carefully considered. The centre of gravity for my musical activity has for several years most decidedly been in my compositions, whose interests at present I can further best and most comfortably in Rome. In addition my obligations as regards the Grand-Duke at Weimar have not ceased.

Quite a while ago the Grand-Duke excused me from all duties connected with my position as conductor, and only last year, shortly before my departure, he made me one of his chamberlains. In accordance with the promise I gave him, and which the Grand-Duke recalls in the most friendly manner in his letters to me, I am pledged, as soon as I leave Rome, to establish myself for the time being in Weimar. I also intend to spend several weeks there next summer and perhaps, if circumstances seem to warrant, to have a performance of "St. Elizabeth" given at the *Wartburg*.

If at an earlier date, say five or six years ago, the matter of conceding me a sphere of activity in Pest had been thought of, it would have been much easier for me, to be frank, to make my arrangements accordingly. Yet I bear them not the slightest ill will because they did not know what they were to think of me, and what they were to do with me. . . .

Most of my acquaintances do not even know to this very day. Only, I must now consider very carefully as regards the acceptance of any proposals, and to what extent I may allow myself to share in them and assume responsibilities. After having directed more than thirty different orchestras, and, especially in Weimar, having functioned as a conductor for full ten years (from '48 to '58), my career as an orchestral leader has also come to an end; although less acceptably than my career as a virtuoso, which I brought to a close once and for all in the year '47, since which time I do not play in public. Possibly, however, sooner or later, something will turn up—perhaps a task like that involved in the Gran Mass—which would once more bring me nearer to Hungary. Then I will gladly come (to Pest), and can promise you that I shall bring along no worthless *occasional* music.

Let me hear from you soon, esteemed friend, with regard to your musical labors and, if possible, send me some of your later compositions. In all probability I shall still pass several winters in Rome: do you keep me company mentally in an agreeable and interesting fashion by means of

your works. You know that I shall meet them with an open ear and a sympathetic mind, in which I remain as ever, with sincere sympathy and esteem,

Your devoted friend,

F. Liszt.

P.S. Since but few people are able or inclined to read my scores, I seldom offer them to anyone. However, esteemed friend, should you be able to find time for reading of the sort, I should take pleasure in sending you (through friend Brendel in Leipsic) the "Faust" symphony and the last three symphonic poems to appear.

Will you be so kind as to either give the enclosed letter to Herr von Anguss personally, or else see that it is *sure* to reach him? I do not know where he is at the moment, and am desirous that he have some news of me. In your next letter will you please remember to set down your correct address.

(Translated by Frederick H. Martens.)

MEDICAL MEN WHO HAVE LOVED MUSIC

By FIELDING H. GARRISON¹

OF music, the mathematician LaGrange observed: "*Je l'aime parce qu'elle m'isole.*" He frequently did some of his best work during music. But that was in the eighteenth century.

If a physician, particularly a modern physician, has cared for music at all, at least to the extent of becoming a proficient performer upon some instrument, or an amateur composer, it is usually at the expense of what little leisure he has. He may be what the Spaniards style an *aficionado*, frequenting concerts with the same enthusiasm that tourists at San Sebastian followed the *toreo* or the virtuosity of some *toreador*. If dragged by his wife to musical functions, as a lamb to the slaughter, he may sit them out "in sad civility," his professional sagacity saving him from the affectations of Balzac's critic, who "applauded in the wrong place, blew his nose during the cavatina, and was ever on the lookout to appropriate the sayings of witty men"; or he may be frankly and blankly indifferent, like the character in Turgenieff's story, who said: "If music affects us deeply, it is injurious; if it does not affect us at all, it is tiresome." The doctor of to-day is a busy man; if he is to succeed in his profession he is apt to be an overworked man, like all professionals or industrials in modern life, with the little of the large leisure which people enjoyed in the eighteenth century or in other ages gone by. His hobbies, as a rule, are likely to be of some literary or technical kind more intimately related to the details of his profession. Until recent times, moreover, or at least outside of the Germanic countries, music and the musician did not enjoy the tolerance and esteem which we know of to-day. In antiquity, the "godlike minstrel" of Homer, the long-haired musician (*crinitus Iopas*) of Virgil, the gleeman of the Saxons, the Celtic and German bards with their rhapsodies (the *barditus* of Tacitus), were familiar figures

¹Reprinted by courtesy from the Bulletin of the Society of Medical History of Chicago, October, 1920.

in the halls and courtyards of the great. Greek music, with its tetrachord and enharmonics, its Doric, Phrygian and Lydian modes, its double flutes, its strains of psaltery, cymbals and syrinx, was immediately connected with the rhythmic and structural origins of lyric and dramatic poetry, the meters of which were actually stamped on the ground, dance-wise, by Pindar and Sophocles, as they chanted their sublime numbers. The old pentatonic scale of Scotland and Ireland, which gives this music its peculiar, quaint monotony, points to the primitive five-toned instruments of the ancient Celtic bards. In the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the spinet (virginals), the harp and the harpsichord were much in the hands of the ladies. The contra-bass, the old "hoss-fiddle" of New England and the Protestant countries, was affected by the sterner sex, as affording the ground-bass to psalmody. "Have you played over all your old lessons o' the virginals," says the goldsmith's wife to her daughter in Middleton's comedy; and one recalls the scene in the house of the Lord Advocate of Scotland, where the arch Barbara Grant, at the spinet, puts David Balfour through his paces:

Hae nae I just got the lilt of it?
Was nae this the tune that ye whustled?

I am Miss Grant, sib to the Advocate,
You, I believe, are Dauvit Balfour.

But, by this time, the musician, like the actor and the surgeon, had become a *déclassé*, almost an outcast. In the seventeenth century Puritanism began its imprisonment of the human spirit for three solid centuries; and, in the middle of the eighteenth century, as humorously documented by Oliver Goldsmith in the episode of Mrs. Tibbs, snobbery, the mean admiration of mean things, arose, and the composer or virtuoso, while tolerated, came to be looked on as a half-menial, who, like the needy parson, might well sit below the salt. Church congregations might marvel at Bach's organ fantasies upon a figured bass, but he lived in comparative obscurity. As Runciman says, "he hardly cared to claim social equality with the citizens who tanned hides or slaughtered pigs; and probably the high personages who trimmed the local Serene Highness's toenails scarcely knew of his existence." Mozart, divine child of genius, was snubbed, insulted and allowed to starve by his patrons, who addressed him in the third person singular, and was once kicked down stairs by an archbishop's lackey. Emerson tells us in "English Traits" that "when Julia Grisi and Mario sang at the houses of the Duke of Wellington

and other grandees, a ribbon was stretched between the singer and the company." Hans von Bülow, Theodore Thomas and others are said to have interrupted musical performances until the talking ceased. Arthur Nikisch once declined to conduct at a private residence at which his players were instructed to enter by the servant's door below stairs. To the noble patron in George Moore's novel, the idea of a professional musician connotes "long hair and dirty hands." The epigram of the poet-composer, Peter Cornelius, summarizes the general bourgeois feeling, that a musician, as Major Pendennis once observed of the family doctor, is not a good *parti* for the daughter of a thrifty Paterfamilias:

Sie sind als Mensch mir ganz scharmant,
Mir angenehm durchaus;
Doch sind Sie nur ein Musikant!
Darum, Hinaus! Hinaus!
Wär'n Sie Assessor, Rat *in spe*,
Das säh noch anders aus,
Doch Musikant—O jemine!
Hinaus! Hinaus! Hinaus!

In John Galsworthy's recent novel, "Beyond," the relation of the professional musician to married life is worked in detail. Its remorseless realism is evidence of the distance we have travelled since the romantic days of "Charles Auchester" and the sugar-candy fables of Elise Polko. The whole episode of Gyp's unhappy marriage with the sensual violinist Fiorsen brings to focus a world-old problem. The artist, particularly the musical and dramatic artist, is not well fitted for the married state. It is sometimes of the essence of his being that he should be mobile and changeable rather than stable, wild and temperamental rather than staid and reliable; while for the young girl, carefully brought up, the French proverb still remains true: *Une demoiselle n'est pas une grisette*. In other words, artists, if they must mate at all, usually mate best in their own class and kind. But this is a kind of biologic law which applies to all classes and grades of human society; and, other things being equal, it would be difficult to predict that the morals of a given musician might be worse than the morals of a given green-grocer.

It seems strange to read, at this time of day, in the biographic memoirs of the eminent clinician, Henry Ingersoll Bowditch, that his father, Nathaniel Bowditch, a celebrated mathematician, who had translated La Place, actually "gave up playing the flute because at one time it brought him in contact with companions whom he thought undesirable in their morals, and in consequence

of which he denied the study of music to his children."¹ This parochial spirit, an effect of what President Eliot defines as "the Puritan, Genevan, Scotch Presbyterian and Quaker disdain for the fine arts," has been happily obliterated in our own time. Dr. Bowditch, at any rate, did not allow his father's prejudices to interfere with this part of his life.

I could not (he says) stamp out the intense love of music which at my birth was implanted in me. I whistled as a child early, and at all times. My earliest impressions were of the notes I produced; they came as freely as they came from the bobolink who, dancing on the dry mullein stalk, warbles forth his rich notes in our spring days. I rejoiced in my tones as much as the lark does in his, as he 'ascends towards heaven's gate.' My loving mother, being a pious woman, would sometimes say, as I think now, in despair, 'Do for the land's sake (she did not like to say Lord), Henry, stop whistling.' My father would launch poetry at me, and cry: 'He whistled as he went, for want of thought.' Ah, no! How much was he mistaken, for some of the sweetest, divinest thoughts have come to me all my life through music, although incapable of playing at any time or upon any instrument. How shall I ever forget the scornful look which father gave me on one occasion when, fascinated by the music of the Salem Infantry Company (I presume it was the Light Infantry, for surely even I, a little fellow, could never have followed the Republican (Democratic) Cadets of that day), I followed closely, marching with the soldiers up the main street in Salem, and expecting of course that they would turn down Federal or Chestnut streets, and bring me home in time for dinner. I followed them a little way up along the turnpike, still hoping for their return. Finally, as I subsequently found, they were going to Lynnfield Hotel to have a 'good time.' I returned disconsolate, and was met with shocked looks from all. My father seemed to look upon me as contemptible. Alackaday! What troubles music had brought upon me! Nevertheless, I loved it; and though it became a part of my conscience even not to learn on any instrument, I still whistled. I entered college and soon was thrown in contact with my lifelong dear friend, Rev. Mr. Paddidge, of Pepperell, Mass. He played divinely, I thought, on the flute; and we had frequent 'duets' at the open window-seat in old Hollis during my junior year, I whistling the 'first' and he playing 'second' to it. Such dulcet tones attracted the attention of Robert C. Winthrop, a classmate, president of the Pierian Sodality; and being in want of some bass instrument to play on in that body, proposed to me to try the bassoon. What should I do? Conscience said 'Nay.' Love of music said, more strongly, 'Take up the offer.' And so, braving my father's chiding and instructions, I plunged *in medias res*. Imagine me then, not knowing a single musical note, seated in my low-studded room in the upper story of Hollis; but Phoebus! what notes I brought out! 'Whoop!' 'whoop!' and 'whoop!' again, without variation, was all that I could accomplish. I must say that I was thoroughly disgusted with myself and with all mankind about me;

¹H. I. Bowditch: *Life and Correspondence* (by V. G. Bowditch), Boston, 1902, II, 340-341.

and the next day I politely returned the bassoon to Winthrop, declined the honor of membership to the classic Pierian Sodality, and decided that I was too old to begin then to try to learn new tricks. But music has been all my life long my delight and my inspiration. I have listened (while standing three and a quarter hours in the Sistine Chapel) to the 'Miserere,' and was almost persuaded thereby to become a Catholic. Under the magnificent and grand arches of Westminster I have been thrilled by the magnificent anthem, 'His Body Is Buried in Peace; His Name Liveth Forevermore,' as it was sung before thousands of the great men and women of England, gathered there at the reinterment of the bones of John Hunter, one of the noblest of men, and whose name will float down the centuries as one of the grandest and ever-to-be-remembered disciples of our medical profession.

Thus, gentlemen, I have sketched the trials of my youth; and I compare them with what occurs now. Music is not now necessarily or commonly connected with drunkenness. Music can be the delight of every family, for every child now learns music as a part of the primary education.

Before closing, let me allude to two persons whose influence has been for the last quarter of a century leading up to this blessed result. I allude to John S. Dwight, who, by his 'Journal of Music,' and his very able and always generous criticism, has upheld the divine effect of music on the human mind and heart; and to Henry L. Higginson, who, by his noble generosity, has sustained for so many years the Symphony Concerts, which have in reality educated the present generation to a high appreciation of all that is beautiful and noble in orchestral music.

Dr. Bowditch's wife was a talented singer and performer on the piano and harp, sometimes accompanying the fine voices of her sons on these instruments. Of her playing, he wrote:

Olivia is just playing that most magnificent Funeral March by Beethoven, on the death of a hero. It is one of the times that say to me there is something divine in man. Olivia plays it to my taste exactly. I would like to hear its noble strains at the hour of death. They would give what Herder asked for when dying—noble, great thoughts.

Perhaps the earliest of the great European physicians to follow music as a pleasure or hobby was Felix Plater (1536-1664), of Basel, who made a large collection of instruments, which still exists, played three or four of them, was an accomplished lutanist, and, in his youth, employed his talents in serenading his sweetheart. In the seventeenth century came the learned Jesuit priest, Athanasius Kircher (1602-80), of the old mediæval town of Fulda, who was not only a medical man, but an accomplished mathematician, physicist, optician, microscopist and Orientalist. He was probably the first physician to employ the microscope in investigating the minute organisms causing disease, described "taranism," and made a notable contribution to ethnography in his

splendidly illustrated book on China (*La Chine illustrée*, Amsterdam, 1670), one of the important texts of "sinology." In 1640, he published, at Rome, his *Musurgia universalis sive Ars magna consoni et dissoni in x. libros digesta*, a huge folio of some 1,200 pages, which is a vast summary of all that was known of the theory of music in his time, including the anatomy and physiology of the ear and the throat in man and animals, descriptions and cuts of the different musical instruments, the science of harmony, the physics of the Pythagorean monochord, symphonurgy or the art of composing melodies, a history of Greek and later music, a long account of chromatics and enharmonics, the theory of time and rhythms in music, in which the rhythms of the Greek, Hebrew and other poets are considered, canon and the art of writing for different instruments. It contains notations of the songs of different birds and the sounds of animals, well executed full-page plates representing various musical instruments, and strange specimens of ecclesiastical and other music of Kircher's time. This work was written at Rome, when Kircher was in residence after 1637, and where, in his museum or "Kircherianum," many of the musical instruments described by him were no doubt to be seen. Kircher also wrote a *Phonurgia nova* (Kempton, 1673). That the learned and versatile priest must have been a performer upon some instrument himself, possibly an organist, may be inferred from the *canzone* by Pompeo Colonna, Prince di Galliciano, which follows the dedication of the *Musurgia* to Leopold, Archduke of Austria:

Signor tu, che fra bellici strumenti,
Per fare le cure al tuo scettro men gravi,
Ti volgi ad ascoltar voci soavi,
Ed empì il cor di musici concenti.

E forte in un mostrando, e mansueto,
Il nobil seno in simili diletta,
Fai, ch'in te riconoscano soggetti
D'Amore, e timor misto un giogo lieto.

Ben e ragion, che se di music'arte
ATANASIO oggi mai spiega l'ampiezza,
Al nome tuo, che tanto'l mondo apprezza,
Suo profondo saper sacri le Carte.

Se'l seguace d' Ippocrate, e Galeno,
Nel suo curar la musica intendesse:
E coi suoi studi investigar sapesse
Le varie note di Natura appieno:

S'avvederia con nostri minor danni,
Che non si tolgon da contrarj i mali,
Ma quelle consonanze naturali
C'ha'l rimedio col mal vedria cogli Anni.

In 1679, the Danish physician, Caspar Bartholinus (1655-1738), son of the famous anatomist, published "De tibiis veterum," a study of the double-flutes of Greece, from which the clarinet, the basset horn, the oboe, the English horn, and other woodwind instruments are derived.

In the eighteenth century, Hermann Boerhaave (1668-1738), of Leyden, one of the great medical teachers and theorists of his time, is perhaps the first physician on record as cultivating chamber music at his house.

Dr. William Burton says, in his *Life of Boerhaave* (1746):

His application to study was greater in the last ten years of his life than in any space of equal duration from the year 1700. When business was over, he took the exercise of riding or walking, and when weary, revived himself with music, his most delightful entertainment, being not only a good performer on several instruments, particularly the lute, which he accompanied also with his voice, but a good theorist likewise in science, having read the ancient and best modern authors on the subject, as appears by the lectures he gave on sound and hearing, and during the winter he had once a week a concert at his own home, to which by turns were invited some select acquaintances of both sexes, and likewise patients of distinction from other countries.

Leopold Auenbrugger (1722-1809), of Vienna, the discoverer of percussion of the chest in diagnosis, wrote the libretto for "The Chimney-Sweep" (*Der Rauchfangkehrer*), an opera of Salieri's which was a great favorite with Maria Theresa. Beethoven often visited the house of Johann Peter Frank (1745-1821), the founder of modern public hygiene. In England, John Arbuthnot (1667-1735), friend and medical adviser of the poet Pope, was a composer of sacred anthems, and one of these, "As pants the heart," is in the collection of the Chapel Royal. To him, his colleague, Mead, jestingly said: "I look to you, Arbuthnot, to preserve harmony amongst us." In 1749, Richard Brocklesby (1722-97), one of the founders of military hygiene, published an anonymous treatise recommending music for the cure of diseases. The theme is as ancient as music itself—witness the familiar passages in Homer, Shakespeare and the other poets, Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," and "St. Cecilia." The medical literature of the subject is extensive. William Withering (1741-99), a Birmingham practitioner who introduced the use of digitalis in heart disease, devoted his leisure hours to the flute and harpsichord, and Edward Jenner

(1749-1823) played both the violin and the flute. Anne Hunter, the wife of the great Scotch surgeon who was Jenner's preceptor, was a patron of music, and wrote the words for Haydn's "Creation," and for his charming canzonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair." But John Hunter himself had no taste or liking for music, as the well-known anecdote makes plain:

On returning home late one evening, after a hard day's fag, Hunter unexpectedly found his drawingroom filled with musical professors, connoisseurs, and other idlers, whom Mrs. Hunter had assembled. He was greatly irritated, and walking straight into the room, addressed the astonished guests pretty much in the following strain: "I knew nothing of this kick-up, and I ought to have been informed of it beforehand; but as I am now returned home to study, I hope the present company will retire." This intimation was of course speedily followed by an *exeunt omnes*.

In considering the many physicians who have been amateurs of music in modern times, it seems an outstanding fact that most of them have been in the class distinguished for original work in the exact sciences upon which medicine is based. The great physiologists, in particular, Helmholtz, Ludwig, Engelmann and others, have been famous as musical enthusiasts. Physiology, as Leonardo da Vinci surmised, is, in the last analysis, a mathematical science. We should not think much of a bank clerk, a musician or a physiologist who could not count. There seems a logical relation between pure mathematics and its musical analogues, harmony, counterpoint and the art of fugue. Saint-Saëns has written very capable papers on astronomy. The thought of the mathematician, Joseph Sylvester, seems apposite:

Herein I think one clearly discerns the internal grounds of coincidence of parallelism, which observation has long made familiar, between the mathematical and musical. May not Music be described as the Mathematic of sense, Mathematic as Music of the reason? the soul of each the same! Thus the musician *feels* Mathematic, the mathematician *thinks* Music—Music the dream, Mathematic the working life—each to receive its consummation from the other when the human intelligence, elevated to its perfect type, shall shine forth glorified in some future Mozart-Dirichlet or Beethoven-Gauss—a union already not indistinctly foreshadowed in the genius and labors of a Helmholtz!¹

Helmholtz, the greatest mathematical physicist, who was also a medical man, is, in fact, the most prominent of the group of physiologists who have followed music. He was not only a performer and learned connoisseur of music and musical literature, but he was the founder of musical æsthetics as a science, the

¹Sylvester: Phil. Tr., London, cliv, p. 613, footnote.

author of the most exhaustive treatise on the physiological basis of tonal sensations which has ever been achieved. Musicians themselves, as we know, care little about the scientific import of these things and their æsthetic contributions have been almost entirely of the literary and artistic kind.

Why an octave or a fifth should be more satisfying to the ear than a minor third; why certain chords had a character of their own; what was the physiologic basis of discords; what was the true nature of beats; what was the physiologic significance of the progression of the notes in a melody; what were the physiologic laws, if any, that regulated the development of musical capacity in the human race; all these were questions the musicians cared little about, and if they did allow them to occupy their attention they were dismissed as insoluble. Men took refuge in the notion that music was music because it was adapted to our spiritual nature, and they thought there was little use in endeavoring to examine the physical and physiologic materials of which musical tones were composed.¹

Helmholtz began to study these things in the fifties, his papers on the physical basis of harmony and dissonance, the theory of open organ pipes, musical temperature, timbre (*Klangfarbe*), the Arabian and Persian scales, etc., culminating, in 1863, in his great work on *Tonempfindungen* or tonal sensations. This work, as is well known, was divided into three parts, of which the first explains the physiologic mechanism of the ear and the way in which sound vibrations and overtones are conducted through the ear to the auditory nerve; the second with the effect upon the nerve itself of tones and combinations of tones, and the third with the psychology of musical æsthetics and the origin of the different scales or modes and harmonies. He divides the historic evolution of music into three periods, viz., the homophonic or univocal music of antiquity and of primitive and Asiatic peoples; the polyphonic or multivocal music of the Middle Ages, and the harmonic music which arose in the sixteenth century and has been prominent in Europe since the time of Bach. These divisions have been used by historians of music to date, and it seems significant that the feudal spirit of the Middle Ages should be typified by massive polyphony; the struggle for freedom of thought in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by a recognition of the value of melody as well as of thorough bass; and the industrial democratic movement of modern times by the use of the folk-song by Haydn and Beethoven, and the extension, by Wagner and Brahms, of the Greek *melos*, in which the figurations

¹McKendrick, J. G.: Hermann von Helmholtz, London, 1899, p. 137.

of the accompaniment are sometimes an essential part of the continuous melody.

All his life Helmholtz was an ardent concert-goer and could have been an able critic of music. He was highly appreciative of the admirable performances at the Paris Conservatoire:

At the concert at the Conservatoire we had a Symphony by Haydn, a piece from Beethoven's Ballet of *Prometheus*, and the whole of the music from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, as well as a chorus of Bach, and Händel's *Hallelujah Chorus*. One hears better choral singing in Germany, but the perfection of the orchestra is unique of its kind. The oboes in Haydn's Symphony sounded like a gentle zephyr; everything was in perfect tune, including the high opening chords of the Mendelssohn Overture, which was repeated at the end, and generally sound out of tune. The *Prometheus* was the most enchanting melody, with the horns predominating. This concert, after the Venus of Milo, was the second thing of purest beauty that life can give.¹

Professor McKendrick, of Glasgow, gives the following impression of Helmholtz at a concert:

The first time the writer saw him was in 1872, in the Gewandhaus, in Leipzig, during a performance of Mendelssohn's "*Midsummer Night's Dream*." Near the orchestra he saw a head of such splendid proportions, with the eyes having a rapt expression, as the sensuous music floated through the hall, and he thought "that must be Helmholtz!" It could be no other. A few days later he saw the great physicist in his own laboratory, and received kindly advice regarding the ophthalmometer and acoustical apparatus.

Helmholtz had indeed a splendid head of the broad-browed Goethe-Beethoven type, and with the admirable breadth between the eyes which characterizes the mathematician *pur sang*. The phrenologist Gall, who is now recognized as a very able investigator of the anatomy of the brain, located the mathematical sense or *Zahlensinn* (*sens des rapports des nombres*) in the cerebral convolution which, he says, is "a continuation of the lowest convolution of the organ of music, lying against the lateral part of the roof of the orbit in a furrow or depression which lies anteroposteriorly. If this convolution is sensibly developed, the outer border of the roof of the orbit is not curved, but makes an angle, slanting abruptly downward, causing the outer border of the upper eyelid to be sunken and to cover the eye more than ordinarily." This view is born out by the researches of the neurologist, P. J. Moebius, on the hereditary character of mathematical talent.² Moebius, after an exhaustive study of typical portraits of eminent mathematicians, locates the mathematical sense in the anterior end of

¹Koenigsberger, L.: Hermann von Helmholtz, Oxford, 1906, p. 233.

²Möbius, P. J.: Ueber die Anlage zur Mathematik. 2 Aufe, Leipzig, 1907.

the third frontal convolution (*gyrus frontalis tertius*). Whatever the value of his theory, the resemblance between many of the mathematical heads in his portraits and those of some of the great composers is very striking, particularly in the breadth of brow produced by widening of the temples and causing the characteristic abrupt straight downward slant of the outer margin of the upper eyelid. There is an equally striking resemblance between the portraits of certain great composers and those of certain eminent medical men who have been devotees of pure science and of music. If we place in juxtaposition characteristic portraits of Beethoven, Rubinstein, the anatomist Henle and the mathematician Jacobi, this resemblance will at once become apparent. By the same token Hyrtle, the anatomist, looks like Haydn; Carl Ludwig in profile is like Liszt or Carl Maria von Weber and *en face* vaguely resembles Chopin; Brahms and Billroth look alike and there are portraits of Sir Richard Owen which resemble certain pictures of Richard Wagner. The theory of Moebius and the points of resemblance in cranial contour and facial features are of course only matters of empirical observation, but at least as striking as the significance of a high brow, a prominent or receding chin, high cheek-bones or deep sunken eyes.

Among the great physiologists who have followed music, the most eminent name after that of Helmholtz is Carl Ludwig of Leipzig, who had over two hundred prominent pupils, most of whom have been the leading teachers of his subject in our own time. One of these pupils refers to his "enchanting personality." He was in fact one of the most attractive of university professors. In relation to music, his rôle was mainly appreciative, but he followed the Gewandhaus concerts and had chamber music at his house. As his pupil von Kries relates:

As a great friend of music he was a constant visitor of the many concerts with which Leipzig abounds, particularly those at the Gewandhaus. But he loved to assemble musical talent at his own home, where he was a thankful and intelligent listener. . . . When the new Gewandhaus at Leipzig was erected and the decorative frescoes of the concert-hall completed, he said to me, with indignation, that if these remained, he would attend the concerts no more. With such paintings in sight, musical enjoyment would be unthinkable. But he did not mean this, and, in any case, reconsidered his decision.¹

Among the other eminent German professors, Theodor Wilhelm Engelmann, whose name will always be associated with Gaskell's in the physiology of heart muscle, was a friend of Brahms

¹J. von Kries, Carl Ludwig, Freiburg and Leipzig. 1895, pp. 22-23.

and to him Brahms dedicated his charming string quartet in B flat. Ludimar Hermann, Julius Jacobson (the friend of Graefe), Wilhelm Ebstein, Karl Kahlbaum, the psychiatrist, were all musical, sometimes giving concerts at home. The histologist Henle learned to play the violin, viola and violoncello, so that he could take any part at need in an improvised string quartet. Mikulicz and Neisser were accomplished musicians and *Clavierspieler*, and in their youth, had thought of becoming professional musicians. Max Schultze was a good violinist. Wilhelm His identified the remains of Bach when they were resurrected in the yard of the Joanniskirche at Leipzig and had the sculptor Seffner make a bust of the great composer from his measurements, which turned out to be an admirable likeness. Naunyn, the eminent clinician at Strassburg, overcame a good deal of the prejudice which obtained among the Alsatian population on account of his austere demeanor, through his attractive chamber music evenings, which came to be important social functions in the city. His wife was a talented singer. Julius Jensen, the alienist, also had a talented wife and was often seen with *Notenhefte* under his arms at concerts. Duke Karl Theodor of Bavaria, who became a well-known ophthalmologist, was musical and played in the orchestra. Alfred de Bary, an assistant of Flechsig at Leipzig, is at once a professor of psychiatry and a prominent tenor at Bayreuth and Munich. Borodin, one of the composers of "Prince Igor," was once a Russian army surgeon.

In England, Sir Richard Owen was a talented player on the violoncello. His biographer relates:

He was never tired of listening to his favorite compositions, although as he grew older his taste in music became much narrower, and he could only listen with pleasure to the music admitted to be "classical" in his younger days. Wagner, Grieg, and more modern composers were to his mind "intolerable and not to be endured." The keys of his little old-fashioned piano had been touched by many of his musical friends—Moscheles, John Ella, and Halle, and had served many a time to accompany Jenny Lind and his own famous 'cello by Foster.

Sir Robert Christison (1797-1882), of Edinburgh, who wrote the first treatise on toxicology in English, although self taught in music, was a good bass singer. We read in his memoirs:

As a singer, both as a soloist and in part-songs, Sir Robert took a high place among the amateur musicians of Edinburgh. He was gifted with a bass voice of unusual power and good quality; and although he never had time to take lessons, constant practice in quartet singing and in small musical societies brought his voice to some degree of cultivation. He had only the most cursory knowledge of the science of music and

used to quote, as a signal proof of the low condition of music in Edinburgh thirty years ago, that people regarded him as an authority on music simply because he was rather prominent as a singer in society. Nevertheless, music in Edinburgh owed a good deal to him, as he was one of the first amateurs to disregard and oppose the absurd remnant of Puritanism which caused the cultivation of secular music by societies or clubs to be considered as a somewhat dangerous accomplishment, allied to dissipation. When a number of young men, with some hesitation, met together about thirty-five years ago to form one of the first choral societies in Edinburgh, Sir Robert encouraged them by his presence, and congratulated them on the changed state of opinion which enabled them thus to come forward, contrasting it with the stricter notions prevalent in his youth, when no attempt of the kind could have ventured on.

We are indebted to Dr. Peddie for the following notice of the musical doings in which Sir Robert took a part. "Dr. Christison, Dr. Bennett, Dr. MacLagan, and myself were among the first gentlemen amateur vocalists who ventured to perform publicly in Edinburgh. We had sung much together, and were known as the singing doctors, at parties, and at dinners of the Harveian Society and of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons; but it was not till the 20th December, 1851, that we performed in public, at a concert in the original St. Cecilia's Hall, under the patronage of Lord and Lady Murray, for the benefit of the widow of Mr. Mainzer, when about £70 were raised for her. Dr. Christison, Dr. MacLagan, myself, and Mr. John Christison appeared as glee and quartette singers in the Music Hall for the first time on the 27th March, 1863, at a concert for the benefit of the Edinburgh Artisan Rifle Companies. This public appearance of professional men as amateur singers made some sensation at the time. We performed subsequently at several of the annual concerts of the University Musical Society. Dr. Christison was one of the most active and enthusiastic members of the Amateur Vocal Club, from its formation at Dr. Bennett's house on 19 April, 1852, till the final meeting in 1876."

Sir Robert's voice retained much of its power and quality till he was past seventy, and he did not give up taking an occasional share in part-singing for several years afterwards. The last occasion on which he joined in anything of the kind was on the eighty-third anniversary of his birth, when he took the bass part of Bishop's well-known glee, "Mynheer Van Dunck."

On three occasions, Christison was asked by the authorities to exercise the right of patronage in filling the vacated Chair of Music in the University of Edinburgh. In making a crossing from Brighton and Dieppe in his early days, he found that his travelling companions—two English and two Irish doctors and Schetky, a drawing master of the Portsmouth Naval Academy—were musical, so that he was able to improvise a nautical concert:

We had not been long together when we discovered that we were a fortuitous congregation of musical atoms, which soon arranged themselves in harmony. Schetky played excellently Turner's violoncello, Corban played the violin fairly, Crawford the flute well; and Schetky,

Turner, and I found no end of trios for tenor, counter-tenor and bass. Time passed thus very agreeably in spite of baffling breezes, to the high approbation of the ship's company and the steerage passengers, and under the frequent applause of the many vessels which we passed near enough to be within hearing. But, if the whole truth must be told, the harmony of sweet sounds was apt to be frequently and abruptly interrupted by the nautical qualms of Turner and Crawford; and we had the ill-luck, in our fat mate's estimation, to stir up the storm of the 5th in Yarmouth roadstead.

In America, the early history of private and even public interest in music is obscure. Mr. O. G. Sonneck, the learned Chief of the Division of Music in the Library of Congress, has shown that the earliest ascertainable date of a public concert in the country was that advertised in the *Boston Weekly News Letter* of Dec. 16-23, 1731, the next in order of time being the announcement in the *South Carolina Gazette* for Saturday, April 8-15, 1732. After the date of this Charleston concert, there are abundant records of public performances at Charleston, Annapolis, Baltimore, Williamsburg, Va., Fredericksburg, Petersburg, Norfolk, Richmond, Alexandria, Va., Savannah, New Orleans, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Salem, Newport, Providence, Hartford and other New England cities. The St. Cecilia Society of Charleston, S. C., was originally founded in 1762 as a serious musical club, but after one hundred and fifty years of continuous existence it is now an exclusive association of Charleston's old first families, devoted to assembly halls and other social functions. The musical societies of Stoughton (1786), Concord (1797), and Essex (1797), Massachusetts, followed, and on Jan. 24, 1735, our theatrical season began at Charleston, S. C., with the performance, at the courtroom, of Otway's "Orphan," to be followed on February 18 by our first operatic performance, "Flora, or Hob in the Well," tickets of admission to the courtroom costing 40 shillings each. In these valuable records of early concert-life and early opera in America, which are due to the patriotic zeal and erudition of Mr. Sonneck, we find no note of the participation of physicians,¹ although the colonial group of South Carolina physicians is, according to Dr. Welch, the most brilliant in our early medical history. That some of these at least may have solaced their leisure hours with flute, violin or harpsichord, like Withering or Jenner in Old England, would seem a natural inference. The Pierian Sodality of Harvard University, a gathering of students for mutual improve-

¹The distinguished author of this article is in error. In these books I mentioned his *quondam* colleague, Dr. Adam Kuhn of Philadelphia, an enthusiastic amateur-musician who attended Governor Penn's musical gatherings in Colonial times.—Ed.

ment in instrumental music, was founded on March 6, 1808. For a number of years, it had from three to fifteen performers, who sometimes serenaded the inhabitants of Cambridge. In 1832 there was only one member, but more than forty in 1880; in 1881 the Sodality fused with the Harvard Glee Club and gave concerts. In 1885, the Sodality was pronounced by the *Boston Herald* to be "foremost among amateur organizations of the land." Independent of the Glee Club during 1898-1904, and tutored by a professional coach, it began to take up the higher forms of music, including the symphonic, about 1907-13, and has now about sixty members. Dr. John W. Farlow, librarian of the Boston Medical Library, played the piano parts with the Pierian Sodality in 1873.¹ The late Dr. James Brown McCaw (1823-1906), of Richmond, Va., who founded the famous Chimborazo Hospital, edited the short-lived *Confederated States Medical and Surgical Journal* (1864-65) and whose son, General Walter D. McCaw, became librarian of the Surgeon General's office, was for many years president of the Mozart Society of Richmond. This isolated record, at the South, like that of Bowditch at the North, may be typical or exceptional. In most "German-American" families music became a household word. Some American physicians and biologists of German descent, such as Drs. Christian A. Herter, Jacques Loeb, Arpad G. Gerster, John C. Hemmeter (composer of "Hygieia," dedicated to Professor William H. Welch), Sidney Kuh, D'Orsay Hecht, Otto Juettner and Gustav Langmann, have been capable performers, or even composers.

Of all medical men who have loved music, the most interesting is Billroth, of all relations between *Minerva Medica* and *Frau Musica*, between Polhymnia and the daughters of Æsculapius, the most alluring is to be found in the musical friendship and epistolary correspondence of Billroth and Brahms. Brahms, the stocky, sturdy, blond Hamburger, who delighted that his picture was given in German school geographies as a representative of the Aryan race, now gruff and repelling, now exquisitely sensitive and tender hearted, now sarcastic and *burschikos*, now charitable in the most stealthy, modest way, incomparably the strongest and worthiest figure in modern German art; Billroth, the stalwart Viking of the North Seas, pioneer of the surgery of the larynx and digestive tract, and greatest German surgeon of his time, grandson of a famous soprano, sensitive and melancholy underneath his calm exterior, a dreamer and a philosopher, a musician

¹Harvard Musical Review, July, 1913 (Vol. I). From information kindly furnished by Dr. Farlow.

and a poet in his natural instincts, a "sentimental North Sea herring," as he wittily styled himself—these two met at Vienna in the sixties to found something more than a lifelong friendship, indeed a sort of musical brotherhood. At this time, Brahms was conductor of the *Singakademie*; in 1872-4, he was directing the concerts of the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*, and Edward Hanslick, of Prague, whose essays have the literary charm of Schumann or Liszt, was beginning to make his mark in musical criticism. Brahms, Hanslick and Billroth formed a sort of artistic triumvirate. They were frankly anti-Wagnerian, devoted to the older classical trend of Bach, Beethoven, Haydn and Mozart, and the romantic trend of Schubert, Weber, Schumann and Mendelssohn, which are combined in the music of Brahms. Of this friendship, Billroth's *Briefe*, published after his death in 1895, are a fascinating memorial. I translate most of the passages relating to music below. The first letter in the collection, addressed to Billroth's mother in February, 1850, is an enthusiastic rhapsody of fourteen pages on the singing of Jenny Lind in Göttingen, the whole-hearted self-surrender of a youth of one and twenty. The first letter to Brahms is dated from Zürich, May 17, 1866, the last (Jan. 12, 1894) from Abbazia, where Billroth died on Feb. 6, 1894. In this unique musical correspondence, which ranks with the Schumann letters or the Wagner-Liszt *Briefwechsel* in interest, we are taken into the full current of the musical life of Vienna, the concerts, operas and oratorios, Billroth's piano duets with his friends, and the chamber music evenings, at which Brahms was of course the central figure. Billroth, in spite of his prejudice against Wagner, is everywhere a charming critic of music, beginning with his account of a trial performance of Brahms's Sextet in G major:

Zurich, June 15, 1866. I wanted to play second viola, and have got famously in touch with my part; but as I began to play, I found myself trembling with such anxiety and excitement that I could do nothing. Fortunately Eschmann of Schaffhausen, another viola player, was there and took my place. I was terribly vexed and must have cut a farcical figure. The presence of Brahms, the heat of the day, the fact that I had been hard at work since 6 a. m., all contributed to get me in this entirely unaccustomed state of excitement, all the more inexplicable in that I had already taken a part in the Brahms's sextet fourteen days before, when we played it alone at my house. Like an old boy, I had to undergo the bitter experience that it is foolhardy to attempt to execute anything in science or art unless one has mastered the matter in hand. Over and above this experience, I have learned never to play a piece in the presence of the composer unless it has been perfectly prepared beforehand. I had previously written to you about

the second sextet of Brahms in unfavorable terms. Since then I have got to know it better and find it of extraordinary beauty, so clear, so simple, so masterly that one cannot enjoy it enough. Hegar, Eschmann I and II, a cellist from the orchestra, Burkhard and Ganz were the performers. But, as I now knew the piece very exactly, I had a very clear idea of the pains which Brahms must have undergone, although he passed it all off in his most amiable manner. Kirchner, Brahms and Hegar had been carousing freely the night before and were tired; all that helped to make the general mood a languid one.

Vienna, Dec. 24, 1867. Brahms becomes the more lovable to me the oftener I meet him. Hanslick says very rightly about him that he has the same faults as Bach and Beethoven: he has too little of the sensuous in his art, both as a composer and player. I believe it is more from an expressed intention to avoid the sensuous than from a lack of it. His Requiem, the first half of which was produced recently, is really so sublime in a supersensuous way, so Protestant, so Bach-like, that it was only carried through with difficulty here. The hissing and clapping became a formal passion, a battle of the factions; finally the applause triumphed. Joachim has been here for two months. I have heard him often, have been with him often and have found him personally most amiable. He is a magnificent creature. When one hears him play the last quartettes of Beethoven, every one must think himself an ass that he did not hold this music the most beautiful in existence. Everything became so clear and simple, so beautifully modelled in his hands, that no one noticed it was being modelled; it went along of itself like the rising of the sun or the moon. When Brahms and Joachim play Beethoven, Bach, Schubert together, the notes are not photographed à la Bülow, but the conceptions appear to the ear as living tone pictures, appear and disappear. It seems to me strange that any one should applaud. This genre does not suit everybody; the modern man, with his peppered palate, will not find it to his taste; but to me it is the highest thing which can be done by reproductive art.

Very different is my impression of Rubinstein, who has given five concerts. He is a highly gifted man, a talent of the first rank, not without originality, but badly educated. His compositions (piano concerto, chamber music) are interesting enough to give one pleasure in their beauties, and to neglect what is ugly or tiresome. So is it, too, with his playing. I have never heard any one play so beautifully, yet never have I seen an artist so belittle the finest things with such frivolity. An innate crudity sometimes becomes unpleasantly apparent, in combination with a grace of execution, an intensity of tone and execution of ravishing effect.

Vienna, March 29, 1873. Brahms is very active here as conductor; he has got up incomparable beautiful performances and wins the most cordial recognition from the connoisseurs. His *Triumphlied*, with organ and a colossal chorus, produced a wonderful effect; it is massive, monumental music; its effect being that of a continuously pleasant eerie feeling; at the same time transparently simple in the grandest *al fresco* style. It is certain that nothing quite so considerable has been wrought since Händel. In the last concert Brahms had the hardihood to attempt one of the most difficult of Bach's cantatas with text by Luther (*Christ lag*

in *Todesbanden*). It was damnably tart music (*verdammt herbe Musik*), although of sublime effect here and there. But at the hands of a conductor so highly revered as Brahms, even this was pleasantly received by the Viennese. Two *Volkslieder* by Brahms produced such a storm of applause that it seemed the roof might cave in. The old King of Hanover was half beside himself with musical intoxication. I wish you could hear something like this once; one is really carried away by the beauty of intonation of this choir, its crescendo and decrescendo, its forte and piano, executed as if by one voice. Brahms directs all that as Renz steers a trained horse about in his circus.

Vienna, Jan. 1, 1875. Manfred! Ah, but you should have heard and seen it! Reflections are useless, it is indescribable; full-blooded poetry and full-blooded music! It is stunning in a sensuous way; one dreams, one floats in the soft air without effort. The scene of the spirit of Astarte always brings the tears to my eyes; even now, as I think of it, I am thrilled through and through. Such music! "Dost pardon me?" "Manfred, farewell!" "Tomorrow my sorrows end!" If Astarte strikes the right warm tone here and if Manfred is sympathetic, together with a Vienna orchestra and Herbeck as director! I tell you it is maddening. Is it a fortune or misfortune to feel things in this way? For me every new thing we have had lately dwindles by comparison. Especially the great D major Mass of Beethoven, which I have heard for the third time, after studying it beforehand. For me this music is more defunct than the weakest of Bach and Handel. Not that it is specially abstruse! No! But tiresome, insignificant in invention. Tortured, bootless music. Beethoven cannot write for the chorus, except ineffectually; his fugal themes are mostly without effect, and one is so glad when the tortured squalling comes to an end. If people wanted to be honest, most of them would speak as I do. For the professional musician, all this is as Michael Angelo's Sistine Chapel for the painter. But even for a cultivated musical ear it is dull music, especially for Protestants, who have no youthful poetic associations in mind. . . . I have already heard the Brahms string quartettes seven times this winter, sometimes at home, sometimes in concerts. In our four handed rendering at Carlsbad, we took all the tempi much too fast. Brahms requires everywhere very moderate tempi, because this music, on account of its many harmonic changes, cannot otherwise unfold itself properly; this is essentially true of all complex modern music. Beethoven, Schumann, Wagner, Brahms, in all the riper works of their later period, favor the Andante-Tempo which Wagner has called "specifically German." Through Mendelssohn's influence, rapid tempi became too much the vogue; yet there was much less really inward passion in these effects than seemed to us formerly. In any case, I will not permit anything to be said against Mendelssohn.

Vienna, Aug. 3, 1879. At this moment my fingers tremble after playing Bach for an hour. That is a tremendous tax for the fingers; for not only each measure, but the whole must be shaped forth like a Gothic stone structure, tall and great. This morning I have given myself up to this music with a kind of passion.

Vienna, Jan. 4, 1881. You have naturally heard much through me of Brahms, also of Dvořák, a gigantic talent. If X speaks of him

somewhat pityingly, Brahms says: "I do not understand you; I could almost jump out of my skin with envy at the thoughts which come to this man merely by the way." Dvořák often writes very hastily indeed; in dawdling fashion, but he dawdles à la Schubert; he is now so highly remunerated by his publishers that he is carried, through his easy productivity, into *Vielschreiberei*. Were he younger and had he been discovered earlier, he would undoubtedly have achieved something worth while; but now, whatever he does not achieve successfully by a lucky shot, he does not improve at all by brooding over it. Dvořák's nature is akin to Schubert's, even though he does not come anywhere near him, especially in his songs. . . .

Kirchner has arranged the new Hungarian Dances of Brahms, and also his *Liebestlieder* for two hands. Get these: whoever knows what beauties Brahms has concealed in the middle and counter voices of these things will not find admiration enough for Kirchner's arrangement. . . .

In the plastic arts, aside from the decorative, Vienna has always been very weak. Yet I find the Beethoven monument entirely unique in its beauty, impressively characteristic, very musical, in any case. The art critics may have their objections to the figures around the base; but you must not abuse the statue itself, or I shall be cross with you.

Vienna, July 27, 1883. From some indications, it appears that my house was once owned by one of the most famous professors of the period just after Joseph II, Johann Peter Frank. I was satisfied with the probability as far as it went. But Pohl went immediately to the municipal council, burrowed in the dusty property records, and elevated the probability to certitude. The wife of the famous Johann Peter Frank's son, an inconsiderable medical professor, was in her time a famous singer; she sang in the Creation and the Seasons under Haydn. Through this circumstance, Beethoven came to the house, where musical evenings were often given in the garden, with illuminated scenes from the Italian operas of the time. . . . The interesting thing for me is that Joh. Peter Frank and Beethoven met in my house, and that a similar relation—let us not be arrogant!—obtained between you and me one hundred years later. . . . Beethoven certainly wandered in this direction; must not Haydn, too, have had rehearsals with the above mentioned cantatrice in this house? What a noble triad: Haydn, Beethoven, Brahms!

Abbazia, Dec. 29, 1884. People say there are no promenades here. Inconceivable! Along the seashore, in both directions, are excellent roads on which one really finds no hotel guests, though many other can be seen and heard there. "May Night," "On the Lakeside," "On the Lake," "Evening Twilight," "Summer Evening"—all the Brahms melodies stream towards me here. (*Der ganze Brahms klingt mir hier immerfort entgegen.*) I trot along the streets to the measures of the last movement of your F minor quintette, and the third movement of my (I mean his) A minor string quartette brings me back in comfortable time. I can wish nothing better.

Abbazia, Jan. 8, 1886. Brahms is in Vienna and lives at IV, Carlsgasse No. 4. On the seventeenth of this month his new symphony (E minor) will be produced, after which I give a baptismal dinner. The new work is already known to me from an arrangement for two pianos;

it is very beautiful and grand in conception and execution. That Brahms will yet surpass himself does not seem to me probable from his latest works. Beethoven and Schumann also, and many others of the great, have really had nothing new to say after reaching fifty. Even the most original artist will give out at fifty, if he lives that long; if we have understood his accomplishment up to that time, his later things seem to give us little that is new. At that time, the artist can still conceive things beautiful and great, but gains little by attempting to go beyond the limits of the beautiful *à tout prix* and surpass himself over his own head, as Beethoven, to my feeling, tried to do. A gigantic exception is Haydn, who in the "Seasons," has already assimilated the Mozartian originality to himself and has begun to transform it into a new Haydn species.

London, Oct. 2, 1886. Dinner at the hotel and then a charming, but musically very clever, opera, the "Mikado."

St. Gilgen, Sept. 3, 1888. Wagner was indeed a very considerable talent in many directions; but if he had not been a Capellmeister for twenty years and learned the whole trade of scenario and scoring in actual practice from his youth up, he could never have brought his ideas to expression. His scores are the product of a refined practical ability and a very healthy, sometimes morbid, over-excited human understanding. He learned the trade of Weber and Meyerbeer. That he has applied his technical experience to the expression of his ideas, and while remaining himself, has stood upon the pedestal erected by others, that is certainly a proof of his highly genial artistic individuality.

Vienna, Feb. 24, 1890. (To Professor Engelmann in Utrecht.) You and I stand apart from our university colleagues, since Brahms has dedicated his third string quartette to you and the first two to me. Lately, Joachim was here with his quartette and played yours in B flat. I was almost jealous of you; the effect was colossal. The piece has been repeatedly played here by Hellmesberger, Rosé, Heckmann, etc., but such a clear exposition of this piece, formless in its beginning and so complex in its modelling, I had hardly thought possible. The most difficult rhythmical combinations sounded naturally, as if they could not have been otherwise. Even alongside of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn and Schumann numbers, its success was colossal. The most conservative old sons of music came up to me (here I pass for a Head-Brahmin) with the assurance that they had never understood the quartette until now. And the great glue-boiling public was in ecstasies. The viola movement had to be played *da capo*.

Vienna, Dec. 18, 1893. (To Brahms.) Our conversation of yesterday was uncommonly instructive to me; your statistics of to-day, for which I am most thankful, show the extent of your interest. It proves to me, that in any scientific work, one cannot be too careful in getting control of his facts before beginning to reflect. . . . That pieces in a minor key attach themselves easier to us moderns, you will admit; we have the related fact that, in our immediate surroundings, dull soft colors are, on the whole, more agreeable to us than brighter ones. In our youth it was otherwise. Modern man does not like dazzling light effects in his living room. Note the modern preference for painted windows. High sharp voices are unpleasant to us. In the salon, people

speak in a minor key. . . . My general impression would be that with Händel and Haydn, the major period begins, and that before that time, incidentally in the oldest folk-songs, the minor key is supreme. That this view is incorrect, so far as the folk-songs are concerned, you have lately shown me, even though the minor is more prominent in the Scottish and Swedish folk-songs than in those of other people. . . . All folk-songs in the major, as well as all modern folk-songs in major, easily leave with me a trivial impression, while those in the minor seem *distingués*. An old melody in the minor seems to me less antiquated than an old melody in the major. . . . What do you think of the following? I have the impression that what you call the "specific physiognomy" (*das eigene Gesicht*) of a composer, and what is otherwise understood to be his specific originality or his novel mode of expression, rests mainly upon new harmonic combinations in the middle voices, otherwise upon the peculiarity of the rhythms employed (Meyerbeer). The cessation of the custom of enhancing the motives by means of variations, and the trick of only repeating them, once they have been set up, seems to me very characteristic of Wagner and the modern French and Italians. In this case the organic growth of the musical compositions ceases immediately; it is more a laying together of the self-same stones, a mosaic or kaleidoscopic effect with unchangeable, multicolored stones. That can be very pretty; but no other enhancement of values is possible except through the intensity of the color effects.

Vienna, Sept. 23, 1893. (To Brahms.) Unfortunately, my dear colleague, N., otherwise so prominent and so widely cultured, is so absolutely unmusical that I can do nothing with him. He likes to hear music, especially singing, and sometimes attends concerts with his musical wife. Yesterday I played to him "Wir winden dir" in F sharp major, with accompaniment in F major. He said immediately, "that is from the *Freischütz*," but made no other remark. Then I played the melody in G major, the accompaniment in F major, and asked him if he noticed any difference. Answer: "I liked the first better." Can you form any conception of such a state of hearing? It would be interesting to make such investigations frequently. As yet, we do not in the least know how far people are unmusical who still get a certain definite pleasure from music as a rhythmic series of sounds.

This investigation was carried out to some extent in Billroth's posthumous essay, "*Wer ist musikalisch?*" which is a kind of miniature pendant to Helmholtz's treatise on tonal sensation. The manuscript, somewhat fragmentary in character towards the end, was turned over, after Billroth's death, to Hanslick, who published it with an introduction. At the beginning, Billroth points out that a sense of rhythm, such as is exhibited by Neapolitans dancing the measures of tarantella to the punctuation of the tambourine, by Egyptian porters moving in processional order to the monotonous rhythms of Arabic verses, by soldiers marching to drum taps, is perhaps the most essential element of a feeling for music. From reports made to him by officers in

various Austro-Hungarian regiments of different racial complexions, he found there are recruits and soldiers who never have, never acquire the sense of rhythm necessary to keep step without watching their comrade's movements. From observations similar to the one mentioned in his letters, he found that there are persons who are rhythm-deaf as well as tone-deaf or harmony-deaf, persons who have learned to play musical compositions in a purely mechanical way, yet are incapable of recognizing the selfsame pieces when they are played by others. The essay is a neat little discussion of the scientific aspects of the subject, in the style of Hanslick, whose biographical memoirs contain, in an appendix, a number of interesting letters from Billroth, Brahms died in 1897, having survived his friend Billroth three years. We may take leave of him in the words of that exquisite critic, James Huneker:

He was the greatest contrapuntist after Bach, the greatest architectonist after Beethoven, but in his songs he was as simple, as manly, as tender as Robert Burns. His topmost peaks are tremendously remote, and glitter and gleam in an atmosphere almost too thin for the dwellers of the plains; but how intimate, how full of charm, of graciousness are the happy moments in his chamber music! . . . Often and purposely he seems to encage himself in a hedge of formidable quickset, but once penetrate it, and you find blooming the rarest flowers, whose perfume is delicious. To me this is the eternal puzzle; that Brahms, the master of ponderous learning, can yet be so tender, so innocent of soul, so fragile, so childlike. He must have vainly protected his soul against earthly smudging to keep it so pure, so sweet, to the very end.

AMERICAN INDIAN CRADLE-SONGS

By NATALIE CURTIS¹

I HAVE often been asked if a realization of the responsibilities of parenthood dignifies the life of the American Indian. So important, so sacred even, is to the red man the sense of fatherhood and motherhood that the Indian expands the obvious human tie into a mystic, cosmic relation between man and the life-giving forces of Nature. "And man is blessed when in the holy songs the Mountain calls the man 'my son!'" say the Navajos. "Father!" cries the Indian of the Plains when praying before the sacred rock, symbol of the force on which the created universe is builded. "The Evening Star," say the Pawnees, "is the mother of the Pawnee people. In the garden of the Evening Star grew the first corn-plant, the Mother-Corn. And the Evening Star took her daughter, child of the Morning Star, and placed her on a cloud and gave into her hand the Mother-Corn saying 'plant this upon the earth.' And the maiden fell to the earth as falling rain." Thereafter, the division of human labor according to sex is poetically symbolized in terms of parenthood: "The bow and arrow is Father, for the father must defend and protect. But the corn is Mother; it feeds us and gives us life. Take a grain of corn and split it: within will be found mother's milk. So in old days the work of planting and tending the Mother-Corn fell to woman. For she, herself the bearer of seed, is the nourisher, the mother of us all." The woman it was who wove the baskets wherein the garnered corn was carried, who cooked and prepared the sustenance for man. "So," said a Pawnee, "we look upon woman as Mother, always. A man might almost call his own wife 'mother.' For we see in woman the giver of life."

To emphasize the human, intimate side of Indian parentage, the following little group of lullabies is offered as a glimpse into primitive motherhood; for civilization holds no essential human

¹All Indian songs quoted in this article were collected, translated and written down by the author on the Indian reservations and are copyrighted by her. The Pawnee, Kwakiutl, Cheyenne, Arapaho and Hopi lullabies were originally published in Miss Curtis' collection, "The Indians' Book," Harper and Bros., Publishers. The other songs are here printed for the first time.

In pronouncing Indian texts, vowels are given the continental sound: A=ah· E=ay; I=ee; O=o; U=oo.

ties deeper than those felt by early man. The melodies of these Indian "sleep-songs" are so potently sleep-giving that they may well be found acceptable to the white mother.

I once asked some school-children if they knew why the Indian mother carried her baby on her back. A hand flew up: "Because the Indian mother is always busy with her hands." When the toiling woman went about her many tasks, with her went her baby, bound securely on her back. How often have I seen the little Hopi women of arid Arizona, like burdened ants, climbing up the precipitous trail to their cliff-perched home, a heavy jar of fresh-fetched water on the back, and atop of the jar, the baby. Among some tribes the cradle-board to which the very young infant was often bound was highly ornamented with all the red man's age-old talent for conventionalized symbolic design. The buckskin covering might be richly embroidered with porcupine quill in geometrical cubes and angles of color, and the hood which shaded the baby's eyes festooned with soft feathers and dangling shells for the tiny hands to play with; or the board itself might be painted with protecting emblems of those cosmic forces with which the life of this nature-people is always linked. The Morning Star, clan-emblem of a Pawnee child, formed the chief design of the cradle-board on which were traced the arrow heads which tipped the arrows of the Morning Star for his journey across the sky. The rainbow enclosed the whole. Thus protected, the child might find strength and growth in sleep while the mother lulled it with the soft syllables, "Hau-wari."

Pawnee Lullaby

"Hau Wa'ri" "Sleep Rocking"

Not too fast: very legato From Oklahoma

M.M. $\text{♩} = 80$

Ha - u - o ha - u - o ha - u o Ha - u - wa - ri,
 ha - u - wa - ri, ha - u - wa - ri, ha - u - wa - ri.

Even as the art of a people reflects—whether consciously or not—the land of which the race is the human expression, so does the very person of the individual suggest the environment which has played upon him. Man must even express Deity in terms of racial art. The Virgin Mother is an Italian, a Fleming, a German,

or even, as in the famous "black Madonna," a mother of dark-skinned men. On the Yuma desert, near the border of Mexico I came one day upon a young Indian girl who—had the American Indian been Christian—might have seemed to a native painter a fitting symbol of Divine motherhood, though she was utterly the child of the untamed land that stretched on every side of her in brilliant orange, red and gold. She was sitting bare-foot on the sand, the folds of her voluminous skirt spread about her like an inverted flower-cup while the desert wind lifted the purple *serape* that flowed from her shoulders. The baby, bound with bright trappings to the cradle-board, made a flash of red across the knee. Flamingo cactus-blossoms flamed behind her. Her loose heavy hair, cut straight across the shoulders with the severity of Egyptian bas-relief, blued and glittered in the sun like the wing of the black-bird on the cactus branch. The desert butterfly, with pattern-painted wing, had taught the mother the art of decoration which glowed in a round spot of red paint on each brown cheek. In a voice as low as the half-heard song of the Colorado (the "Red River" of which the Yuma Indians call themselves "the sons"), the mother was crooning. The rhythmic words "Kashmam," asow'-wa" ("sleep, child"), alternating with a cooing "loo-loo-loo-loo," were strung like colored beads upon a melody whose minor seventh, added to the five-toned scale, sounds a typical modal characteristic of many a Yuma song.

Yuma Lullaby

Ash'var' Homar' Tashmatsk" "Song for putting Child to sleep"

With slow, swinging rhythm
M. M. J. 69

From Southern Arizona

Ma ma ma ma ma ma ma* ma ma ma ma ma ma As - My

ow-wa ka-shmam, as - ow-wa ka-shmam, as - ow-wa! As - ow-wa! ka-lit - tle one sleep, my lit - tle one sleep, my ba-by! My ba-by! oh

shmam, ka-shmam, ka-shmam, as-ow-wa, ka - shmam, as-ow-wa! ka - shmam, as-ow-wa! sleep, oh sleep, oh sleep, my lit-tle one sleep, my ba-by! oh sleep, my ba-by!

Loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo — ka - oh

shmam, ka-shmam, ka - shmam, as - ow - wa, ka - shmam, as - ow - wa!
sleep, oh sleep, oh sleep, my lit - tle one sleep, my ba - by!

Loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo — ka - oh

shmam, ka-shmam, ka - shmam, as - ow - wa, ka - shmam, as - ow - wa!
sleep, oh sleep, oh sleep, my lit - tle one sleep, my ba - by!

* Meaningless syllables

In contrast to the rounded softness of the desert "sleep-song" sounds the lullaby of the Northwest coast—a single rectangular refrain of four notes cut against the rhythmic beat of the sea along whose shores cluster the villages of the Kwakiutl people of Vancouver Island. Within the wooden houses whose heraldic totem poles point skyward, the baby in its cradle hangs from a cross-beam in the corner. A cord is tied to the cradle, and the mother, her hand or arm within the loop of the cord, rocks the baby with gentle pull, singing. To me, her song seemed to echo the sea, the snatch of melody beating down and drawing back like the monotonous play of waves. For the subconscious influence of the ocean's steady music traces its reflection on the mind as the sea carves ripples on the sand; and one is quick to imagine the reverberation of the sea's voice in the memory of nature-people.

Kwakiutl Cradle-Song

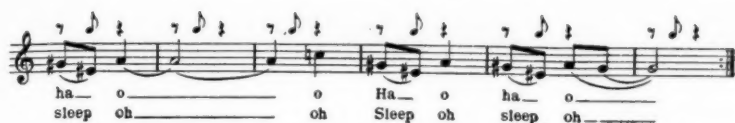
Slow and crooning
M. M. 49

Swing of cradle

From Vancouver Island

Ha o ha o ha o o Ha o
Sleep oh sleep oh sleep oh oh Sleep oh

ha o ha o o Ha o ha o
sleep oh sleep oh oh Sleep oh sleep oh



When the Indian child is taken from the cradle-board, the mother rubs and pulls the little legs and smooths the naked body from head to foot. The parents say that the back and limbs of the baby on the board grow straight. And the children seem happy; they are safe from harm even when the busy mother leans them up against the wall of the house or hangs them from a lodge pole; they cannot fall off of anything or crawl into mischief. Sometimes when the mother is at work outdoors the cradle-board sways from the branch of a tree ("Rockabye baby on the tree-top") and the Arapaho girls who taught me their Sleep-Song said that often just a push from the mother's hand would start the cradle swinging, and then the friendly wind would help, freeing the mother for her work. The word "Bé-hé-bé" (bébé) in the Arapaho language is undoubtedly from the French whose traders often mixed their blood with that of the people of the Plains in the old hunting and trapping days before the Louisiana Purchase.

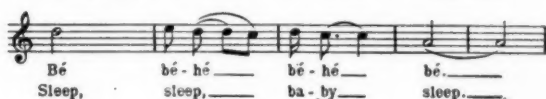
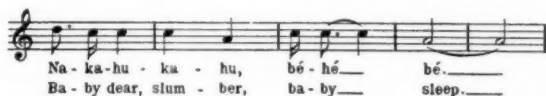
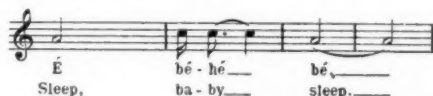
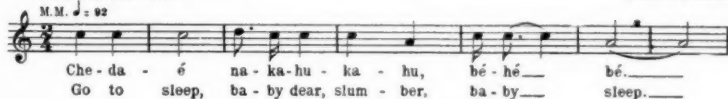
Arapaho Lullaby

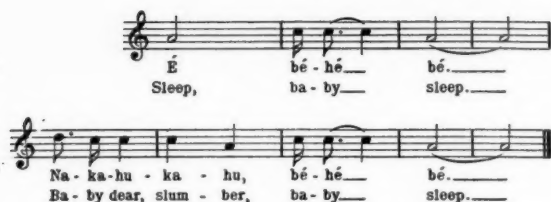
"Nakahu Naad" "Sleep Song"

In moderate time

M.M. ♩ = 92

From Montana





Cheyenne Lullaby

"Meshivotzi No-otz" "Baby Song"

From Oklahoma



On the steep, rocky trails that lead from the level Arizona desert to the *mesa* towns of the sedentary Hopi Indians, the "blind" beetles clamber in the hot sun, the little beetles sometimes sleeping on the backs of their elders—so the children say. The Hopi mother sitting in her stone doorway, swaying gently to and fro, herself a living cradle, tells the baby on her back to be blind like the beetles—to shut its eyes and see no more while she sings "pu'va, pu'va," the Hopi word for sleep.

Hopi Lullaby

"Puwuch' Táwi"

Not too fast

M. M. ♩ = 53

From Northeastern Arizona

Pu - va pu - va pu - va Ho - ho - ya - wu
In the trail the bee - ties

shuh - pö pa - ve - e Na - i - kwi - o klang - o
on each oth - ers backs are sleep - ing So on mine my ba - by thou

Pu - va pu - va pu - va Pu - va pu - va pu - va

The devotion of Indian parents is recognized by all who have lived among them. Said a not too sympathetic trader, "Well, I will say *one* thing for the Injuns: if it's anything a man is plum crazy about, it's his kid!" The Indian fathers equal the mothers in their tenderness to the children. From the Indian house in which I lived I used to watch the baby toddle eagerly into the outstretched arms of the home-coming father who would then lift the child over his head with a laugh and dance it in the air to the strange, geometrical ever-changing rhythms of a Hopi Katzina dance-song. The baby on its father's knee was taught its first dance-gestures as the man sang and moved the tiny arms rhythmically, shaking an imaginary dance rattle, invoking rain, or spreading the water over the fields in the symbolic pantomime of the ancient dance-dramas whose traditions the child thus absorbed with its first consciousness.

As often from the voices of men as of women did I hear the soft down-slurring phrases of "pu'va" whose archaic melody had sung babies to sleep on the Hopi *mesas* for uncounted generations. It was a Hopi father—our next door neighbor—who sang the song for my recording phonograph. The "People of Peace" as these Indians call themselves, were friendly toward the "box that sang" and they were always entertained by the squeaky phonographic record of their own robust voices. At the recording of the lullaby there was present a white scholar who was making a study of the Hopi language for a museum. The Indian had scarcely finished singing the last "pu'va" into the phonograph's brass horn when

the scientist ran to the machine, and pushing the Indian aside he laughingly asked the horn in the Hopi language, "What happens, my good friend, when the baby doesn't go to sleep? The Indian stared before him non-plussed while the relentless machine whirred on. Then, too late, when the cylinder was exhausted and I was obliged to stop the wheels, the pondering Hopi tapped his forehead and said, "Why did I not think in time to tell that thing"—pointing to the horn—"My good friend, when that song is sung, the baby *always* goes to sleep!"

But there are times when even "pu'va" fails to lull the Hopi child. A "stop-crying song" for naughty children is supposed to be sung by the Owl-Katzina, a mythological being represented in Hopi ceremonials by a masked dancer. It was a knotted old grandmother, with the baby on her back, who first sang for me the Owl Song. Her cracked voice quavered quaintly, and with laughter wrinkling her eyes she pointed ominously at the imaginary children, crying as they lie awake on their cradle-boards. As she sang, the little black head of the baby on her back bobbed up and down over her shoulder to the rhythm of the sharp little movements with which she emphasized the song. When in the end we caught in the refrain the "mé" of bleating goats and the foreboding hoot of the Owl, we agreed with the little old grandmother that no child could long remain naughty who thus heard the terror of the flocks at the approach of the Owl-Katzina. A young mother was standing near with her baby in her arms. "Hopi children are not bad," I said, "you do not often have to frighten them with the Owl Song?" The girl looked down at the little bundle quietly sleeping against her breast and answered proudly, "My baby never even heard that song."

Hopi Owl Song

"Mungwu Katziña Tawi" "Owl Katzina Song"

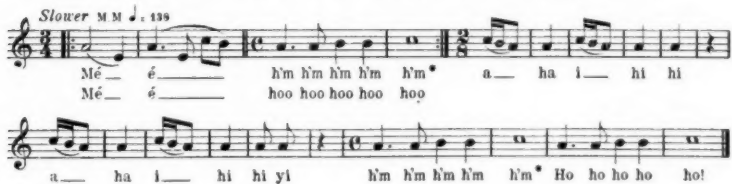
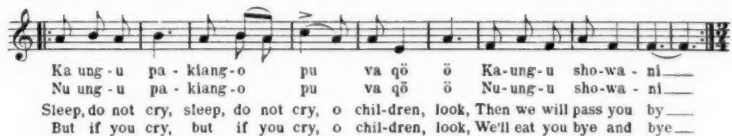
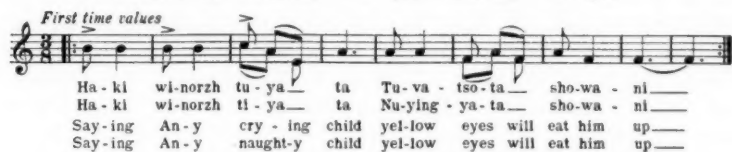
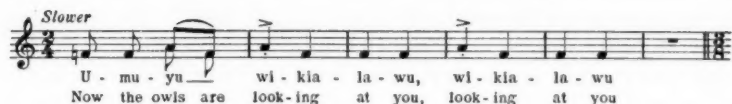
Free English translation

With sharp emphasis From Northeastern Arizona
 M. M. ♩. 208 Slower M. M. ♩. 128

Mung - wū, Mung - wū, ku - to - zhít a - mum, Na mí po - ci
 Owls, Owls, big owls and lit - tle, Star - ing, glar - ing,

no - no - va - o - ya; Si - kiang - put - a tai kiang o!
 eye-ing each oth - er; Chil - dren, from your boards, oh, see!

First time values again *port.*



* Sung, with closed lips

The simple philosophy of the natives of our land, whose great teacher is Nature, sees throughout all creation the birth-giving power of two opposite yet mating forces, the male and female principles. Symbolized in nature-poetry these primal elements of existence become to the Indian the Earth-Mother, within whose potent heart lie hushed and unborn all the seeds of life, and the Sun-Father, awakener and fructifier. Man is the child of these cosmic parents behind whom lies the great life-principle itself, too vast and unknowable to be defined, a force impersonal and infinite—the “Great Mystery.” At a Hopi name-giving ceremony which I witnessed, the new-born infant whose tender eyes had been kept within doors for the first days, was at last reverently carried at dawn to the edge of the cliff to behold its father, the Sun, whose first rays welcomed the child into the elemental world of which the new life was now a part. Solemnly the grandmother and aunts waved ears of corn, symbols of fertility and plenty, reciting a short prayer while pronouncing over the child its names. Slowly the sun rose, shining on the upheld infant and on the bronze women outlined on the austere summit of the cliff. Dawn flooded

the desert with swift waves of amethyst and gold. The morning air, pure, unbreathed, untainted, seemed the very breath of a life infinite and sublime. I forgot the devouring discord of the white man's towns. The figures at the edge of the upsweeping crags of rock were as yet the only human forms in a land whose vast horizon tossed against the sky in unbelievable color-splendor. The birth-throes of the coming day throbbed glory and promise and beauty unstained. Into such a world was the Indian baby born. I wonder, does many a white mother offer to her child a birth-gift meaningful as this? And yet the heritage of Nature is ours for the outstretched hand and the voice that asks.

ON HEARING WHAT YOU WANT WHEN YOU WANT IT

By CARL VAN VECHTEN

THERE are times when life seems to be a very faulty reality. Reflecting to-day, for example, in my garret, I find myself in a melancholy mood following a perusal of the advertising columns of the newspapers. I have looked through the concert-announcements for the day only to discover that I must hear—if I hear anything at all—either Beethoven's Seventh Symphony or Mozart's Symphony in G minor; either the Coriolan Overture or the Overture to Euryanthe; either Chabrier's Bourrée Fantasque (which I have never heard) or Sibelius's Finlandia; and, at the opera, I am offered Aida! Now this is all very discouraging to a man of temperament who would like to order his music as he orders his library or his veal kidneys. One is never obliged to eat at some one else's behest, one reads according to one's fancy, but when one wants to listen to music, one must perforce listen to what is being played or else not listen at all, unless—and here one must admit the futility of the comparison—one is Ludwig of Bavaria. This afternoon I have a whim to attend a concert which shall consist of César Franck's D minor symphony, Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps*, and Debussy's *La Mer*. Franck's symphony will, of course, be performed some time this winter, but the performance will be sure to fall on a day on which I have no ambition to hear it, and the other pieces will not, in all probability, be performed at all.

My temporary prejudices and tastes in music, indeed, never seem to be in accord with my opportunities. I longed for many years, for example, to hear Vincent d'Indy's *Istar*. The idea of the music disrobing, as the goddess of the legend disrobed, awakened my curiosity which was still further whetted by the rhapsodies which Philip Hale and James Huneker have constructed around the piece. But curiosity dies in time and on the day when, finally, I saw the thing announced, I discovered, to my surprise, that all appetite had left me. Nevertheless, on a bright winter afternoon, when I should have preferred to walk in the

park or to go to a moving-picture theatre, I forced myself into the concert-hall. The hall was over-heated and stuffy; I was surrounded by a crowd of hysterical females who had come to see a Russian violinist, whose name, had it been translated, was Mike or Alec. I sat through a long program, for Istar was last, and when, finally, it was played I began idly to turn over the pages of my book of notes about the music, reading the advertisements with an interest which I found I could not devote to the composition itself. To that, in fact, I scarcely listened. This is not a unique experience; it is usual. The evenings on which I yearn to hear Boris Godunoff they always sing *L'Amore dei Tre Re* at the Opera; the afternoons on which I have a deep longing to listen to Liszt's B minor sonata, the Hofmanns and Bauers and Moiseivitsches all are busy playing Chopin's.

This is very confusing and irritating, for taste in music changes, especially if you hear a good deal of it. I have worshipped at several altars. To some of them I return when I can. The cool, sane, classic beauty of Gluck, the gay, sweet-sour, tragi-comedy of Mozart, the red blare and poster-like dash of American ragtime, the lovely music of Debussy, so like the nocturnes of Whistler, the refreshing melody of Arthur Sullivan, these are seldom unwelcome, but the days on which I enjoy the orchestral orgies of Richard Strauss, the trumpet blasts of Richard Wagner, the fantastic inventions of Hector Berlioz, and the thunderbolts of Beethoven come more rarely. Other intermittent humours find me hankering for the ironic acidity of the quaintly perverse *l'Heure Espagnole*, the bombast of Handel, whom Samuel Butler very nearly succeeded in making famous again, Grieg's piano concerto, Chinese music, the adumbrations of Charles Martin Loeffler, and the thrilling experiments of Leo Ornstein, but seldom do mood and music strike me simultaneously.

There are days on which the charming melancholy and sentimentality of Werther and Eugene Onegin, lyric dramas curiously similar in feeling, would come as a boon. There are nights when "*Les Larmes*" would send me sobbing from the theatre, for this air and the letter song in Tchaikovsky's opera evoke a certain artificial atmosphere of grief more potently than any book or picture with which I am familiar. When Tatjana begins the letter song, if you are in the mood—and how seldom this is!—the key of the play is handed into your keeping, the soul of the composition communes with your own soul, and a vague sympathy with something perhaps alien to your own nature takes possession of you.

Sometimes I am seized with a desire for the dance, a desire for a conventional rhythmic expression, for, at least, even if one cannot dance, one sometimes wants to hear dance music, but these will not be the nights on which the Beautiful Danube, Coppélia, or Beethoven's Seventh Symphony will be played. Der Rosenkavalier would fill the breach, but how often can one hear Der Rosenkavalier?

I have never heard the Barber of Seville without enjoying it, but there are times when I burn to carry Rossinian explorations farther, when I might perhaps take delight in *L'Italiana in Algeri*, *Tancredi*, with its still delicious, although unheard, "*Di tanti palpiti*," sacred to the memory of Giuditta Pasta, William Tell, and *La Cenerentola*. Often, indeed, sitting before the fire in my garret, I wistfully beg the gods to put it into somebody's head to play me the tunes I have read about so often, but which now I can only hear in my mind's ear through the cold formality of the printed score: Félicien David's *Le Désert*, for example, that "*ode-symphonie*" which Hector Berlioz hailed as a chef-d'œuvre and which seemingly remained a chef-d'œuvre until the calm ironic Auber one day remarked, "I will wait until David gets off his camel." Either the remark or the subsequent dismounting killed the piece for now it is never played. But I would like to hear it. What could be quainter than Second Empire orientalism? Would Ingres's *Odalisque* come to life under this influence and stand in ivory perfection in some sheik's harem, listening to the call of the muezzin, while the camels tramped the desert with their lumbering, swaying passing? What of Spontini's *La Vestale*? Would this faded score do for Rome what Gluck's music has done for Greece? I can decorate my garret with mid-Victorian trophies, antimacassars, walnut highboys, wall-paper representing Roman temples with Victorian shepherd boys playing pipes near their columns, while troops of ladies, dressed like Mrs. Leo Hunter, take boats and embark for Cythera. I can examine at my leisure mezzotints and engravings by John Martin, Richard Earlom, Valentine Green, Goltzius, Edelinck, or J. R. Smith, and I can enjoy the mellow cornfields and forests of George Inness whenever I feel like it, which is not too often. I can take down from the shelves *The Monk* by M. G. Lewis, *Headlong Hall* by Thomas Love Peacock, *The Art of Dining* by Abraham Hayward, *The Truth about Tristrem Varick* by Edgar Saltus, or read of one of Ouida's wasp-figured guardsmen as often as I please. No strange, old-fashioned byway, no hidden cranny of painting or literature is denied me, but if I were dying of desire to listen to Purcell's *Dido*

and Aeneas, Rameau's *Hippolyte et Aricie*, Balfe's *The Maid of Artois*, or even Wagner's *Die Feen* or Puccini's *Edgar*, I should perish before the medicine arrived.

Watteau, Voltaire, Cranach, H. B. Fuller, Rodin, and Joseph Hergesheimer stand ready to please me whenever I am in the proper mood to appreciate their work but, unless I follow Ernest Newman's example—which I am not likely to do—and purchase a player-piano, I am dependent on the Paris Opéra or Mr. Walter Damrosch for the privilege of listening to Lully, Couperin, or Grétry. Even Ernest Newman must listen to most of his music in transcription—transcriptions, which he admits in his laudatory book on the subject, have been made carelessly enough for the most part from transcriptions already fashioned for human players, without reference to the orchestral scores, which the player-piano, being gifted with more than two hands, could more nearly duplicate—and in relation to such music as has not been cut in rolls he would stand in just the same position that I stand. Could he, for instance, buy a roll of *Le Désert*? At this very instant, in reference to my mention of Grétry an inch or two above, I would rather hear a performance of Richard Cœur de Lion, of which an excerpt, quoted in Tchaikovsky's *Pique Dame*, has haunted me ever since I heard that opera, than the complete works of Giuseppe Verdi. Nay! I think I would desert all other pleasures, even an evening at the theatre where Delysia plays, for a performance of the rewritten version of Simone Boccanegra. I might want to hear it only once, but how much I do want to hear it that once! At least I want to to-day. In 1926, when Gatti-Casazza at last mounts Simone Boccanegra at the Metropolitan Opera House, I shall probably go to bed entirely ignorant of the fact. Curiosity and desire will equally be dead, probably, so far as Cornelius's *The Barber of Bagdad*, Nicolai's *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini* are concerned, when the time at last comes when it will be easy for me to satisfy this curiosity and desire.

The case is no better with modern music. It is just as difficult to satisfy one's yearning to hear Dukas's *Ariane et Barbe-Bleue* as it is to hear Offenbach's *Barbe-Bleue*. The Boston Symphony Orchestra probably will perform Ravel's *Le Tombeau de Couperin* on the night when I am hungry for the *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales*, and Bodanzky will provide these last delights on the night when I can be satisfied with nothing but *Daphnis et Chloë*. This is assuredly music in the modern French idiom, although Erik Satie has said, "Ravel has refused the Legion of

Honour, but all his music accepts it," and we know that in ten years this epigram will become a platitude. We have heard a good deal from the modern Italians, Respighi and Malipiero lately, but I wanted to hear them two years ago.

On the whole it is amazing that I or anybody else ever acquires a taste for orchestral music or the opera. We are, it would seem, completely in the power of Messrs. Bodanzky, Gatti-Casazza, Stokovski, Pierre Monteux, the Messrs. Sargent and Milton Aborn, and Fortuno Gallo. They not only decide what we shall hear, they decide when we shall hear it. The situation, of course, is monstrous and unbearable. A few comparisons may bring it to you more forcibly. Suppose, for instance, that the directors of the Metropolitan Art Museum issued a decree to the effect that you could see Manet's *Boy with a Sword* only on July 17, 1922, and not again until February 4, 1930. Suppose that these gentlemen further ordered that Renoir's portrait of Madame Charpentier would be on view only on odd sundays during Lent. Suppose that the Greek vase room or the room containing the Chinese porcelains was only open to the public on December 6, 1922. Let us imagine another example, even more terror-inspiring. Suppose that Messrs. Brentano, Scribner, and Putnam, arbitrarily decided that the public could buy certain books only on certain days. On January 1, for example, Putnam's would sell only the works of Harold Bell Wright, Brentano's only Shaw's new volume of *Plays*, and Scribner's, Joseph Hergesheimer's *San Christóbal de la Habana*. On January 2, one would be permitted to purchase the novels of James Branch Cabell at Putnam's, Benedetto Croce's *Aesthetic* at Brentano's, and Charles Dickens's *A Christmas Carol* at Scribner's. On January 3, Putnam's would dole out a new novel by Sinclair Lewis, Brentano's would vend a book by Arthur Machen (if they could find one!), and Scribner's would sell Mencken's *A Book of Prefaces*. On January 4, perhaps I might persuade Putnam's to put out my *The Tiger in the House*; Brentano's would offer Max Beerbohm's *Seven Men*; and Scribner's would display *The Newcomes* by William Makepiece Thackeray. January 5 would be the day to buy *Esther Waters* at Putnam's, William Dean Howell's *Heroines of Fiction*, at Brentano's, and Wyndham Lewis's *Tarr* at Scribner's. On January 6, Putnam's would sell Philip Moeller's *Sophie*, Brentano's Donald Evans's *Sonnets from the Patagonian*, and Scribner's Webster's Dictionary. Of course Dutton's, Malkin's, Drake's, Stammer's, Schulte's, and Goldsmith's, and the officials of the Public Library would also make arbitrary decisions about

the book of the day. This would all seem very strange, no doubt, and probably we would stop buying books, because the particular book we wanted would never be on sale on the day we wanted it, but it would be no stranger than the situation in the concert and opera world.

The places where one must listen to music are also prescribed. One can read a book by the fire, in an apple orchard, or in the Grand Central Station—an excellent place to read some books, by the way—but if I want to hear an orchestra I must go to a concert-hall where the atmosphere is fetid, sit in a hard-backed chair, surrounded by women smelling of opopanax, muguet, and Mary Garden and men who have been smoking Lillian Russell cigars.

And yet, it would appear, there is no remedy. Concerts, after all, must be given within certain hours, and the number of pieces that can be played during these hours—a concert that lasts over 120 minutes is too long—is strictly limited. The Metropolitan Opera House can give only one full-length opera, or not more than three short ones, on one evening. Consequently somebody has to make a choice. The directors naturally choose the works which they think will appeal to the greatest number of people at the time they are played. This accounts for the fact that a symphony which perhaps has not been performed at all for several years will be announced for performance in New York by four conductors during as many weeks.

So we must put up with the inconvenience. We must listen to music when we can, where we can, and with whom we can, and not when, where, and with whom we want to. I wonder if there are others who dream of Debussy's *l'Après-midi d'un Faune* while they are listening to Berlioz's *Fantastic Symphony*, who go to hear Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* when they would prefer to hear Gluck's *Armide*. If some one knows what can be done about it, I hope he will tell me.

THE MUSIC OF SHADWELL'S "TEMPEST"

By WILLIAM BARCLAY SQUIRE

THE curiously intricate story of the Restoration versions of Shakespeare's "Tempest" has been so fully told by Mr. W. J. Lawrence in 'The Elizabethan Playhouse' (1912), and with less detail in the article on "Purcell's Dramatic Music" contributed by the present writer to the fifth volume of the *Sammelbände* of the International Music Society, that some apology is needed for dealing with the matter again. But the recent discovery by Mlle. Pereyra in the Library of the Paris Conservatoire of a manuscript containing some hitherto unknown music for "The Tempest" by Pelham Humphrey—a discovery which has been described in the Bulletin of the 'Société Française de Musicologie' for last October—renders it advisable to recapitulate the results of earlier research, more especially as the new material of the Paris manuscript enables us to correct, in one point, the conclusions arrived at in the above-mentioned papers and in Mr. E. J. Dent's preface to the "Tempest" music printed by the Purcell Society.

The story of the Restoration versions of "The Tempest" is as follows: In 1667 there was played by the Duke of York's Company at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre a version of Shakespeare's play by D'Avenant and Dryden. This was not published until 1670—two years after D'Avenant's death—with a Preface by Dryden, who says that

Sir William Davenant . . . designed the Counterpart to Shakespear's Plot, namely that of a Man who had never seen a Woman. . . . This excellent contrivance he was pleas'd to communicate to me, and to desire my assistance in it. I confess that from the very first moment it so pleas'd me, that I never writ anything with more delight.

It is not necessary to detail the egregious alterations made in the original play which were involved by D'Avenant's 'excellent contrivance,' but it must be noted that the 1667 production required the following musical settings:

1. A "Dialogue sung in parts" by two devils, in Act II, which begins "Where does proud ambition dwell." It is followed by this stage direction: "Enter the two that sung, in the shape of devils, placing themselves

at the two corners of the stage." They are joined by Pride, Fraud, Rapine and Murder, but these do not sing; "after which they fall into a round encompassing the Duke, etc., singing:

Around, around we pace
About this cursed place,
Whilst thus we compass in
These mortals and their sin."

The scene ends with a dance.

2. "Come unto these yellow sands."
3. "Full fathom five."
4. "The master, the swabber, the gunner and I."
5. "No more dams I'll make for fish."
6. "Dry those eyes."
7. "Where the bee sucks."

There are also dances in the last three acts, notably a Saraband for Ariel and Milcha, a female spirit with whom Ariel is in love, but who does not appear elsewhere in the play.

In 1671 the Duke's Company, then managed by Lady D'Avenant, her son Charles, and Harris and Betterton, two of the principal actors, moved to a new theatre on the east side of Salisbury Court, on the site of the gardens of Dorset House. The theatre, which was larger than the Drury Lane house (then occupied by the King's Company), was designed by Wren. It had approaches both by land and water and seems to have been a very beautiful structure. (There are views of both exterior and interior in the 1673 Quarto of Elkanah Settle's "Empress of Morocco.") With its large stage and improved machinery the Dorset Gardens Theatre from the first became noted for spectacular displays. Thanks to the 'Roscius Anglicanus' of Downes, who was prompter to the Duke of York's Company from 1662 to 1706, we possess a valuable record of the theatrical performances of the reigns of Charles II, James II and William and Mary, and though he is sometimes inaccurate and his dates wrong, yet his mistakes are not so numerous as to invalidate the general correctness of his evidence. From this source we know that there was performed at the Dorset Gardens Theatre

in 1673, the Tempest, or the Enchanted Island, made into an Opera by Mr. Shadwell, having all New in it; as Scenes, Machines; particularly, one Scene Painted with Myriads of Ariel Spirits; and another flying away, with a Table Furnisht out with Fruits, Sweetmeats, and all sorts of Viands; just when Duke Trinculo and his Companions were going to Dinner; all was things perform'd in it so Admirably well, that not any succeeding Operas got more money.

Mr. Lawrence has shown, on the evidence of a manuscript Prologue and Epilogue written by Shadwell for this production, that the "Opera" of "The Tempest" must have been performed early in 1674, and not in 1673. But as the year at that time ended in March, Downes was not far wrong in his date. The new version performed at Dorset Gardens was published in 1674, and though the text was very materially altered from the Dryden-D'Avenant version, no notice of this appeared on the title-page, and Dryden's Preface with the Prologue and Epilogue of the older version were retained. Curiously enough, when the new version was reprinted in 1690, though the letterpress was set up afresh, the same thing was done, so that, until recently, both the 1673 and 1690 Quartos were taken as being Dryden-D'Avenant versions. But there can be no doubt that they represent Shadwell's operatic arrangement for the Dorset Gardens Theatre, and one of the songs, 'Arise, ye subterranean winds,' occurs with his name as author in a collection of songs issued in 1680 by Pietro Reggio, a Genoese musician who died in London in 1685.

The 1673 Quarto is very interesting from the light it throws on the stage arrangements of the time. At the beginning of Act I

the Front of the Stage is open'd, and the Band of 24 Violins, with the Harpsicals and Theorbo's which accompany the Voices, are plac'd between the Pit and the Stage. While the Overture is playing the Curtain rises, and discovers a new Frontispiece, joyn'd to the great Pilasters, on each side of the Stage. This Frontispiece is a noble Arch, supported by large wreathed Columns of the Corinthian Order; the wreathings of the Columns are beautifi'd with Roses wound round them, and several Cupids flying about them. On the Cornice, just over the Capitals, sits on either side a Figure, with a Trumpet in one hand, and a Palm in the other, representing Fame. A little farther on the same Cornice, on each side of a Compass-pediment, lie a Lion and a Unicorn, the Supporters of the Royal Arms of England. In the middle of the Arch are several Angels, holding the Kings Arms, as if they were placing them in the midst of that Compass-pediment. Behind this is the Scene, which represents a thick Cloudy Sky, a very Rocky Coast, and a Tempestuous Sea in perpetual Agitation. This Tempest (suppos'd to be rais'd by Magick) has many dreadful Objects in it, as several Spirits in horrid shapes flying down among the Sailers, then rising and crossing in the Air. And when the Ship is sinking, the whole House is darken'd, and a shower of Fire falls upon 'em. This is accompanied with Lightening, and several Claps of Thunder, to the end of the Storm.

From this description it is clear that room was made for an orchestra by means of a second proscenium, the 'New Frontispiece'; the same arrangement is described in Dryden and Grabu's 'Albion and Albanus' (1685). The "Band of 24 Violins" was evidently

the Royal Band, established early in his reign by Charles II, in imitation of the band of Louis XIV. The singers were also recruited from the Royal establishment, for in the Lord Chamberlain's accounts it is recorded, on 16 May, 1674, that

it is his Majesty's pleasure that Mr. Turner and Mr. Hart, or any other men or boys belonging to his Majesty's Chappell Royal that sing in ye *Tempest* at his Royall Highness Theatre, doe remaine in towne all the week (during his Majesty's absence from Whitehall) to perform that service.

The number of "men and boys" so employed seems to have been thirty, for Shadwell's Epilogue (in Eg. Ms. 2623) says:

We have Machines to some perfection brought,
And above 30 Warbling voyces gott.

How the whole house was darkened is not clear; possibly it was done by raising chandeliers of candles. It seems doubtful whether foot-lights were used; if so, they must have been drawn off at the sides or screened by shades.

In changing the D'Avenant-Dryden play into an Opera, besides the usual Act and Curtain Tunes, Shadwell naturally introduced a number of instrumental dances and 'flourishes,' and incidental music. He retained the Shakespearean words of 'Come unto these yellow sands,' 'Full fathom five,' 'The master, the swabber, the gunner and I,' 'No more dams I'll make for fish,' and the D'Avenant-Dryden 'Dry those eyes.' The 'Dialogue' sung in Parts, by two devils in Act II was considerably extended. It was first sung under the stage by three devils, who presently rose and were joined by Pride, Fraud, Rapine and Murder—who were all singing characters. At the end of the scene, as Alonzo and his companions are going out, "a Devil rises just before them," who sings a song, 'Arise, ye subterranean winds,' after which "Two Winds rise, ten more enter and dance: at the end of the Dance, three Winds sink, the rest drive" Alonzo, Antonio and Gonzalez off. In Act III, 'Full fathom five' is allotted to Milcha, and the whole work ends with a sort of Masque, in which Neptune, Amphitrite, Oceanus and Tethys appear in a chariot drawn by sea-horses; Æolus descends; winds "from the four corners" appear; there follows "a symphony of Musick, like Trumpets, to which four Trytons dance," and after further singing and dancing, the "scene changes to the Rising Sun, and a number of Aerial Spirits in the Air, Ariel flying from the Sun, advances towards the Pit" and "Ariel and the rest" sing "Where the bee sucks," "Song ended, Ariel speaks, hovering in the Air."

The interesting question arises as to how far it would be possible to reconstruct the musical setting of Shadwell's operatic "Tempest." As to the purely instrumental music, part of it—composed by Matthew Locke—was printed in 1675 in "The English Opera; or the Vocal Musick in Psyche. . . . To which is Adjoyned the Instrumental Musick in the Tempest." In the preface to this work, Locke states that *the Instrumental Musick before and between the Acts, and the Entries in the Acts of Psyche are omitted by the consent of their Author, Seignior Gio. Baptista Draghi.*¹ *The Tunes of the Entries and Dancers in the Tempest (the Dancers being chang'd) are omitted for the same reason.*

"Psyche" (the words of which are by Shadwell) was produced in 1673, and it is clear that Draghi wrote the dance-music for both that work and for "The Tempest," though what the expression "the dancers being chang'd" means, seems obscure. That Draghi's dances will ever be recovered is unlikely, but the preservation of Locke's music is very valuable. It consists of First and Second Music (played while the audience was assembling), Curtain Tune (or Overture), four Act Tunes and a Conclusion. The First Music comprises an Introduction, Galliard and Gavotte; the Second Music a Saraband and "Lilk" (a term which is defined in no dictionary); the Curtain Tune evidently attempts to depict the storm with which the play opens; the First Act Tune is a Rustic Air; the Second a Minuet; the Third a Corant; the Fourth a Martial Jig, and the Conclusion (probably played as the audience was dispersing) a Canon, 4 in 2. The Curtain Tune and the Lilk were reprinted in 1812 in Vol. I of Stafford Smith's 'Musica Antiqua.'

Somewhere about the same time as the publication of "Psyche," there appeared a small collection headed "The Ariel's Songs in the Play call'd the Tempest," which contains music by John Banister for 'Come unto these yellow sands,' 'Dry those eyes,' 'Go thy way' and 'Full fathom five'; by Pelham Humphrey for 'Where the bee sucks,' and by James Hart for 'Adieu to the pleasures'—a song which does not occur in any of the Quartos. This publication offers a very puzzling bibliographical problem. Rimbault (in Grove's Dictionary) says that Banister, jointly with Pelham Humphrey, wrote the music to 'The Tempest,' performed in 1667, some of the songs in which were published in the first book of "Choice Ayres" in 1676, while the Dictionary of National Biography makes matters worse by saying that Banister and Humphrey wrote music for "The Tempest" in 1676—two years after

¹By an extraordinary mistake Grove's Dictionary (I. 727) states that Draghi published in 1675 the Act-tunes and some other instrumental music for 'Psyche'!

the date of Humphrey's death. According to Husk (Grove's Dictionary, II, p. 442) the "rare, separately paged sheet" containing the 'Ariel's Songs' is to be found inserted in some copies of the 1676 edition of "Choice Ayres." The British Museum contains copies of both the 1675 and 1676 editions of the book, but neither contains any 'Tempest' music, though the latter does print Hart's song, but without any indication that it belongs to "The Tempest." The Museum also possesses a copy of 'The Ariel's Songs,' without date, pagination or imprint; and in a very fragmentary copy of some edition of "Choice Ayres" which is preserved in the Royal College of Music, there is another copy, in which the 'Ariel's Songs' are paged 77-80, with the register signature Vv, but followed by a second page 77. This imperfect copy wants the title-page, but from p. 69 on differs entirely from the 1676 edition, which is considerably longer. It is very difficult to say from this evidence which is the earliest edition of the 'Ariel's Songs.' The discovery of a perfect copy agreeing with the Royal College book would settle the question, but provisionally it may be surmised that it represents a second edition of the 1675 book, and that, previous to its issue, the 'Ariel's Songs' were printed without pagination and then included (with pagination) in the book after it was ready for publication. Why they were omitted from the 1676 edition seems inexplicable. Anyway, it is pretty certain that the printed 'Ariel's Songs' do not date from before 1675, and the general assumption that they represent the musical settings used in the D'Avenant-Dryden version of 1667 falls to the ground, while on the other hand, it is practically certain that they form part of the Shadwell production.

In this respect the presence of Hart's song is important. The title 'Dorinda lamenting the loss of her Amintas' (there is no Amintas in either version) points to its having been introduced—probably in the fourth or fifth Act, where Dorinda thinks that Hippolyto has been killed by Ferdinand—and that it forms no part of D'Avenant's, Dryden's, or Shadwell's alterations.

James Hart was born at York in 1647 and was a bass-singer in the Minster there until 1670, when he was appointed a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal. It has already been shown in the extract from the Lord Chamberlain's accounts, that he was one of the singers in the 1674 Shadwell production, and it is safe to conclude that his song was introduced either then or at some subsequent revival. Anyway it could not have been written for the 1667 D'Avenant-Dryden version, when he was still living at York. Moreover, Pelham Humphrey only returned from

studying abroad in October, 1667, and it is not very probable that he would at once have been employed to set 'Where the bee sucks' for the D'Avenant-Dryden version, which Pepys seems to have seen performed on the 7th November, 1667. In 1674 Humphrey was Master of the Children, Banister Leader of the King's Band, Locke Composer in Ordinary to the King and Draghi probably organist to Catherine of Braganza, so that the musical setting of Shadwell's 'Tempest' was entrusted to the most prominent musicians of the day. If the view that the 'Ariel's Songs' really belong to 1674 and not to 1667 is correct, they furnish an important addition to the instrumental music of Locke. Caliban's songs, and 'The master, the swabber, the gunner and I,' were probably not set to music, but sung by the actors to any impromptu strain. The missing vocal music has now been supplied by Mlle. Pereyra's fortunate discovery in the library of the Paris Conservatoire.

It consists of fourteen pages of manuscript, written on a stave of six lines, and was acquired at the Libri Sale in 1858. To judge by the careful copy which Mlle. Pereyra has kindly had made, the manuscript contains a good many errors, though not such as may not be easily corrected. It is headed "The Vocal Musick in the Tempest by Mr. Pelh. Humfrey," and contains (in the following order) 'The song of the Three Divells,' The Masque, and the song 'Arise, ye subterranean winds'; thus supplying the lacunæ in Locke's publication and in the 'Ariel's Songs,' so that (with the exception of Draghi's dance-tunes) the whole of the musical setting of Shadwell's "Tempest" can now be reconstructed. The position of 'Arise, ye subterranean winds' in the Conservatoire manuscript is noticeable, for in the play the song occurs in Act II and not after the Masque. It is also the only part of the music which has a figured bass. The explanation of this is that the setting is not by Humphrey, but by Pietro Reggio; it will be found in the rare "Songs set by Signior Pietro Reggio" published at London in 1680 and its presence in the manuscript thus confirms the surmise that it was written for the 1674 performance. It is much to be wished that a work of so much historical interest as the music to Shadwell's 'Tempest' could be published. Humphrey's share in it is especially interesting, as he is generally credited with having introduced into England the style of declamatory recitative which originated in Italy and was developed in France by Lully, with whom Humphrey is said to have studied. Though it was supplanted for stage purposes by Purcell's music, the "Tempest" of Locke, Humphrey and Banister has an important place among the incunabula of opera in England.

It is in cases like these that the need of an English publication on the lines of the German "Denkmäler" is so much felt. Locke's "Psyche," the Shadwell "Tempest" music, Eccles' "Macbeth" and "Semele," the operas of Daniel Purcell and Godfrey Finger, the "Macbeth" music before it was tinkered by Boyce—these ought all to be available to students of the history of English music. But a country which owns Purcell and yet has not succeeded in completing the edition of his works begun forty-five years ago cannot be expected to take any interest in the music of its minor composers.

Scene from the
Masque "The Tempest"

Words by Thos. Shadwell

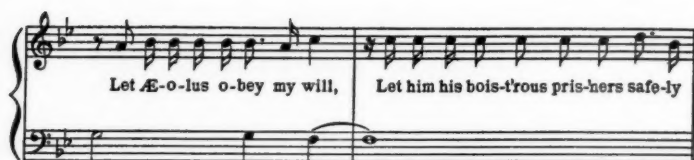
Pelham Humphrey

Amphitrite

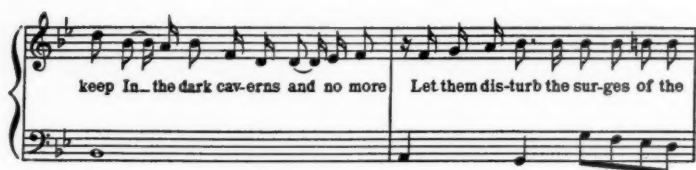
My Lord, great Nep-tune, for my sake, Of

this bright beau - - ty pit - y take, And to the rest al -

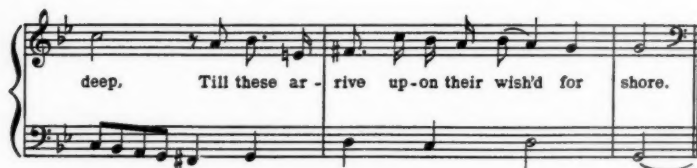
low your mer - cy too. Let this en-rag-ed el - e-ment be still,



Let Æ-o-lus o-bey my will, Let him his bois-t'rous pris-hers safe-ly

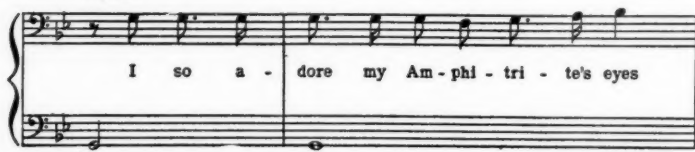


keep In the dark cav-erns and no more Let them dis-turb the sur-ges of the

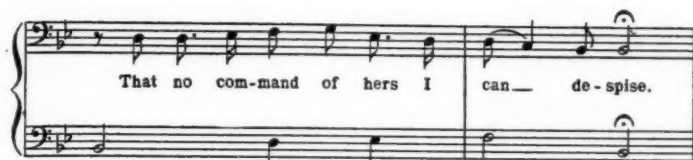


deep. Till these ar - rive up-on their wish'd for shore.

Neptune



I so a - dore my Am - phi - tri - te's eyes



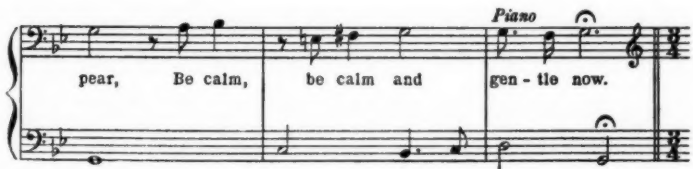
That no com-mand of hers I can— de-spise.



Te-thys no fur-rows now shall wear, O - ce - a - nus no



wrin - kles on his brow, Let your se - ren - est looks ap -



pear, Be calm, be calm and *Piano* gen - tle now.

Amphitrite

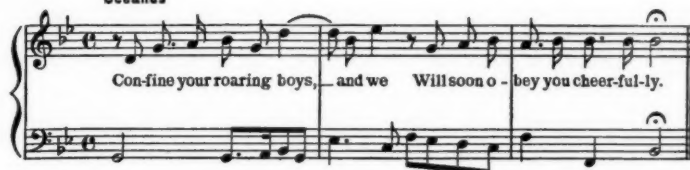
Be calm, ye great pa-rents of the floods and the springs, While each
 Neptune
 Be calm, ye great pa-rents of the floods and the springs, While each

Ne - reid and Tri - ton plays, rev - els, and sings. Be
 Ne - reid and Tri - ton plays, rev - els, and sings. Be

calm, ye great pa-rents of the floods and the springs, While each
 calm, ye great pa-rents of the floods and the springs, While each

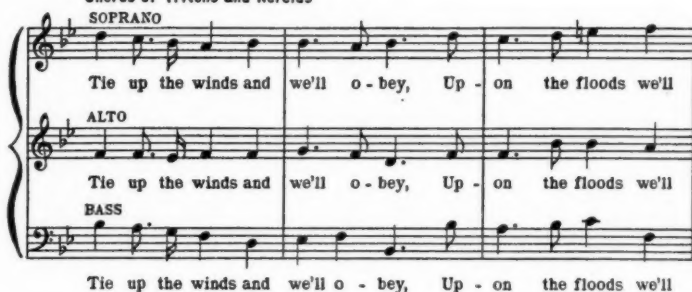
Ne - reid and Tri - ton plays, rev - els, and sings.
 Ne - reid and Tri - ton plays, rev - els, and sings.

Oceanus



Con-fine your roaring boys, and we Will soon o - bey you cheer-ful-ly.

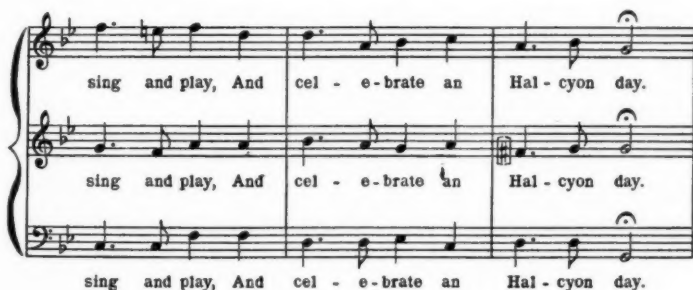
Chorus of Tritons and Nereids



SOPRANO
Tie up the winds and we'll o - bey, Up - on the floods we'll

ALTO
Tie up the winds and we'll o - bey, Up - on the floods we'll

BASS
Tie up the winds and we'll o - bey, Up - on the floods we'll



sing and play, And cel - e - brate an Hal - cyon day.

sing and play, And cel - e - brate an Hal - cyon day.

sing and play, And cel - e - brate an Hal - cyon day.

Tie up the Winds and we'll o-bey, Up - on the floods we'll

Tie up the Winds and we'll o-bey, Up - on the floods we'll

Tie up the Winds and we'll o - bey, Up - on the floods we'll

sing and play, And cel - e-brate an Hal - cyon day.

sing and play, And cel - e-brate an Hal - cyon day.

sing and play, And cel - e-brate an Hal - cyon day.

NAPOLEON, MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

By J.-G. PROD'HOMME

A CENTURY has gone by since Napoleon died at Saint Helena. On May 5, 1821, the man who had made the world tremble, who had cast down and set up thrones, who had essayed to found a dynasty and, in out-and-out modern times, achieved an epic which bears comparison with the most prodigious ones whose memory is preserved in general history, disappeared from earth.

When we speak Napoleon's name, we evoke one of the most extraordinary as well as the most widely discussed geniuses known to humanity at large, one of those who give the world an impulsion whose repercussions make themselves felt across the centuries. The hero whom Beethoven wished to honor was not only a warrior genius, he was also a legislator whose universal spirit of organization embraced every manifestation of human activity, whether scientific, literary or artistic, military or political. To discuss Napoleon the art-lover, Napoleon the musician, is to endeavor to uncover one of the facets, and by no means the least interesting, of his multiple personality: it allows us to fathom his sensibility, always wide-awake and on the alert, and also to show in him the philosopher presenting in a few lines, a few true and conclusive words, his sociological ideas with regard to Art.

And when we consider Napoleon in his relations to music and musicians, we recall, in addition, an art-epoch which at a distance is revealed to us with certain sharply-defined characteristics, as apparent in the music as in the other developments of the human mind and intelligence during the fifteen years of the Consulate and the Empire. Finally, it recalls a source of inspiration to which musicians—though in a far less degree than other artists or writers—have had recourse on occasion.

Thanks to the documents, private and official, the papers and journals, the memoirs covering the Napoleonic era which we possess in such numbers, we are able to present this survey of Napoleon in his relations to music in the pages which follow.

* *
*

When young Napoleon Bonaparte went to France, to prepare himself for a military career in the school at Brienne, and first of

all at the *Collège d'Autun* (where he learned French in three months), he was ten years old. It is possible that he brought with him some musical recollections of his island, some folk-tunes, *nanne* (cradle songs), serenades, ballads, *noëls*, *lamenti*, *voceri* or *paghielle*, heard in town or in the country. Corsican folk-lore, recently studied by M. Austin de Croze (*Chants populaires de la Corse*, 1912) without being exuberantly luxuriant, at that time still had preserved a large number of traditional airs, which have not yet vanished in our own day. And to this anonymous music there should no doubt be added some songs or ariettes brought from the Continent, Italy in particular, by travellers.

After having spent three months at Autun (January 1 to May 12, 1779), he remained for five and a half years at Brienne (up to October of 1784). In this monarchical academy, where young gentlemen were educated for the king's service, they were not only instructed in the sciences and humanities, but were also given some idea of the arts which might enable them, later on, to play a part in society; in addition to fencing, an art with which no soldier and no gentleman could dispense, and drawing, the students at Brienne were given dancing—and music lessons. The names of the professors who taught these branches are known: they were musically speaking, artists quite obscure, Frédéric, Morizet and Gugenberg, the first and last probably of German or Alsatian origin. They taught both vocal and instrumental music, and the officers of the future, in their annual public exercises, gave examples of their musical aptitudes. Thus, in 1782, fifteen students performed an "*entrée* for grand orchestra," two others played a duo, and still others a quartet, and the "*Mannheim Menuet*." Yet the year following, the course in music was suppressed, and its place taken by another course in living languages, regarded as a more useful study.

There is no record of the young Napoleon—"not very strong as regards the amenities and Latin," to quote one of his reports—having taken part in the public musical exercises already mentioned. We know, however, that under the direction of an "academician" by name of Javilliers (there was a dancer of this name at the Paris *Opéra* from 1701 to 1743) Napoleon was one of the thirty-seven students who "took lessons in walking and bowing," as well as one of the seventeen who "executed the steps of the quadrille together, and with their evolutions in group made a pretty sight for the pleasure of the onlookers," at the exercises of 1781¹.

¹A. Chuquet, *La Jeunesse de Napoleon*, Tome I.

Later on, at Malmaison and the Tuileries, the First Consul and Emperor showed that he had not forgotten the principles he had acquired at Brienne. Above all, he enjoyed dancing to the old airs which recalled to him his youth, such as *La Monaco*, which he always called for "as being the easiest, and the air to which he danced least badly." (Thibeudeau, *Mémoires sur le Consulat*.)

"What do you think of my dancing?" the Emperor one day asked Countess Potocka. "Sire," she replied, "for a great man you dance perfectly!"

As regards music, he could remember only comic-opera ariettas or chansonettes, which he sang with a voice as much out of tune as that of Louis XV.

Usually it was in the morning (says his valet Constant), that these little reminiscences cropped up. He would regale me with them while he was being dressed. The air which I most frequently heard him exco-riate was the *Marseillaise*. At times, too, the Emperor would whistle, but not loudly. The tune of *Marlborough*, when the Emperor whistled, represented for me his positive announcement of a speedy departure for the army. I remember that he never whistled so much, and that he was never more gay than when the moment came for him to leave for the Russian campaign.

And during the campaign itself he hummed the same air after the passage of the Niemen, at Thorn, in the June of 1812.

The officers on duty who were resting about his apartment, were stupefied at hearing him sing at the top of his voice an air appropriate to the circumstances, one of those revolutionary refrains which had so often carried the French along the road to victory, the first stanza of the *Chant du départ*.¹

Six months later, on November 14, between Smolensk and Krasnoie, the faithful Constant once more draws a picture of the Emperor, surrounded by the Old Guard, passing across the firing-line of the battle:

The band played the air: *Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?* (Where could one be better off than in the bosom of his family?). Napoleon stopped it, crying: 'Play rather: *Veillons au salut de l'empire!*' (Watch over the safety of the Empire). It would be hard to imagine anything more inspiring.²

¹Albert Vandal, *Napoléon et Alexandre*.

²These two national airs were taken from the comic operas: the first is the famous quartet from Grétry's *Lucile*; the second, an air from Dalayrac's *Renaud d'Ast*, was provided with new words at the time of the Revolution.

The Baron de Meneval, one of his secretaries, tells us:

When he grew weary of reading poetry, he would begin to sing loudly, but out of tune. When nothing vexed him, or when he was satisfied with the subject-matter of his meditations, the fact was reflected in his choice of songs. One of his favorite melodies had for its subject a young girl whose lover cures her of the bite of some winged insect. It was a kind of Anacreontic ode with but a single stanza. It ended with the line:

Un baiser de sa bouche en fut le médecin.

(A kiss from her lips was the cure he used.)

When he was in a more serious frame of mind, he would sing verses of hymns or of the revolutionary cantatas, such as the *Chant du départ*, *Veillons au salut de l'empire*, or he would warble the two lines:

Qui veut asservir l'univers

Doit commencer par sa patrie.

(He who would the world subdue

With his own country should begin.)

He would at times pass over to a less serious strain, as, for example, when having finished his work, he went to the apartments of the Empress:

Ah! c'en est fait, je me marie.

(Ah! now 'tis done and I will wed.)

or else:

Non, non z'il est impossible

D'avoir un plus aimable enfant.

(No, no, 'tis quite impossible

A kinder sweetheart to possess.)

From the standpoint of another of his contemporaries, Arnault (*Souvenirs d'un sexagénaire*),

in his case the song was nothing else than the expression of his ill humor. During his moments of annoyance, walking about with his hands behind his back, he would hum, as much as possible off the key, *Ah! c'en fait, je me marie*. Everyone knew what this signified. 'If you have some favor to ask of the general, do not ask it at this moment: he is singing,' Junot said to me.

According to this same Arnault, who followed him to Egypt, Bonaparte, like all soldiers, preferred "a popular song, arranged for the oboe, the flute, the trumpet and the clarinet, to the compositions of one of the greatest geniuses who ever existed" (Méhul). At the time he considered Della Maria, a Frenchman naturalized in Italy, whose graceful and spontaneous gifts had been revealed the preceding winter in *le Prisonnier*,¹ as the greatest of all composers.

¹A comic opera presented at the Feydeau Theatre, January 29, 1798.

We shall see, in the following pages, how his preferences, although they underwent some modification in the course of years, remained faithful to Italian music.

* * *

After visits to Corsica, and after having taken Toulon, Napoleon, placed on the retired list, comes to Paris the possessor of a certain already established reputation. He frequents the theatres no less than political circles, and it is at this time, with the prodigious facility for assimilation which characterizes him, that he is able to educate himself musically at the *Opéra*, the *Opéra-Comique* and the *Feydeau*, up to the moment when he is appointed commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy (1796). And while preparing his plans of campaign, he does not forget to occupy himself with civilian affairs, with letters, science and the arts. Thus it is that, in 1797, together with Salicetti, the executive commissary of the Directory with the armies, he issues a decree "to make certain, by reliable means, of such monuments of science and art as may be found in the cities conquered by the armies, and have them sent to France." Nor was music forgotten, as is so often the case in similar circumstances; and while Jean-Pierre Tinet, an artist of the Tuscan Legation, is attached to the army in the character of an agent "charged to gather up in the conquered territories the paintings, master-pieces and other monuments of antiquity which are adjudged worthy of being sent to Paris," Rodolphe Kreutzer, then professor of violin at the *Conservatoire*, accompanies the army or is sent to join it, and is similarly active, musically, from the year V to the year VIII (1800). For nearly two years Kreutzer remains in Italy, having copies made of numerous manuscripts, and sending off these "trophies of the valor of the French arms" (as a memorial he addressed to the ministry in 1808 puts it) to the library of the Paris *Conservatoire*. Then, when peace was signed at Campo-Formio, he undertook a concert-tour through central Europe. He was in Vienna with Bernadotte, at the beginning of the year 1798, and there made the acquaintance of Beethoven, to whom he is said to have suggested the idea of the *Eroica* Symphony. Beethoven, on the other hand, a long time after, dedicated the famous Sonata for violin and piano to him.

Alluding to this mission of Kreutzer's, the poet Arndt, in his book of travels (*Reise*, Vol. I, p. 340), wrote at the time in question:

The celebrated Kreutzer of Paris came here recently (to Vienna), saying that the French had collected and carried away all the ancient music by the masters long since dead, and which could only be heard and studied in Italy. Hence, as regards music, for the moment there is no one able to draw off young Europe's boots.

In a letter by Bonaparte, actually written from grand general headquarters in Milan, the 8th Thermidor of the Year V (July 26, 1797), to the inspectors of the *Conservatoire* at Paris, we find a few interesting lines relating to music:

Among all the fine arts (writes the young commander-in-chief), music is the one which exercises the greatest influence upon the passions, and is the one which the legislator should most encourage. A musical composition created by a master-hand makes an unfailing appeal to the feelings, and exerts a far greater influence than a good work on morals, which convinces our reason without affecting our habits.

Here we already find Bonaparte thinking as a legislator, and as a general who has observed the effect of music on his men, rather than as an amateur. His reading or his reflections had inspired this very accurate thought regarding music. In a similar manner he considers music from the standpoint of social utility when, three months later, he writes to the minister of the interior the 26th Vendemiaire of the Year VI (October 17, 1797):

I beg you, citizen minister, to inform the musicians of the Cisalpine Republic (that is to say, of Northern Italy), that I offer for competition, to whoever writes the best piece having for its subject the death of General Hoche, a prize and a medal to the value of one hundred sequins. You will be kind enough to appoint three artists who will act as judges to allocate this prize.

Bonaparte.

Poets and composers at once set to work, and while in Paris, on the tenth Vendemiaire (October 1), they sang an ingenious lament inspired by the death of the young general of the Republic, Cherubini's *Hymne funèbre*—one of the finest compositions of the revolutionary period, set to words by M.-J. Chénier and completed in eight days—Paisiello, then *maître-de-chapelle* of the King of the two Sicilies, was working on a *Musica funebre all' occasione della morte del fu Generale Hoche, cercatagli dal Sigre. General in Capite Buonaparte*. . . . Naples, November 11, 1797.

It was thus that Bonaparte endeavored to rally to the cause of the French Republic the scholars and artists of the conquered lands. And this fact may have been partly responsible for the great and almost exclusive admiration the First Consul showed for Paisiello. Napoleon himself carried the latter's score to Paris

and deposited it in the *Conservatoire*: it is inscribed, in his own hand-writing "Given to the Conservatory of Music by the Citizen Bonaparte."

Not long after, the *Conservatoire*, wishing to please its future master—"Napoleon was already showing through the Bonaparte," as Victor Hugo said—had this hymn performed in his presence. But at the same time it was unluckily inspired to give a performance of Cherubini's work as well. When the ceremony had terminated, Bonaparte, addressing himself to Cherubini in a dissatisfied manner, told him that Paisiello was the greatest of contemporary of composers, and that Zingarelli came next. Divining the tastes of the great man at a word, Méhul, Gossec, Grétry and Lesueur, who were present, bowed deferentially; but Cherubini whose spine was less flexible, showed less patience and presence of mind and murmured: "Paisiello might pass at a pinch, but Zingarelli. . . ." We shall see later on how he soon managed to earn the disfavor of the master of France.

His stay in Milan, where music played an important part, finally and completely turned Napoleon's taste in the direction of Italian musical art, which he had recently enjoyed in Paris, side by side with operas in Gluck's style, dramas by Lesueur and Cherubini, and French comic-operas. Nevertheless, his ideas changed more or less with the years and with circumstances, notably after his marriage to Marie-Louise, an Austrian princess, whose musical education had been quite different from that of Josephine, the former Madame de Beauharnais.

Returning to Paris on December 5, 1797, Bonaparte remained there for exactly six months, until his departure for Egypt (May 4, 1798). He brought back the Treaty of Campo-Formio, and solemnly turned it over to the Directory, in session at the Luxembourg Palace, on December 10. This solemnity gave the authors of the *Chant du Départ*, M. J. Chénier and Méhul, an opportunity of presenting their *Chant du Retour*, which was performed at the *Conservatoire* in honor of the Army of Italy, and to celebrate a peace which none thought as ephemeral as it turned out to be.

In his preparations for the Egyptian campaign, as in those for the campaign of Italy, Bonaparte developed tremendous activity. Not only did he occupy himself with military plans, but his spirit of organization extended to the sciences, to literature, and the arts, no less than to questions of civil administration. He appointed a large commission, which was given the name of the "Egyptian Institute," and included representatives of every branch of human knowledge. The result of their labors has been

embodied in a monumental publication known under the name of the "Description of Egypt," whose twenty volumes in folio were published at intervals from 1809 to 1826. Instead of Méhul or the singer Lays, whom Napoleon had first had in mind, it was Guillaume-André Villoteau, musician and singer, who, in the "Egyptian Institute" became the representative of music. Villoteau has left four memorials on ancient and modern Egyptian music, and on the music of the Orientals, which have been inserted in the "Description."

We might here cite the following order of the day, given by the general-in-chief at his headquarters in Cairo on the 1st Nivose of the Year VII (December 21, 1797):

Every day at noon, in the squares adjoining the hospitals, the bands of the different corps will play various tunes calculated to make the sick feel cheerful, and to recall to them the glorious moments of their past campaign.

Bonaparte.

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With the Consulate, the musical *fêtes* of the Revolution, whose hymns had been liturgic in character, little by little became exclusively military festivals. However, on July 14, 1800, the *Chant du 25 Messidor*, at a "sing" of quite grandiose proportions, was given at the *Invalides* (Temple of Mars), and Méhul assembled for its performance three choruses and three orchestras. Later, the *fête* of the 1st Vendemiaire (September 22), celebrated with a hymn by Lesueur, also sung at the *Invalides*, and employing four orchestras, concludes the era of the Revolutionary *fêtes*.

From that time forward the only music given the people will be that of the regiments making victorious reentry into the capital, or defiling on parade at the Tuileries, where the First Consul established himself after the grand stroke of Brumaire (November, 1799).

The routine of daily life, after an interruption of ten years, is gradually resumed in the ancient habitation of the kings of France, whose protocole Bonaparte essays to revive. The First Consul shows himself quite frequently at the *Opéra*, situated in the *rue de Richelieu* (now *rue de la Loi*), and which at the time is still known as the *Théâtre des Arts*. His visits are marked by two historical events, two attempts at assassination which are associated with the two most recent novelties then presented on the great lyric stage. On the 10th Vendemiaire (October 18), the first performance of an opera which had had but little success, *les*

Horaces, by Porta, was to be given when, the evening before, the police were notified that a conspiracy had been formed against Bonaparte. During the course of the performance it had been planned to seize the person of the First Consul and, perhaps, kill him, improving the opportunity offered by the panic the conspirators intended to create in the hall. One of the latter, however, overcome by remorse, it is said, told all that he knew to the police, who made their arrangements and arrested all the conspirators while the performance was in progress, without the public being aware of it. The matter was not disclosed until some days afterward, by the newspapers, which, be it said, showed great discretion. One of the heads of this conspiracy was the Corsican Arénat; another was the sculptor Cerechi, who had formerly modeled the bust of Bonaparte in Milan, and had gone to Paris in the hope of disposing of it for 18,000 francs. The opera *les Horaces* is rescued from obscurity only by reason of this political occurrence connected with it. Bonaparte, incidentally, was soon to return to the *Opéra*, holding his own against the opposition, notably on October 27 and November 4, at the same time as the ministers of Austria and Prussia.

The 3d Nivose (December 24) following, to quote Thibeudeau,

the First Consul set out for the *Opéra* at eight o'clock in the evening, with a picket of guards, having with him in his coach Generals Berthier, Lannes and his aid-de-camp Lauriston. When they had reached the *rue Saint-Nicaise* they found a wretched cart, to which a small horse was harnessed, placed in such a manner as to block the thoroughfare. The coachman was skillful enough to avoid it in passing, though he was driving very speedily. A few moments later a terrible explosion shattered the panes of the coach, wounded the last man of the escort, killed eight persons, and more or less seriously injured twenty-eight others, as well as inflicting damages estimated at 200,000 francs to forty-six buildings in the vicinity. The First Consul continued on his way, and arrived at the *Opéra*. There they were singing Haydn's "Creation."

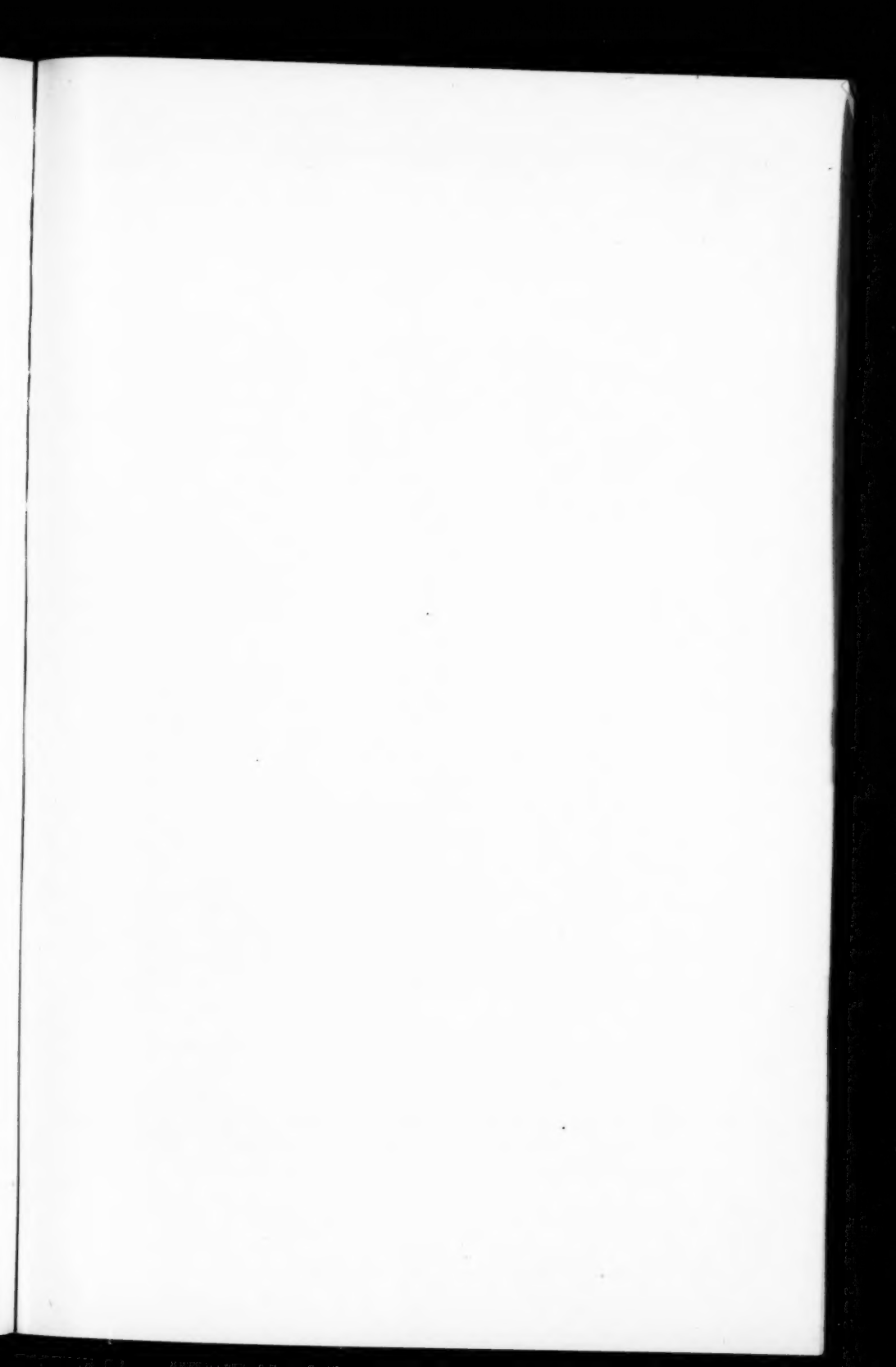
The performance of an oratorio, by two hundred and fifty musicians and singers, on Christmas Eve at the *Opéra*, was a sign of the times. The following year, the first of the new century, had not as yet come to an end before peace with the church was an accomplished fact: the Concordance with the Pope being signed on September 17. The cathedral of Notre-Dame, restored to the Faith, celebrated the great event at Easter 1802, with a *Te Deum* by Paisiello, whose favor was thus officially confirmed. And somewhat later, at the Camp at Boulogne, the *Chant du Départ* was sung for the last time by more than twelve-hundred

persons. The two occurrences point out the direction taken by the new revolution, the successor to the first.

Or, rather than a new revolution, the old social order, little by little, was once more raising its head, and a new social order came into being which prudently borrowed some of the institutions of the *ancien régime*. Here, too, music played a part in the life and political activities of the First Consul. Under the title of "the band of the Consuls," Bonaparte had already established a military band by Blasius. But now he wished to have a band of his own, a "band of the First Consul," just as formerly there had been the body known as "the king's music." The Baron de Trémont, in an unpublished notice on Rode says:

This musical beginning was not known as an 'orchestra,' and was made up of only a few of the best instrumental players of Paris. Malmaison was the only summer residence which Napoleon and his family had. And any knowledge of music deserving of honor was so foreign to the indwellers of Malmaison that the first time the artists were assembled in the chateau, the Consul having been compelled to absent himself, no one knew what to do with the musicians. Then Napoleon's sisters and sisters-in-law, younger and gayer than when they became queens, thought that it would be a good opportunity to have some dancing and, without any idea of giving offence, they asked the artists whether they could not play some square dances for them. The latter replied that they were totally incapable of so doing, and the foolish request was not repeated.

The musical evenings, the little family concerts at Malmaison, little by little, brought about the reestablishment of the music choir. Eight singers and a body of twenty-seven symphonic players under the direction of Paisiello formed a corps of musicians large enough for the place in which they did their duty. The chapel having been destroyed, divine service was performed in the hall of the Council of State, where there was room for no more than the singers and a piano. Arranged in two rows behind the singers, the violins played in a little gallery facing the altar, while the basses and wind instruments were relegated to an adjoining room. The musicians had a good deal of difficulty in manœuvring on a field so disadvantageous for concerted work. On each preceding evening the room had to be stripped of its furniture, chairs, tables and desks, in order to make an oratory of it for Sunday use, and all the furniture had to be returned again on Monday, so that the Council of State might meet there. Napoleon, when he became Emperor, had a new chapel added to the Tuileries, on the foundation of the Hall of the Convention, in which, during the Revolution, the *Concerts spirituels* had taken





Angelina Catalani

place. It was inaugurated on February 2, 1806, with a solemn high mass.

Under the supreme direction of Paisiello, with Lesueur as second conductor, the imperial chapel-orchestra was made up of a master of music, two accompanying pianist-organists, thirty-four singers and choristers, and fifty instrumentalists (1810); numbering 99 persons in all, in 1815. Its budget, from 90,000 francs in the Year VIII (1801), had mounted to nearly 154,000 by 1812. (See G. Servièrès's *Episodes d'histoire musicale*.)

It was not until 1806, after having heard the music of the Court of Saxony, at Dresden, that the Emperor began to think that he, too, would like to have a musical establishment of a kind not exclusively religious. He engaged Paer "to conduct the music of the concerts and theatrical representations at Court, and to compose all the musical compositions he would be ordered to furnish by command of His Imperial Majesty," with a stipend of 28,000 francs per annum, and three months' leave of absence every year. The contract was signed at Warsaw on January 14, 1807. This, "special music of the Emperor" at first included a pianist-accompanist, Rigel, a secretary, Grégoire, five women singers (Mmes. Grassini, Paër, d'Ellieu, Albert-Hymm, Giacomelli) and two male singers (Crescentini and Brizzi). Later on, however, it included Mmes. Barilli, Festa, Sessi, Camporesi; the tenors Crivelli, Tachinardi, and Nozzari; the bass Barilli, the 'cellist Duport, etc. The orchestra was that of the imperial chapel.

All artists of distinction who arrived in Paris were invited to sing or play at the Emperor's concerts, on the express condition that they would accept, in silver, some honorable recompense, proportionate to their merit. The virtuosos, the women in particular, invariably refused their honorariums in the hope that some jewel would accrue to them in their stead, even though its value might be less than the sum offered. A present from Napoleon represented the object of their desire, the goal of their ambition. Mme. Catalani herself was not accorded this favor, yet she was remunerated in princely fashion. Five thousand francs down, a pension of 1200 francs, and the loan of the hall of the *Opéra*, all expenses paid, for two concerts, whose receipts came to 49,000 francs, such was the price the Emperor offered the *diva* in question for having sung at Saint-Cloud on May 4 and 11, 1805. (Castil-Blaze.)

The Emperor at the time, so the singer Blangini tells us in his *Souvenirs* "was undergoing an attack of urgent musical need, I might almost say, was in a state of musical frenzy." Every evening, at Fontainebleau, after the theatrical representation, "His Majesty would repair to the Empress's *salon*, where he (Napoleon) would listen to more music up to one o'clock in the

morning." According to the same writer, the compositions of Paisiello, Zingarelli, Haydn, Martini and Lesueur made up almost the whole of the repertory of the imperial orchestra.

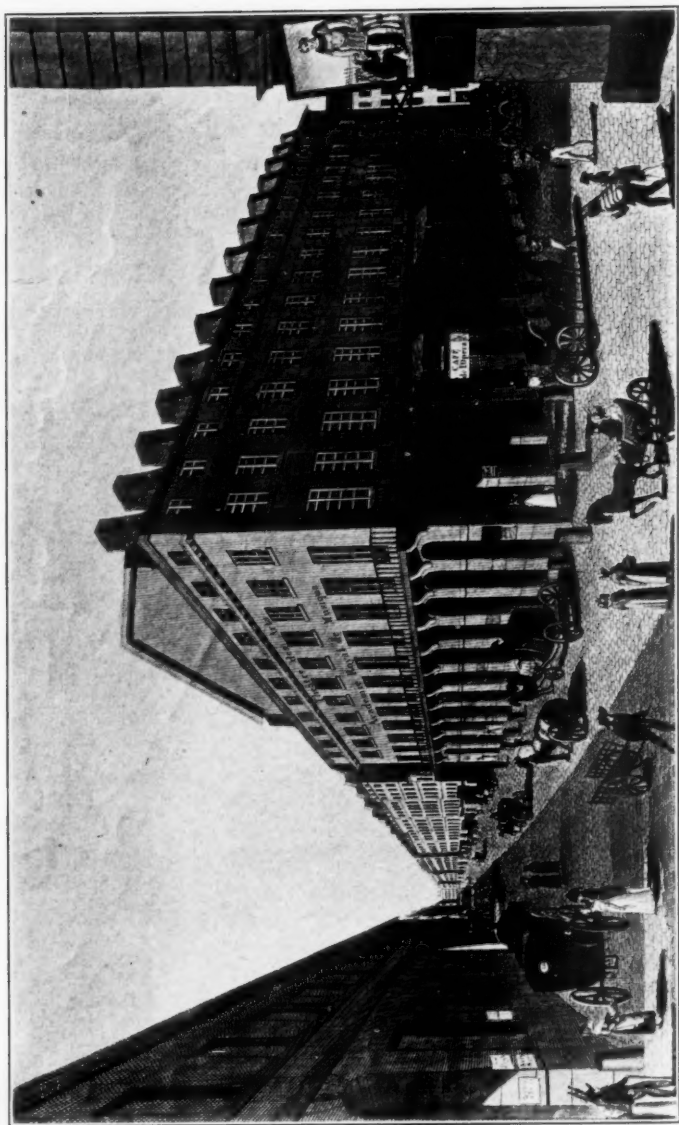
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The theatres, which had enjoyed the utmost freedom from control under the Revolution, according to the decree of 1791, were none the more prosperous because of the fact, the *Opéra* in particular whose budget, under the old *régime* had always shown, a deficit¹. The emigration of the nobles had caused it to lose its wealthy patrons, and the works inspired by the Revolutionary government were not calculated to fill its coffers. The Consulat introduced a little order into the affairs of the *Théâtre des Arts*, and a decree of the 6th Frimaire of the Year VI provided it with a director and a responsible administrator. Besides, the First Consul decided that all the boxes were to be paid for by those who occupied them. The same course was adopted as regards the *Opéra-Comique*, which was raised to the rank of an official theatre; and in 1799 we see "Citizen Bonaparte", with one stroke of the pen settle arrears of payment amounting to 1,299 livres, for the rent of boxes at the theatre in question. The grand political stroke of Brumaire had born fruits, and Bonaparte's sense of order had begun to show itself here as it did everywhere.

Dating from the same time was the interdiction by the prefect of police, of works dealing with the *coup d'Etat*, and on the 22d Germinal of the Year VIII (April 12, 1800), the minister of the interior arrogated to himself the right to authorize all such works as might be represented. This amounted to the reëstablishment of the preventive censure. At the *Opéra* "without the public's paying any attention to the fact, or showing any interest, the use of the words "throne," "king" and "queen" were introduced in Gluck's "Alceste." A consular decree allowed the theatre a subvention of 50,000 livres per month, and did away with free admissions.

Under the Empire a series of decrees revived the pension system, forbade the establishment of new theatres, determined the kind and variety of those already in existence, and gave the *Opéra* the exclusive right to perform "those works which are altogether musical, and ballets in the noble and gracious style;

¹See my study "Two Hundred and Fifty Years of Opera" (1669-1919), in the "Musical Quarterly" of October, 1919.



View of the Théâtre de L'Opéra
(about 1818)

such as those whose subjects are derived from mythology and history, and whose principal characters are gods, kings and heroes." Finally, there appeared the decree of July 29, 1807, reducing the number of theatres in Paris to eight. Twenty or more others had to close their doors before August 15, the date of the Emperor's *fête*, and that without receiving any indemnity. The Emperor, who had already assigned a very definite type of representation to each theatre, the bounds of which it could not overstep, on November 1, 1807 created the office of superintendent of the great theatres. Three stages were dedicated to music: that of the *Opéra*, which had become the Imperial Academy of Music, the *Opéra-Comique* and the *Opéra-Buffer*—the last as a species of annex to the *Opéra-Comique*, under the name of "Empress's Theatre," with a monthly subvention of 10,000 francs.

In 1811 a new decree, dated August 13, reestablished in favor of the *Opéra*—already richly endowed with an annual subvention of 750,000 francs—the unique privilege of levying on all other theatrical performances dues or fees, which at times reached the figure of 200,000 francs per year. Since not a concert could be given "without the day having been set by the superintendent of our theatres, after consultation with the director of our Imperial Academy of Music," it was impossible that the musical life of the capital, save as regards dramatic music, could develop. The "exercises" of the pupils of the *Conservatoire* alone could supply aliment to nourish the interest of lovers of symphonic music.

As to the *Opéra-Comique*, merged with the lyric theatre of the *rue Feydeau* in 1801, the Emperor allowed it to take its place among the official theatres in 1804. Sometimes in the *Salle Favart*, at others in the *Salle Feydeau*, it continued to represent Méhul, Grétry, Monsigny, Duni, Philidor, Nicolo, Berton, etc., composers who were later joined by the young Boieldieu.

The *Conservatoire*, a child of the Revolution, was also the object of the master's solicitude. It was endowed with a new concert-hall, and with a library¹. On the other hand the *Institute*, beginning with 1803, sent a musician to Rome every year, in company with the laureates, painters sculptors, and architects who had been going there since the time of Louis XIV. All in all, after a dozen years of instability, of demolition and creation, Bonaparte, then Napoleon, had regularized and hierarchized the musical institutions of France, just as he had all the branches of his administration.

¹See Henri de Curzon, "History and Glory of the Concert-Hall of the Paris Conservatory," in the "Musical Quarterly," April, 1917.

Let us now examine into his personal relations with the artists of his period.

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According to one of the modern biographers most at home with the intimate life of Napoleon, M. Frédéric Masson, the former was very sensitive to music, and was particularly fond of vocal music:

Among all the arts music is the only one for which he shows a special and personal liking. As to the others, he patronizes them from motives of policy, because of his passion for the grandiose, and the thought of immortality; but music he really and fully enjoys, is fond of it for its own sake, and because of the sensations it gives him. It calms his nerves, it cradles his reveries, it charms his melancholy moments, it fires his heart. What matter if he does sing out of tune, if he have a poor memory for a melody, and if he does not know his notes! Music moves him to the point of robbing him of his self-control, it drives him to offer the order of the iron crown of Lombardy to the soprano Crescentini; and this shows that he feels it more deeply than many of those who believe themselves capable of reading it. (*Napoléon et les femmes.*)

All kinds of music did not effect the Emperor with equal intensity. As we have already said, he instinctively preferred Italian music, especially that of Paisiello; and when he honored Lesueur, whose esthetics, if anything, are opposed to those of the Italians, one may even question whether he was as sincere as when he allowed himself to be captivated by the charm of his favorite Paisiello airs: the finale from the *Re Teodoro*, the duo from *La Molinara* (*Frà l'inchostro e la farina*), or *Nina's* air (*Agitate frà mille pensieri*). It appears most probable that the pompous operas of Lesueur, Spontini and their emulators, the creators of the "Empire style" in music, flatter him as a sovereign rather than move him as a music lover.

Paisiello had come to Paris in 1801 to conduct the Consular orchestra, or, according to Reichardt (*Vertraute Briefe aus Paris*, I, p. 95) to write a great French opera:

He receives 3,000 livres per month, and is provided with lodgings, service and an equipage free of charge. In return he composes and directs masses of the Consul. He still bears the title of *maître de chapelle* to the King of Naples, and is merely enjoying a leave of absence. He was first given a poem by Lemer cier to set to music, but Paisiello refused it, not knowing how to make the shadow who played the principal part in it sing in an interesting manner from start to finish. Meanwhile,

an old poem of Quinault's, *Proserpine*, arranged by Guillard, is being prepared for his use in the style of Marmontel, and he is at present working on the second act. (Letter of November 15, 1802.)

While awaiting the completion of *Proserpine*, the *Opéra-Comique* presented *la Molinara*, before an empty auditory, as Reichardt adds: the singer Strimasacchi filled the principal rôle very poorly indeed, though it was one she had formerly sung in Prague and in Leipsic. *Proserpine*, an opera by "the first conductor and composer in the service of H. M. the King of Naples, for the moment employed to compose and direct the private orchestra of the FIRST CONSUL," to quote the libretto—was at last given on the 8th Germinal of the Year XI (March 29, 1803), and had but slight success. Fourteen performances sufficed to satisfy the extraordinary curiosity which the announcement of its *première* had awakened months before. Bonaparte, incidentally, did not grace either the rehearsal nor the first performance with his presence, nor did the English Ambassador; a declaration of war between France and Great Britain was imminent, says Reichardt, and, in fact, hostilities were resumed in the month of May.

After this miscarriage, Paisiello, pretending that the climate of Paris did not agree with his wife, asked permission to return to Naples. Bonaparte had consulted him with regard to the choice of his successor; but having read in the *Journal de Paris* that it was expected that Méhul would be nominated to fill the vacancy, he immediately ordered Duroc to inform Lesueur of his nomination to the directorship of the orchestra. And when, that very day, Paisiello presented his colleague to the First Consul, the latter said: "I hope that you will still remain with us for a time; in the meanwhile, M. Lesueur will have to content himself with the second place," Lesueur replied: "General, I am already taking the first place when I follow in the footsteps of such a master as the illustrious Paisiello." This bit of repartee greatly pleased Bonaparte, and from that moment on the new director enjoyed the favor which was shown him to the end of the Empire—and even later.

The year following, on July 10, the teacher of Berlioz presented at the *Opéra*, which had just assumed the title of "Imperial Academy of Music," his opera *Ossian ou les Bardes*, whose subject-matter gave great pleasure to the master of France, an enthusiast as regards Ossianic poetry, then very much the fashion. During the course of the second performance, which he attended, Napoleon sent for the composer to come to his box and addressed him as follows: "Monsieur Lesueur, I salute you! Share in your triumph!

Your first two acts are beautiful, but your third is quite *inaccessible!*" And he made him sit down beside the Empress, in the front of the box, amid the acclamation of all those present. The following day Lesueur received a golden snuff-box with the inscription: "The Emperor of the French to the composer of *les Bardes*." The snuff-box contained the cross of the Legion of Honor, together with six bank-notes, each for a thousand francs.

After the *Bardes*, Lesueur contributed for the imperial coronation at Notre-Dame (December 2) a march and several pieces, though the mass which he conducted was by Paisiello; then, at the *Opéra*, in conjunction with Persuis, he gave *l'Inauguration du Temple de la Victoire* (January 2, 1807), the *Triomphe de Trajan* (October 23) and *la Mort d'Adam* (March 21, 1809); while in 1810 he composed a religious cantata for the wedding of Napoleon and Marie-Louise.

For the chapel of the Tuileries, Lesueur composed little oratorios which he interpolated in the service. These scores undoubtedly pleased the Emperor, for one day, wishing to reward Lesueur, who had just written his oratorio *Deborah*, whose military subject pleased Napoleon better than such subjects as *Ruth* or *Rachel*, for instance, he said:

Your music is grand, elevated, well adapted to its subject, it is solemn, it is devotional. It is what I feel that the music of the church should be. Have you composed other oratorios? "Yes Sire, the one to which Your Majesty has been listening is my eighteenth." Then you have blackened a good deal of music-paper. That is an expense in itself, and one for which I wish to pay. Monsieur Lesueur, I grant you a pension of 2,400 francs to pay for the music-paper you have used to such good effect. It is only to pay for the paper, you understand, for such a word as 'gratification' should not be mentioned to an artist of your merit. (Blangini.)

The other great French musicians of the time, Grétry, for example, never enjoyed the same measure of favor accorded Lesueur. One evening at Fontainebleau—*Zémire et Azor* was being sung—the Emperor had Grétry sit down beside him and, so Bouilly tells us, he "experienced the liveliest emotion while listening to the admirable trio of the magic picture and said, the words escaping from him as though against his will: "It is divine! It is perfect! I am very fond of that music." "Then you are not disgusted," replied Grétry, with his malicious smile and his observing glance. Napoleon smiled, and pressed the musician's hand. Yet, not long after, at a reception, he affected not to recognize Grétry, and asked him to recall his name to his memory. "Sire, it is still Grétry," was the reply. This witty retort was

not to the master's liking, however, and he turned his back on the composer.

With Méhul, who had been appointed a chevalier of the Legion of Honor when the order was first founded, Napoleon had been acquainted for some time, through Mme. Beauharnais. He had considered taking him to Egypt with him, but left him to remain "in charge at his Conservatory, and, still more important, at his theatre. These are his true roads to glory." Méhul, as we have seen, celebrated the fame of the conqueror of Italy, in 1800, at the Temple of Mars. Either after his performance, or at a later date, the Consul said to him: "Your music, perhaps, is even more learned and harmonious; yet that of Paisiello and Cimarosa has greater charms for me." These words suggested to Méhul the idea of composing an *opéra-bouffe* in the Italian style. Marsollier gave him the book of *l'Irato*, or *l'Emporté* (The Hot-Head) which was presented in the *Salle Favart* on February 17, 1801, at Carnival-time, and purported to come from the pen of a *Signor Fiorelli*. Its success was very marked and the First Consul himself enjoyed it greatly. It has been said that Méhul wished to mystify him in the imitating the Italians, but this is not very likely. Bonaparte had no patience with pleasantries, and Méhul might have had to repent his daring. It is more probable that the deception practiced upon the public had, on the contrary, been arranged in concert with Bonaparte himself: "No Frenchman could ever have written music like this," said the latter. According to Elwart, he also told the composer: "See that you deceive me often this way!" Be this as it may, Méhul dedicated the score of *l'Irato* to Bonaparte, in the following terms:

General Consul:

Your conversations regarding music having inspired me with the desire to compose some works less severe in style than those which I have hitherto produced, I chose *l'Irato*. My tentative having succeeded, it is my duty to dedicate it to you.

With respectful good wishes,
Méhul.

An annotation which follows this dedication contains a declaration of the composer's principles, in which he informs the public that "it not hasten to boast of his conversion," and further on plainly affirms: "I know that the general taste is more inclined to be attracted by music which is purely pleasing, yet good taste never insists that truth be sacrificed to mere grace in music."

Two years after the production of *les Bardes*, Méhul, too, presented an Ossianic opera, *Uthal*, which the Emperor had per-

formed at Saint-Cloud. And then came *Joseph*, his master-work and one of the master-works of the imperial epoch.

Napoleon's relations to Cherubini were more strained. As we have already remarked, Cherubini had invited the antipathy of the First Consul by criticizing his musical tastes without sufficient discretion. "Paisiello's music is sweet and beneficent in its effects," Bonaparte one day remarked to him, "but your instrumentation is too heavy, and while Paisiello calms me in an agreeable manner, your compositions demand too much attention on the part of the auditor." Cherubini answered with animation—with too great animation—that one might be a great general and yet know nothing about harmony.¹

It can be easily understood that with such opinions Cherubini was not a favorite at Court. Hence he made no difficulties about accepting the hospitality of Austria, toward the year 1800. It is possible that he might have remained long in Vienna, had not the chances of war taken Napoleon himself there in November 1806. "Always he, everywhere!" as Victor Hugo said. . . . At the time Cherubini was commanded by Napoleon to organize a dozen concerts at Schönbrunn, after which he returned to France. In 1808, however, he withdrew to the Ardennes, to the château of Chimay, where the former Mme. Tallien resided with the title of princess.

The misunderstanding between the Emperor and Cherubini did not come to an end until the period of the "Hundred Days," when the composer was made a member of the Institute and received the cross of the Legion of Honor. But then it was too late, and it was to the Restoration that Cherubini owed his official position as director of the *Conservatoire*.

Spontini was more fortunate. Having gone to France to seek his fortune there at the time when the effervescence of the Revolution was on the decline, at the moment when, together with Cherubini, an art which showed certain novel features had obtruded itself upon the lyric stage, he dedicated his "Milton," produced November 27, 1804, to the Empress Josephine. Not without some difficulty did he obtain from Jouy an opera book on one of those subjects drawn from the antique which were the fashion of the day, *la Vestale*, one which Cherubini and Méhul had already refused to set. Two or three years of effort, of application of retouching were necessary before an actual performance of this master-piece of the "Empire" style could take place.

¹See the "Memoires" of the Baron de Tremont, "The Musical Quarterly," July 1920, pp. 381, 382.

Having become director of the Empress's music, Spontini owed it to the sovereign's protection that he could at length see his opera represented on December 17, 1807—after fourteen months of rehearsal, and following the *Triomphe de Trajan*, by Lesueur and Persius (October 14) which, for the Emperor, had a more immediate interest than an antique opera. According to Castil-Blaze, Napoleon had had the principal numbers of Spontini's score performed at the Tuileries as early as February, and following their audition had expressed his admiration for the *maestro* in the warmest terms:

Your opera abounds in new motives. Its declamation is sincere and in accordance with musical feeling. There are fine airs, duos whose effect is certain, a *finale* which carries away the listener. The march to the scaffold seems admirable to me. . . . Monsieur Spontini, I once more tell you that you will obtain a great success. And you will have merited it.

If we prune some of the embellishments which Castil-Blaze lavishes on all his accounts, there may be some truth in these words; yet it should be remembered that the Emperor never supported Spontini's opera before its production, and showed his preference for the *Triomphe de Trajan*, which flattered him personally, and Lesueur's *la Mort d'Adam*.¹

Yet he was obliged to recognize that with his *la Vestale* Spontini had created the "Empire style" in music. Therefore, at the beginning of 1809, the Count de Rémusat, superintendent of theatres, informed the director of the *Opéra*, Picard, that the Emperor had decided to stage *Fernand Cortez*, Spontini's new opera, the book by Jouy and Esménard. This time the rehearsals did not drag; on the contrary it was necessary to urge on Spontini. Its *première*, with an extraordinary deploy of scenic means, took place November 28, 1809, and a brilliant success crowned music, action, artists and—Franconi's cavalry, fourteen horses mounted by the Franconi Brothers and their grooms! *Fernand Cortez*, already a forecast of the Meyerbeerian spectacular opera, held its place in the repertory until 1830. Yet, for reasons which are unknown, the performances were stopped after the thirteenth, and it was not brought forward again until ten years later. Then *la Vestale* did not leave the boards, however, and in 1810 carried off the decennial prize of 10,000 francs (only awarded once), decreed a musical work.

¹From Saint-Cloud he wrote to M. de Luçay, on August 23: "I do not wish to have *la Vestale* given. I think it would be better to give *la Mort d'Adam*, since it is ready." The *Mort d'Adam* was not performed until March, 1809.

Appointed assistant-director of the Empress's Theatre that same year of 1810, Spontini, despite the official favor which he enjoyed, was dismissed by M. de Rémusat in 1812, and replaced by Paër, who accepted the appointment on condition that he be not required to give up his functions at Court.

Before taking up Napoleon's relations with individual singers, male and female, of his time, some mention should be made of Zingarelli, his other favorite composer. Zingarelli was choir-master at St. Peters in Rome when, having refused to have a *Te Deum* sung for the birth of the "King of Rome," in 1811, he was arrested and brought to Paris, incidentally, be it said, with every consideration. There he remained for a few weeks at the home of his friend Grétry, terrified, according to Castil-Blaze, lest he be asked to compose a *Te Deum* which he had firmly decided not to write when, one day (it was the first of January) he was ordered to write a mass, to be performed on the twelfth, and, later, a *Stabat Mater*. This last was sung at the Elysée on Good Friday, by Crescentini, Lays, Nourrit, Mmes. Branchu and Armand. Crescentini accomplished marvels in the verset *Vidit suum dulcem natum*, which a gesture from the Emperor bade him repeat.

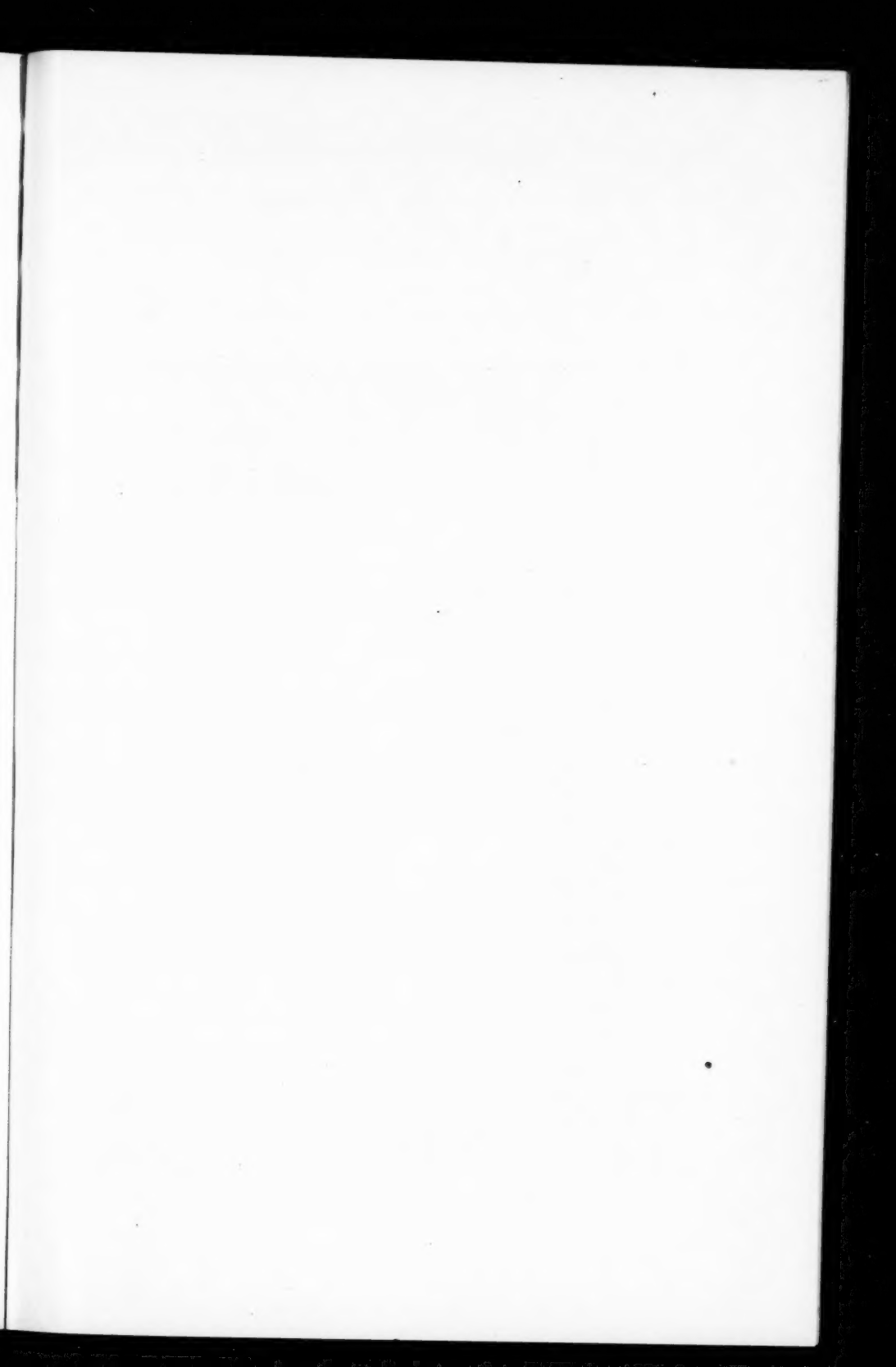
After this success nothing further was demanded of the Master. One day, weary of inaction, Zingarelli ventured to ask whether he might be allowed to go back to Rome, whither his obligations as choir-master summoned him. The answer he received was:

Tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, to-day even, if that be your wish. M. Zingarelli is entirely at liberty. It is true that his sojourn in Paris has been a piece of good fortune to us; but His Majesty would be annoyed were he to neglect his duties.

This reply might be interpreted as a command, and Zingarelli hastened to leave Paris, after having received the tidy little sum of 14,000 francs to console him for his somewhat hasty displacement.

It was while this composer's *Romeo* was being represented at the Tuileries, that the male soprano Crescentini was given the cross of the Iron Crown. The scene has been recounted, as actually witnessed, by Mlle. Avrillon, one of the Empress's ladies-in-waiting:

On the day in question, I could see his Majesty's face perfectly through my lorgnettes, from the box in which I was seated, while Crescentini was singing the famous air *Ombra adorata* (Shadow adored)—which, according to Scudo, he himself had interpolated in the score—and, without any exaggeration, it was radiant with pleasure. The Emperor moved about in his arm-chair, spoke to the great dignitaries





Madame Grassini
(in the character of Zaira)

of the Empire who surrounded him, and seemed to be trying to make them share in the admiration which he himself felt. The performance was not yet over when he had M. de Marescalchi called, and it was then that he told him to give Crescentini the cross of the order.

"The bestowal of this decoration," Las Casas remarked to Napoleon at Saint-Helena, at a later period, "caused much comment in Paris:" malevolence seized upon it with the greatest joy, and made the most of it. Nevertheless, at one of the brilliant *soirées* given in the *Faubourg Saint-Germain*, the indignation which it had aroused was drowned in a witty retort. ". . . It was an abomination," said one facile speaker, "a horror, a veritable profanation. By what right could a Crescentini claim it?" he cried. Upon which the handsome Mme. Grassini, rising majestically from her chair, replied in the most dramatic tones, and with a theatrical gesture: "And his wound, my dear sir, is that to count for nothing?" Whereupon ensued such a hubbub of delight and applause, that poor Grassini was greatly embarrassed by the success of her defence (*Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène*).

The remembrance of "the handsome Grassini" must have recalled to the captive of Saint-Helena the happy days of the second campaign of Italy, and the connection he had formed at the time with the singer, who was then still young. In 1800 Guisseppina Grassini was twenty-seven; in the full splendor of her beauty and talent, equipped with an excellent contralto voice, pure and even throughout its entire range, and admirable in operas of the *semi-seria* style.

Bonaparte heard her in Milan, the day following or the second day after the battle of Marengo, as M. Frédéric Masson has already established. Already, two years before, in the self-same city of Milan, occupied by the French army, she had vainly endeavored to attract the attention of the young hero, who was then still faithful to Josephine. In 1800 he was not altogether the same; and, incidentally, "in Grassini, it was less the woman who captured his heart than the singer. She, entirely prepared, had been awaiting her opportunity for two years: one may imagine whether she offered a long resistance." The day following her concert at Milan, her departure for Paris had been decided upon, together with that of Marchesi and Mlle. Billington.

In Paris, she sang together with Bianchi, two duos at the *fête* given on July 14 at the *Invalides*, preceding Méhul's hymn for three choruses. "A fine piece in Italian, with fine Italian music," had been the general's demand. He was given two instead of one.

Bonaparte installed the Grassini in a small house in the *rue Chantereine*—recently rebaptized the *rue de la Victoire*—not far from the one he himself had occupied before going to the Tuileries. The singer soon grew bored here, for she had dreamed quite another dream in following the victor of Marengo. In search of consolation, she formed an intimacy with Rode, the great violinist. Then she resumed her liberty, after having given two concerts at the *Théâtre de la République* (March 17 and October 10, 1801). She returned to Paris after the establishment of the imperial choir, of which she remained a member until 1812. At the time she received a fixed salary of 36,000 francs, additional annual gratifications, and a pension of 15,000 francs. Besides this, she enjoyed the proceeds of a benefit concert given every winter at the *Opéra* or *aux Italiens*.

Blangini declares that the sovereign would permit neither Grassini nor Crescentini to sing in public. He adds:

At the time I was writing several songs, intended for Mme. Grassini's lovely voice. One day when she was to sing at the Tuileries before the Emperor, she gave me the words of an air she wished to add to her program, for me to set to music. These words, which she had written herself, read as follows:

*Adora i cenni tuoi questo mio cuor fedele;
Sposa sarà se vuoi non dubitar di me.
Ma un sguardo sereno, ti chiedo d'amor.*

"Your each command my faithful heart adores.
I'll be your comrade if you trust in me.
Only one smiling glance my love implores."

In the piece, Cleopatra is speaking to Cæsar; but on the stage, while she sang, Mme. Grassini often turned her glances in the direction in which the Emperor's box was situated; I am unable to say whether, that evening, she secured the "smiling glance of love."

In 1814, Mme. Grassini, like so many others, quickly forgot her imperial successes and favors. Says Scudo:

Always dramatic and always sensible the *prima donna* could not refrain from singing amorous duettos with Lord Castlereigh. In these intimate gatherings, at the residence of the man who had been the principal agent in forming the coalition against Napoleon, Mme. Grassini might be seen draped in the great Indian shawl which she used as a mantle, pompously declaiming the finest passages from the rôles she had presented at the theatre of the Tuileries. The Duke of Wellington was not vexed when this lovely Cleopatra told him:

Adoro i cenni tuoi, questo mio cuor fedele,

and history even affirms that the Duke of Wellington was not shy when it came to replying to this tender supplication with *un sguardo sereno d'amor*.

Mme. Catalani, whose contemporaries have praised her sonorous, powerful voice, full of charm, a soprano of prodigious range, which reached the superacute G, preferred British guineas to *Napoleons d'or*. After her two concerts at Saint-Cloud, which we have already mentioned, the Emperor went to visit her on the stage, and asked: "Where are you going?" "To London, Sire!" "Stay in Paris! You shall have 100,000 francs and two months leave of absence. The matter is settled. Adieu, Madame!" Mme. Catalani swept him a courtesy and—fled to Morlaix the following day, whence she made her way to England in spite of the Continental Blocade. She did not dare return to France until 1814, when she obtained the management of the *Théâtre Italien*. On the return of Napoleon from the Island of Elba, however, she found herself strangely embarrassed, and seized the first opportunity to disappear from Paris a second time, in the expectation of happier days.

Among the singers who won the esteem of Napoleon, at least for a time, must be mentioned Garat, who was the rage during the time of the Directory and Consulat, as a singer and a composer of romances. He was highly prized by Lucien Bonaparte, minister of the interior during 1799 and 1800. One reception day at the ministry, Mme. Récamier tells us, when dinner was served, the future emperor rose and led the way to the dining-room, where, without offering his arm to any of the women present, he seated himself at the middle of the table. Everyone sat down round about him as chance might dictate; Mme. Laetitia, his mother, at his right, Mme. Récamier on the same side, a little further off. Bonaparte who had counted on having this charming lady, whom he had failed to secure, for a table-companion, turned about in annoyance to the guests still standing, and then said to Garat, pointing to the place beside him: "Well, Garat, sit down there!" After dinner they went to the drawing-room. Bonaparte seated himself, alone, beside the piano, while the women formed a circle facing the musician, the men standing behind them. Garat sang an air by Gluck. After he had sung, several instrumental pieces were played, and at the close of a Sonata played by Jadin, the First Consul commenced to pound the piano violently, crying: "Garat! Garat!" It was an order. Garat returned to the piano, and sang an air from *Orpheus* which enchanted all his listeners.

The favor enjoyed by the singer-composer was forfeited, however, before the end of the Empire. Garat frequently sang at the Tuileries. Yet he was not able successfully to conceal his royalist sentiments; very witty and caustic, he gave vent to some hasty sallies which displeased the powers above. Napoleon thought he could discover an allusion to General Moreau in Lemercier's *Bélisaire*, which Garat sang to music. The singer's romances *Henri IV et Gabrielle* and *Bayard*, among others, augmented the imperial resentment, which betrayed itself in a shabby enough fashion by the withholding of Garat's salary as a professor at the *Conservatoire*, during the fourteen concluding months of the Empire. This, however, had not prevented Napoleon from decorating the singer-composer with the order of the Legion of Honor; yet Garat, though very vain, did all in his power to conceal the fact that he had been decorated. However, if he was by no means a warm partisan of the Emperor, he remained greatly attached to the Empress Josephine, whom he continued to wait upon, after her divorce, in her retreat in Malmaison.

A great violinist, also appreciated by the Empress, was Alexander Boucher, whom we will mention in conclusion, and who was quite as famous for his extraordinary resemblance to the Emperor as for his art. Violinist to the King of Spain, Charles IV, Boucher undertook a journey to Germany in 1806, and managed to win the favor of Fanny de Beauharnais (who stood god-mother to his son) and of her niece, Josephine, then at Mayence. Josephine wished to appoint him her first violinist. Received shortly after at the Tuileries, Boucher made his appearance one day at a Court festival with the Spanish embassy, in the uniform of a colonel, his proper rank as director of the King of Spain's music. Napoleon, having noticed the uniform, asked Duroc who the officer might be. Duroc, having questioned Boucher, told him that he was the generalissimo of the sixteenth-notes of all the Spains. "What is his name?" "Alexander Boucher," replied the Empress, "he is the celebrated violinist whom I wished to present to Your Majesty." "Well, he is sufficiently presented," replied Napoleon, "he is here right under my eyes." "I had thought that an artist of his merit," added Josephine. . . . "Could not be more happily situated," the Emperor continued her phrase. "Let him return to Madrid; a generalissimo should never leave his army." "Still, if he should prefer Your Majesty's service?" "Do not mention the man to me again," Napoleon said curtly. The Emperor's self-esteem was wounded by the artists' striking resemblance to him. When Charles IV was brought a prisoner

to Fontainebleau, in 1808, Boucher did not abandon him, but remained with him in Marseilles, until an order of the day coming from the Emperor, who could not suffer a man to resemble him physically, obliged him to leave the sovereign.

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It would be easy to add anecdotes to those already given, but we must refrain. We have recalled the most characteristic among them, and those which present musicians famous for various reasons. In general, they show the decisive and authoritative spirit displayed by Napoleon with regard to music as to all else, and the importance he attached to an art which he valued, not only for the pleasure it gave him personally, but also because he had observed its influence on other men as well as on himself, and knew how to make it serve his political ends.

It would be pleasant to be able to affirm that the Napoleonic legend has been able to inspire the musicians with as happy results as it has the poets, novelists and painters of the nineteenth century; yet hardly anything at all has come of it, musically, and it is in the domain of song, more especially, a form highly prized at all times and under every government, that the French have celebrated their hero. Is it not in their songs that the people have always guarded the memory of the great occurrences of history?

No sooner had he returned from his Italian campaign than couplets on well-known airs celebrated the praises of the victorious general; then the defeated of Brumaire were sung; and finally, the Empire was acclaimed. Napoleon found his Homer of the people in the person of Béranger (1780-1857); one of whose poems, *le Cinq Mai*, or *la Mort de Napoléon*, is the only one, perhaps, which has inspired a truly great composer. Berlioz made a cantata of it for bass voices, which was sung on different occasions, notably on December 13, 1840, two days before the return of Napoleon's ashes to the *Invalides*. This event itself only brought forth a few romances by obscure musicians, a quadrille by Musard, and a gallop suggested by the frigate *la Belle Poule*.

The government of Louis-Philippe had first thought of having Cherubini's *Requiem* sung at the ceremony at the *Invalides*, but remembering that it had been written for the funeral of Louis XVIII, decided that Mozart's would be a more fitting choice. Three hundred executants were gathered at the *Invalides* on December 15, and each of the solo parts was sung by four of

the greatest artists in Paris: Mmes. Grisi, Damoreau, Persiani and Dorus, sopranos; Pauline Garcia, Eugénie Garcia, Albertazzi, and Stolz, contraltos; Rubini, Duprez, Ponchard, Alexis Dupont and Nasset, tenors; and Lablache Tamburini, Levasseur, Baroilhet and Alizard, basses. Adolphe Adam, in a letter written December 25, to his Berlin friend Spiker, remarked:

Never has this master-piece by Mozart been sung with such brilliancy. The dress rehearsal was held at the *Opéra*, before an immense assembly of people and caused a tremendous sensation. After the mass the three funeral marches composed by Auber, Halévy and myself were played, and on this occasion I had the pleasure of triumphing over my two illustrious rivals. Auber's march made no impression whatever; that of Halévy was judged to be a fine symphonic composition, lacking the character demanded by the occasion. My own was more fortunate: I had written it in two sections, one funereal, and the other triumphant; and this contrast was perfectly grasped by the public, which understood as well as I did, that this funeral, taking place twenty years after the hero's death, should be a triumph.

The day of the ceremony, together with my two hundred musicians, I went to Neuilly, where Napoleon's casket was to be disembarked, to conduct these marches. Unfortunately, the cold was so excessive that the artists and their instruments were frozen, and the performance was a very defective one. During the entire progress of the procession, the musicians played my march and that of Auber. Halévy's march could not be played, because his symphony was too difficult to execute, and not sufficiently rhythmic to allow it to be marched to.

Berlioz, who had been set aside in this ceremony, would not admit that his *Requiem*, sung two years before in that very chapel of the *Invalides*, had not been required of him. He is even said to have refused to compose a funeral march leaving it to Auber, Halévy and Adam, to "break their necks on his *Apothéose de juillet*," given during the past summer. "O, my divine Emperor!" he cries, after the ceremony at the *Invalides*, "What a pitiable reception was accorded you! My tears froze on my lashes for shame rather than cold. . . The Mozart *Requiem* made a sorry enough impression, for despite the fact that it is a master-piece it was not cast in the proportions which such a ceremony demanded."

There was also in Paris, at this same time, a young German musician, who was present at the funeral of Napoleon, at the moment when the processional entered the *Invalides*, on that glacial Tuesday afternoon, December 15, 1840.

*Jour beau comme la gloire,
Froid comme le tombeau.*

("Day fair as glory,
Cold as the tomb.")

—Victor Hugo

His name was Richard Wagner, and he had just arranged Donizetti's *La Favorite* for the piano, and published a little romance, entitled "A Visit to Beethoven," in the *Gazette musicale*; in addition he acted as Paris correspondent for a Dresden periodical. He alludes to the funeral of Napoleon in an article on Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, calling attention to the charming *Parisiennes* in search of religious music, after having heard Mozart's *Requiem* sung at the *Invalides*, by Rubini and Mlle. Persiani, and Rossini composing for them a *Stabat Mater* as far from devotional as possible. It was at this time, too, that Wagner wrote his "Two Grenadiers" to Heine's poem; Schumann's setting of which was later to gain the greatest popularity.

Berlioz, Wagner, Schumann—Napoleon received the homage of the greatest, after his apotheosis, as, while alive, and unconscious of the fact, he had inspired Beethoven to write his *Eroica* Symphony, "written upon Bonaparte," which remains the most sublime and worthy tribute ever paid the hero.

One can understand that genuine musicians have not endeavored to rewrite the *Eroica*, nor measure themselves with Beethoven, whose name will ever be inseparably linked with that of the First Consul, who inspired him.

(Translated by Frederick H. Martens.)

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